CORONET

35c DECEMBER

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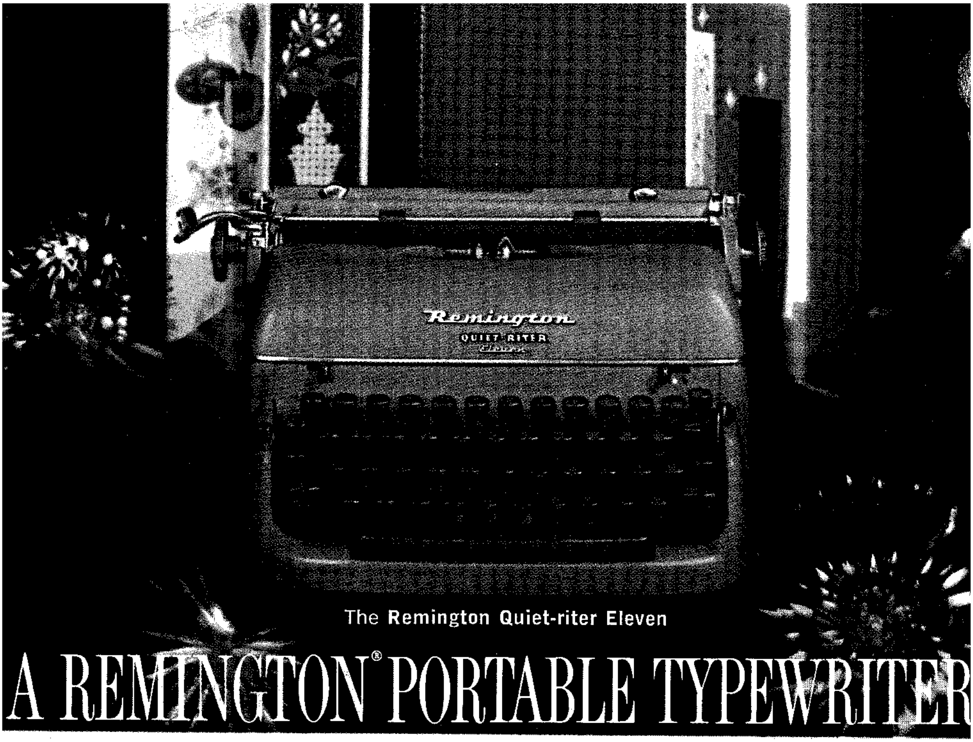
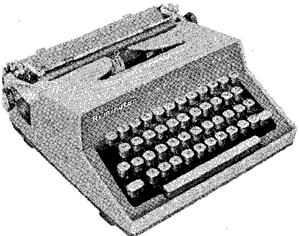
The Littlest Angel—a modern Christmas classic



The Remington Quiet-riter Eleven

A REMINGTON® PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



The Remington Travel-riter Portable...value and style leader of low-priced portables.

This Christmas, put a QUIET-RITER® ELEVEN Portable at your family's fingertips. Designed for expert typists as well as beginners, it's the portable that typing teachers can fully recommend—the *only one* with an 11" carriage plus every other essential major feature of office typewriters. Its new fast action and beautiful printwork are unrivalled...and free with your REMINGTON Portable is the new COLOR-KEY touch typing course. See it now at your Remington dealer's. Available on low monthly terms.

Remington Rand
DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

How we retired in 15 years with $300 a month

"Here we are, living in Southern California. We've a little house just a few minutes' walk from the beach, with flowers and sunshine all year. For, you see, I've retired. We're getting a check for $300 a month that will keep us financially independent as long as we live.

"But if it *weren't* for that $300, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance, in 1943. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

"To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she dressed, I was leafing through a magazine. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire.'

"Well, we'd certainly never been rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

"This ad told of a way that a man of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of $300 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. No harm in looking into it, I thought. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I had ever clipped. I mailed it that night.

"Fifteen years slide by mighty fast. Times changed a lot when the war came. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about! 1958 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired!* We sold the house and drove west. It's a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our $300 a month will keep coming as long as we live!"

Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of from $50 to $300 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

OVER 100 YEARS
OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION
FOR FAMILIES AND BUSINESS

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
317 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without obligation, your free 28-page booklet showing new retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ *Plan for Women* ☐

Name____________________

Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

Home Address____________________

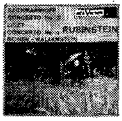
BRISTOL, VA

IN A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION...to of a well-balanced

*1. **BEETHOVEN Eroica Symphony**
Boston Symphony
Munch

2. **BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5**
SCHUBERT Unfinished Symphony
Boston Symphony
Munch

*14. **BEETHOVEN Concerto No. 3**
Rubinstein, *pianist*
SYMPHONY OF THE AIR, Krips



21. **RACHMANINOFF Concerto 2**
Chi. Sym., Reiner
LISZT Concerto 1
RCA VICTOR SYM.
Wallenstein
Rubinstein, *pianist*

*23. **TCHAIKOVSKY Concerto No. 1**
Cliburn, *pianist*
Kondrashin
conductor

Munch conducts Beethoven's
PASTORAL SYMPHONY
Boston Symphony Orchestra

3. **BEETHOVEN Pastoral Symphony**
Boston Symphony
Munch

*15. **BEETHOVEN Emperor Concerto**
Rubinstein, *pianist*
SYM. OF THE AIR
Krips

*16. **BEETHOVEN Concerto in D**
Heifetz, *violinist*
Boston Symphony
Munch

STRAUSS
BURLESKE
RACHMANINOFF
CONCERTO No. 1

22. **RACHMANINOFF Concerto 1**
R. STRAUSS Burleske
Janis, *pianist*
Chicago Sym.
Reiner

*4. **BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 AND Fidelio Overture**
Chi. Sym., Reiner

5. **BERLIOZ Symphonie Fantastique**
Boston Symphony
Munch

GILELS
REINER
CHICAGO
SYMPHONY

*17. **BRAHMS Concerto No. 2**
Gilels, *pianist*
Chi. Sym., Reiner

*24. **TCHAIKOVSKY Concerto in D**
Heifetz, *violinist*
Chicago Sym.
Reiner

*25. **BARTOK Concerto for Orchestra**
Chicago Sym.
Reiner

*26. **BERLIOZ Harold in Italy**
Primrose, *violist*
Boston Sym.
Munch

6. **BRAHMS Symphony No. 1**
Boston Symphony
Munch

7. **BRAHMS Symphony No. 3 AND Tragic Overture**
Chi. Sym., Reiner

Franck
Symphony
in D
Minor
Munch
BOSTON SYMPHONY

*8. **FRANCK Symphony in D minor**
Boston Symphony
Munch

SYMPHONIES
*
CONCERTOS
*
SOLO AND CHAMBER MUSIC
*
OTHER ORCHESTRAL WORKS

20. **GRIEG and MENDELSSOHN Concertos No. 1**
Dorfmann,
ROBIN HOOD DELL ORCH., Leinsdorf

*9. **MENDELSSOHN Italian AND Reformation Symphonies**
Boston Symphony
Munch

10. **MOZART Jupiter Symphony AND Symphony No. 40**
Chicago Sym.
Reiner

*12. **TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 5**
Boston Symphony
Monteux

*18. **BRAHMS Concerto in D**
Heifetz, *violinist*
Chi. Sym., Reiner

BRAHMS
VIOLIN
CONCERTO
HEIFETZ
CHICAGO
SYMPHONY
REINER

19. **CHOPIN Concerto 2**
SAINT-SAENS Concerto No. 4
Brailowsky, *pianist*
Boston Symphony
Munch

11. **PROKOFIEFF Classical Symphony AND Concerto No. 3**
Graffman, *pianist*
SAN FRAN. SYM.
Jorda

TCHAIKOVSKY
PATHÉTIQUE SYMPHONY
FRITZ REINER
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCH.

13. **TCHAIKOVSKY Pathétique Symphony**
Chicago Sym.
Reiner

*27. **COPLAND Billy the Kid AND Rodeo**
Morton Gould
AND HIS ORCH.

*28. **DEBUSSY La Mer • IBERT Ports of Call**
Boston Symphony
Munch

THE SEA
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Most music-lovers certainly intend to build a representative record library of the World's Great Music. Unfortunately, almost always they are haphazard about this. Because of *more systematic* collection, operating costs can be reduced and marked savings can be passed on to record collectors. The Introductory Offer above is a dramatic demonstration. In the first year it represents a saving of **AS MUCH AS 40%** over the manufacturer's nationally advertised price. After purchasing the six records called for in this trial membership, members who continue will be building their record libraries at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING,** since for every two records purchased (from a group of at least 100 made available annually by the Society) *members will receive a third* RCA Victor *Red Seal record* **FREE.**

A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works for members. The panel includes **DEEMS TAYLOR,** composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF,** General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN,** author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY,** music editor, *The Atlantic*; **AARON COPLAND,** composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,** music editor, *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE,** composer and Professor of Music, Columbia; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN,** composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH,** former Chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH,** Professor of Music, Harvard.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Each month three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA Victor Red Seal records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent. If the member does not want it he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only the manufacturer's nationally advertised prices: $4.98 for regular L.P.s; $5.98 for stereo versions. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

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OFFERS YOU *Any Six*

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...if you agree to buy six selections within the next year from at least 100 that will be made available

THE RECORDS STARRED (✱) ARE AVAILABLE IN STEREO AS WELL AS REGULAR L.P.

GERSHWIN
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS PORGY AND BESS SUITE
MORTON GOULD ORCH.

29. GERSHWIN An American in Paris • Porgy and Bess Suite
Morton Gould and his Orch.

31. GRIEG Peer Gynt and Lyric Suites
Boston Pops
Fiedler

30. GLIERE The Red Poppy
IPPOLITOV-IVANOV Caucasian Sketches
London Philhar.
Fistoulari

✱32. MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL Pictures at an Exhibition
Chi. Sym., Reiner

✱33. OFFENBACH Gaite Parisienne
KHACHATURIAN Gayne Ballet Suite (Excerpts)
Boston Pops
Fiedler

37. STRAVINSKY Petrouchka and The Firebird Suite
Paris Conserva. Orch., Monteux

SCHEHERAZADE

✱35. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF Scheherazade
London Sym.
Monteux

✱34. RAVEL Bolero; Raps. Espagnole; La Valse
DEBUSSY Afternoon of a Faun
Boston Symphony
Munch

✱36. R. STRAUSS Till Eulenspiegel and Death and Transfiguration
Vienna Phil.
Reiner

✱38. STRAVINSKY The Rite of Spring
Paris Conserva. Orch., Monteux

MUNCH/BOSTON SYMPHONY
ROMEO AND JULIET

39. TCHAIKOVSKY Romeo and Juliet and Francesca da Rimini
Boston Sym. Munch

✱40. TCHAIKOVSKY The Sleeping Beauty (Excerpts)
London Symphony
Monteux

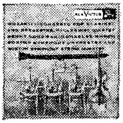
41. WAGNER Tannhäuser Over.; Venusberg Music; Sieg. Rhine Journey; Magic Fire Music
Boston Symphony
Munch

42. BACH Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1, 2 and 3
Boston Sym. Munch

Juilliard String Quartet
HAYDN QUARTETS

46. HAYDN Quartets Op. 74, No. 1 and Op. 77, No. 1
Juilliard String Quartet

47. MOZART Clarinet Quintet and Concerto
Goodman
Boston Sym. Str. Quartet
Boston Sym.
Munch



J. S. BACH
BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS
NOS. 4, 5 & 6
BOSTON SYMPHONY
CHARLES MUNCH

43. BACH Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 4, 5 and 6
Boston Sym. Munch

44. BEETHOVEN Pathétique and Appassionata Sonatas
Rubinstein

45. BEETHOVEN Trios Opus 9, Nos. 1 and 3
Heifetz, Primrose, Piatigorsky

48. MOZART Quartets in G, K.387 and in C, K.465
Juilliard String Quartet

49. MOZART Sonatas Nos. 4 and 9 and Country Dances, K.606
Landowska, *pianist*

THE FESTIVAL QUARTET
SCHUBERT
TROUT QUINTET

50. SCHUBERT Trout Quintet
The Festival Quartet with Sankey double bass.

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music V59-12
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me immediately the six RCA VICTOR albums indicated at right, billing me $1.00 for each record (plus a small charge for postage and handling). I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed the manufacturer's nationally advertised price—$4.98 for monaural recordings, $5.98 for stereophonic recordings, depending on which box I have checked at right. A small charge for postage, handling, and sales tax is added. Thereafter, I need buy only four such records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my sixth purchase, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal record free.

Write Below the Numbers of the Six Albums You Want

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Check the version you want: ☐ STEREO ☐ MONAURAL

MR.
MRS. } ....
MISS (Please print plainly)

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CITY .... ZONE ...... STATE ....

NOTE: If you wish your membership credited to an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

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AN EXTENSION PHONE IN YOUR KITCHEN

Saves you everyday effort so you can enjoy more holiday fun

Much of the flurry of Christmas activity starts in your busy kitchen! And that's where a handy extension phone belongs . . . within easy reach for the many calls you make and receive.

It'll save you steps by the dozens while you're baking dozens of cookies. And it will save you time by the minutes when minutes mean a lot of fun with family and friends.

Extension phones for any place in your home are easy to order from your neighborhood Bell Telephone business office. Just call or drop in. They're available in a choice of attractive, popular colors.

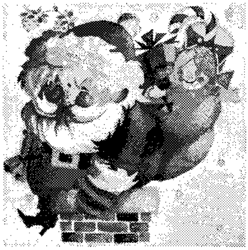
P.S. Wouldn't someone you know love an extension for Christmas?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Extension phones around the house make life easier for the whole family

Dear Reader:

Haas: sharp at needle point


Water-color sketch of Santa

CORONET'S NEEDLEWORK COVER this month is one of the most unusual ever to appear on a magazine. The general idea first occurred to Art Director Martin Rosenzweig last August. He called Irene Haas, who has illustrated many CORONET stories, and asked her if she knew of an artist who could also do needlework. "Yes," she said, "me!" The next step was choice of subject. A framed Santa entering a chimney was deemed appropriate, and Miss Haas went to work to do a series of water colors. Her rough first sketch depicted exactly what our art department wanted. This was followed by a crayon and water-color version which was also satisfactory. In the third step—an oversized water color—the central figure required redoing. At this point Miss Haas had to leave for Italy to make designs for a manufacturer of china and porcelain. Her painting was turned over to Alice Maynard, Inc., a 110-year-old needleworking concern on Madison Avenue, and Marcel Gengouldt, a commercial artist, painstakingly transferred the painting to a needlework canvas. Miss Frances Drury, a Maynard employee, did the actual needlework. It took her 36 hours; before proceeding, she had to match 18 colors of stranded wool to the painting. When she showed the finished product to Rosenzweig, he decided Santa's nose was too red. Miss Drury plucked out the small area of wool with a tweezer and replaced it with a lighter shade. Other minor changes were made before the final needlework version was accepted by CORONET's art department. The needlework cover was delivered to the printer, who photographed it in a strong oblique light to heighten the three-dimensional effect of the gros point stitching. By the end of this month, some 12,000,000 eyes will have looked at the cover as it appears on CORONET. We hope you like it . . . and Merry Christmas.

The Editors

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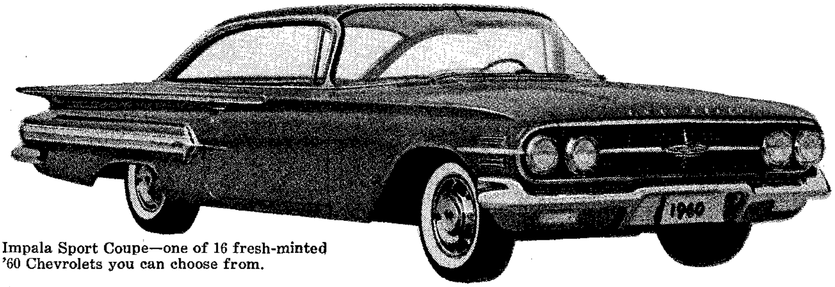
here
for the
first time
anywhere—
elegance with economy

Just wait till you see it. Everything about the '60 Chevy, every styling accent, every engineering detail, has been polished and refined to a degree of perfection never before thought possible of a car in Chevrolet's price class. Picture practicality and economy (there's even more of it in a new gas-saving V8!) combined with the luxury and hushed comfort usually associated with high-priced automobiles. That's Chevy for '60. Its overall effect is one of quiet elegance, a sophisticated new shape that embodies spacious inner dimensions.

Really, you have to see this one up close to appreciate its fresh beauty and fine Body by Fisher workmanship. You have to take a turn behind the wheel to know its astonishing smoothness and stability and almost total absence of road hum and vibration. We'll admit our enthusiasm's showing more than just a little bit—but once you've dropped into your dealer's we're sure yours will be, too. *There's nothing like a new car—and there's never been a new car like this '60 Chevrolet!* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

SUPERLATIVE



Impala Sport Coupe—one of 16 fresh-minted '60 Chevrolets you can choose from.

'60 CHEVROLET

NEAREST TO PERFECTION A LOW-PRICED CAR EVER CAME!

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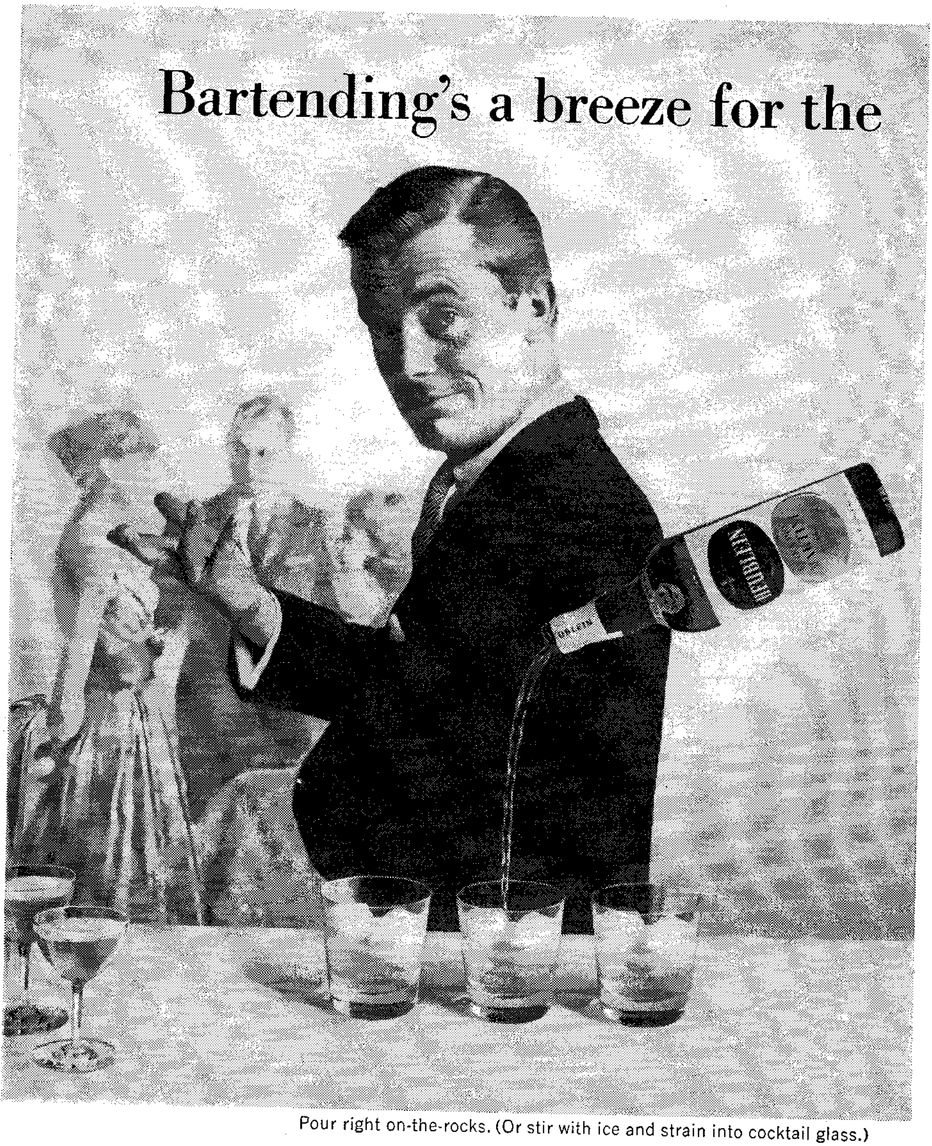
Cover........ NEEDLEPOINT FROM A PAINTING BY IRENE HAAS


Bartending's a breeze for the

Pour right on-the-rocks. (Or stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass.)

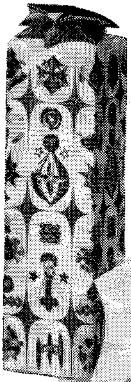
You've got it made with HEUBLEIN

(PRONOUNCED HUGH-BLINE)

host who serves Heublein's!

It's more fun to mix with your guests than to mix cocktails. So, during the holidays, take it easy. Pour Heublein Cocktails . . . and *circulate!* They're ready-mixed to perfection, instantly ready-to-serve. No work. No waste. And no mistakes! Heublein's are made from choicest liquors, expertly proportioned. Ten favorite cocktails to choose from. Be big . . . and offer *several* kinds!

HOLIDAY HINT: GIFT-WRAPPED HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS
Send your friends a cocktail party—in a bottle! Five favorites, gaily wrapped . . . ready-mixed, ready-to-serve. MANHATTANS—65 proof. EXTRA DRY MARTINIS—75 proof. VODKA MARTINIS—70 proof. DAIQUIRIS—60 proof. And OLD FASHIONEDS—70 proof. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.



COCKTAILS

**AND AFTER DINNER—
ENJOY HEUBLEIN CORDIALS**
Delicious to sip—and great to give! Marvelous minty Creme de Menthe (54 proof) and 19 other full-flavored varieties. All at domestic prices.

all about you

Buying power; can heartaches cause a real ache; are you a "philobat"?

WHY YOU BUY

Most women like to think of themselves as "smart shoppers." But a spot check by R. B. Van Rosen Corp., a New York research organization, indicates that 65 percent of women shoppers in supermarkets don't read more than *one word* on a package when they make a purchase. Of the 320 women questioned, 16 admitted they didn't even read a word; they just recognized the over-all image. Slightly over half of the shoppers said they bought on impulse when the product was pictured in full color on the package or when it could be seen through a glass container. Only 35 percent said they had bought the product because they had seen it advertised in print or on TV.

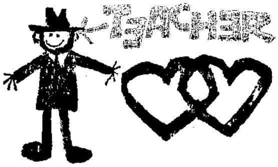
KNOCKING ON WOOD

If you knock on wood to "assure" good fortune or success, you are unconsciously invoking the good spirits—once supposed to inhabit certain trees—to protect you against envy and hostility. According to Judd Marmor, writing in *The American Journal of Orthopsychiatry,* the fear of reprisal begins in childhood, when envy and hostility are projected toward parents, brothers and sisters—especially those who are in a position of authority. The child feels it is necessary to be humble, submissive and compliant if he wants to be loved by those in authority.

A person may adopt the superstitious practice of knocking on wood as a disclaimer of personal pride and as a plea for protection. The practice seems to be encouraged, says Marmor, by the competitive construction of our American society.

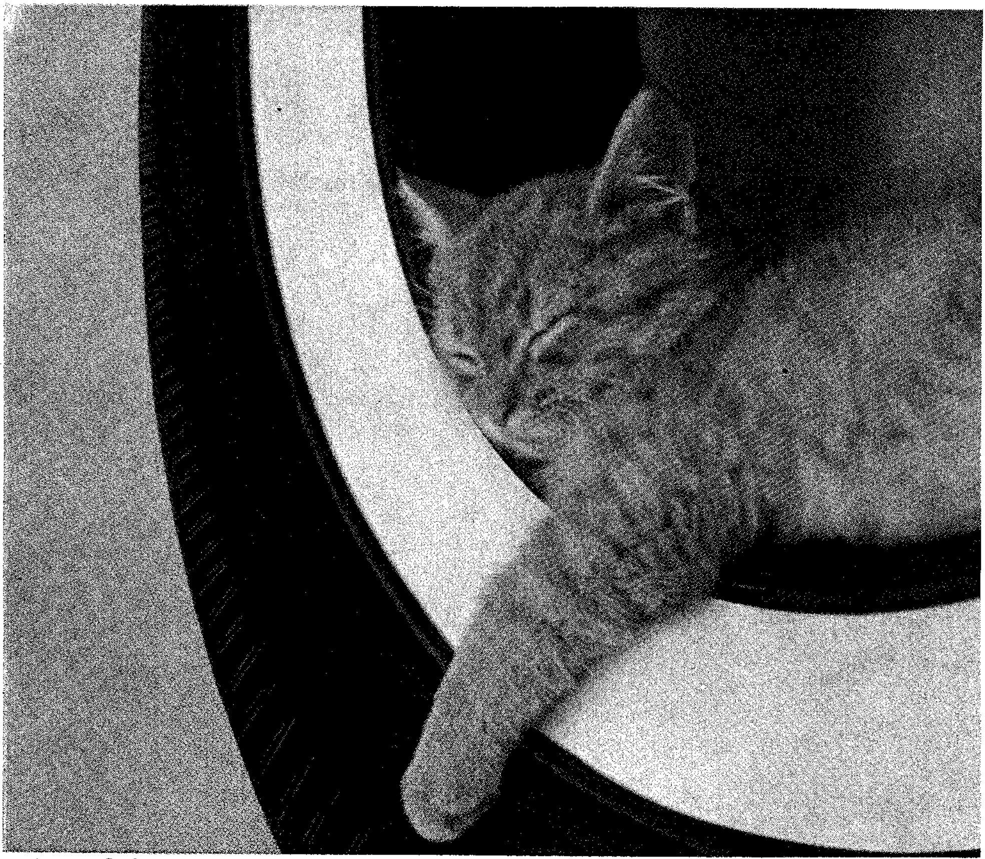
CHILDREN'S CHOICE

Do small children learn faster from a man or a woman teacher? In tests of 120 kindergarten children, psychologist Judy F. Rosenblith of Brown University found that five-year-olds, at least, respond better to male teachers than to females. This was true of girls as well as boys. The boys also seemed to make better progress when the male



ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Now tires of Butyl "hush" your ride



Screech-free, quiet as a kitten on the sharpest turn. That's the new Butyl tire. Developed by Esso Research, this miracle rubber outperforms other tire materials Tires of Butyl stop faster on wet roads than others do on dry. They age better – won't crack – absorb thumps and bumps, cushioning the road as nothing else will. Available now, they're another example of how **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

ESSO

all about you

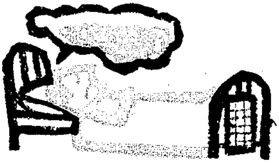
(continued from page 10)

teacher withdrew from games once the games were under way. Dr. Rosenblith suggests that one reason why five-year-olds may learn faster from a male teacher is that at that age girls have already switched their main affection from the mother to the father, whereas boys usually do not switch from mother to father until the end of their fifth year. The girls, therefore, are eager to please the male teacher, while the boys are particularly sensitive to threats from him.

THRILLS AND SPILLS

Is the person who likes the feel of the ground under his feet basically different from the person who likes to fly, swing and take daring rides in amusement parks?

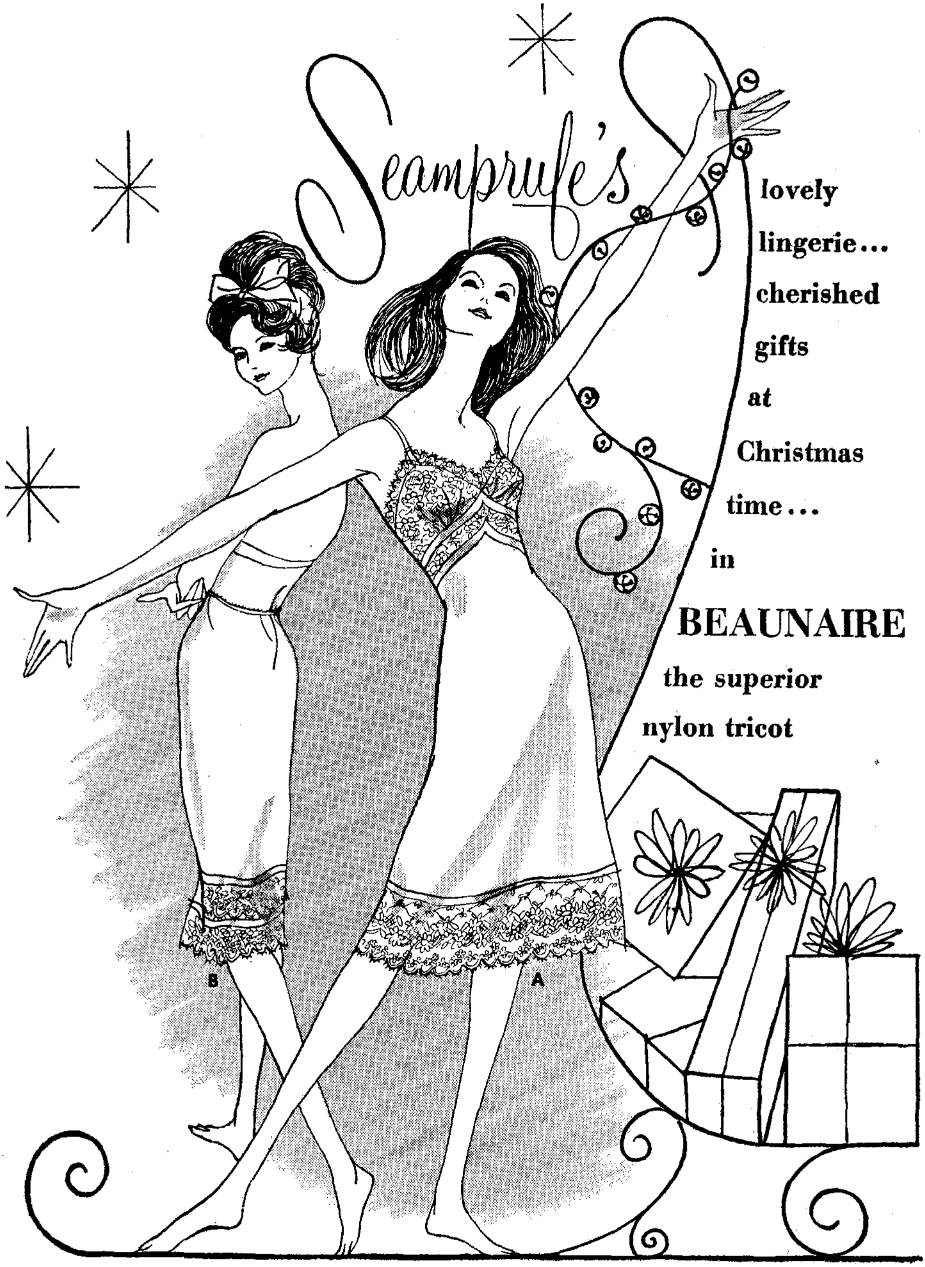
This question is examined in a new book, *Thrills and Regressions* by Dr. Michael Balint, consulting psychiatrist at the Tavistock Clinic in London. Dr. Balint calls the ground-loving person an "ocnophil." This type, he says, sees the world as consisting of fearful, empty spaces; he clings to objects and feels secure as long as he's in touch with them. The daring young man on the flying trapeze, whom Dr. Balint calls a "philobat," sees the world as a place full of friendly spaces cluttered with objects which he can dominate or do without. In either case, the emotional need behind the attitude is the same—to re-create the harmony of early childhood—before you could distinguish one object from another.



HEADY STUFF

How much truth is there in the belief that a powerful emotional problem can lead to actual physical illness? Such psychosomatic illness is much less common than is supposed, according to a recent report by four psychiatrists at Washington University School of Medicine. The researchers pointed out that the great flaw in reports that link physical and mental illness lies in the fact that the sick person is studied *after* he becomes ill. In such cases, the sick person may remember a life stress being far more emotionally damaging than it actually was.

To avoid the possibility of error, the psychiatrists studied 106 healthy women who were hospitalized only for childbirth. These woman were found to have suffered a great number of personal misfortunes—and yet all were healthy. The report serves as a reminder that it may not be sound to try to blame every sickness on mental trouble. ♛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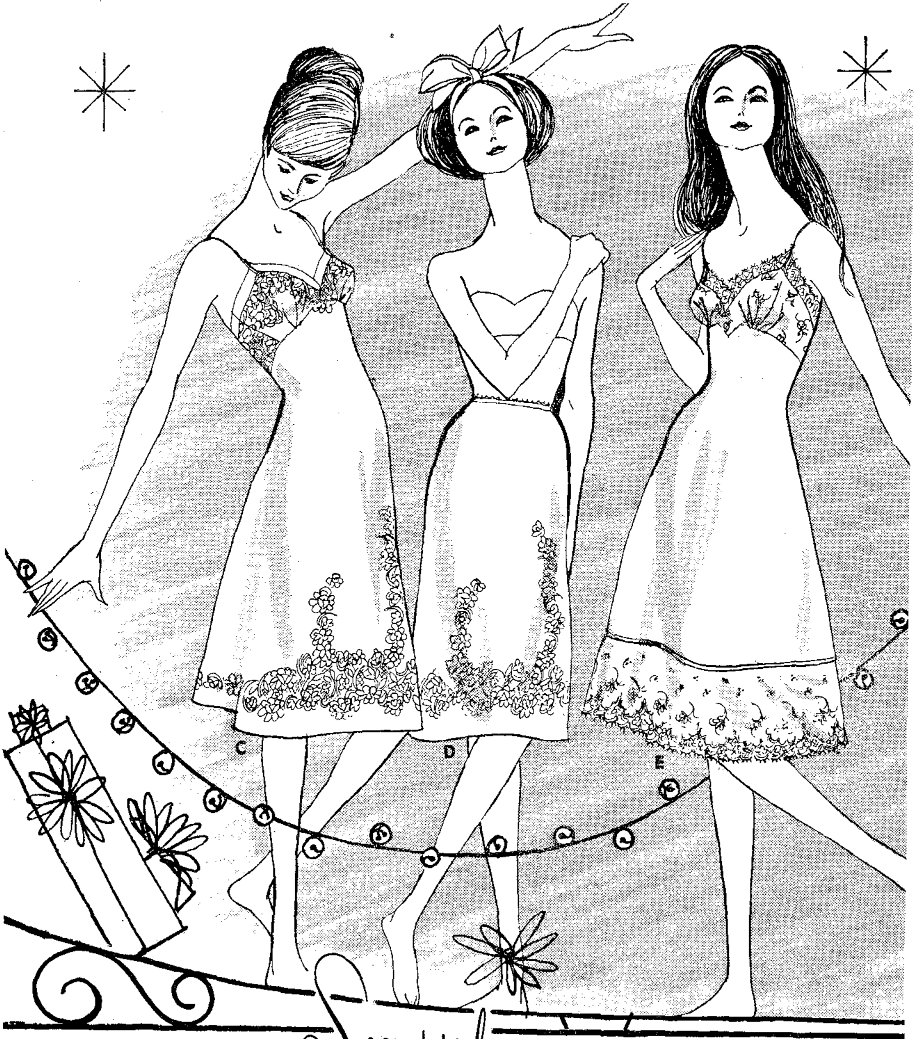

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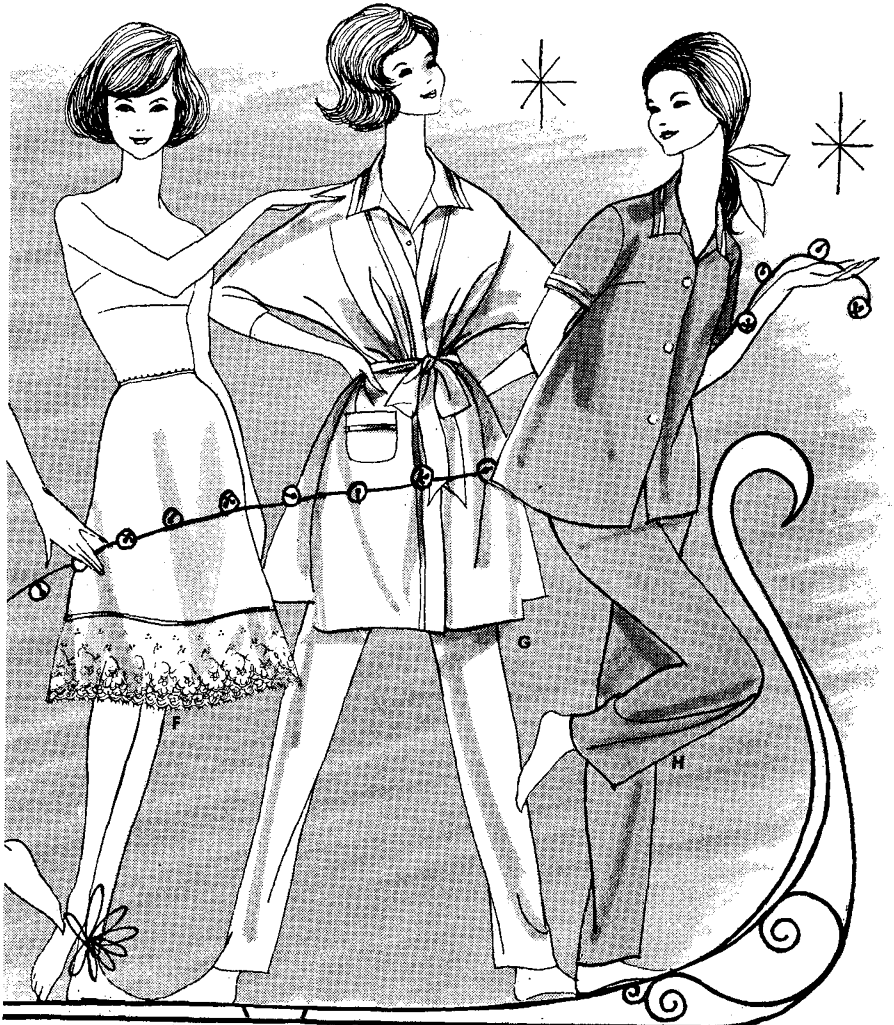
C — Slip with contrast-color lace appliqué in Honey Beige with Brown, Dimple Blue with Deeper Blue, all White. 32-38 $8.98. **D** — Matching petticoat, S-M-L $5.98.

See next page for the fine store nearest you, or write:



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"I'm not a gentle man; I've known too much poverty," says **Dane Clark**, star of the Ziv show, *Bold Venture*. "I was always fighting and pushing my way into jobs during the Depression. Nobody gets very far on just sweetness and charm."

Clark's battles have won him a reputation as a hothead in movie circles. But his he-man acting as adventurer Slate Shannon is a big hit on TV. The syndicated *Bold Venture* is sold to 163 independent stations, as opposed to a top network market of 120. Clark's ten percent share will earn him nearly $250,000 this year.

But Clark is still defensive about his label as "difficult." "Sure, I squawked if a movie scene didn't sound logical," he admits. "But the picture was improved as a result." When his Warners contract ran out, Clark went to Europe in 1950 for film jobs. Now he lives in New York—his home town—commuting to California for television work.

Clark's real name is Bernard Zanville. One of three children born to poverty-stricken immigrants of Austrian-Russian extraction, he went to work early to help his ailing father. He went to college on an athletic scholarship, was graduated from law school and passed his bar examination. But he needed a cash reserve to finance a law practice. Taking odd jobs—among them summons-server and artists' model—he was invited one day to a sculptor's studio, where some actors were reading for a play. When Zanville criticized their delivery, they challenged him to read for the same part. He snared the role.

Later, touring in *Dead End*, Zanville wound up in Hollywood and decided to try to crack the movies. "I never wear a hat," he says, "but I always brought one along for studio interviews. Leaving it behind invariably gave me an excuse to return for a second crack. On a return trip to Warners, I met Producer Jerry Wald and coaxed him into gambling on my screen test. And it worked." The studio began grooming Zanville as a young John Garfield. "You need a he-man name," Humphrey Bogart told him. Borrowing Clark from Gable, Bogart dubbed him Zane Clark. When Zanville protested, Bogart changed Zane to Dane. "That's a dog!" Zanville howled, but the studio adopted it.

In 1944, Clark married painter Margot Yoder. Brown-eyed, 46 and 5′10″, he keeps his weight at a muscular 165 pounds for his jaunty role as Shannon.

—Mark Nichols

MacArthur and Munro learn climbing from ex-guide.

Third Man on the Mountain bears the special Walt Disney stamp: a Technicolor adventure geared for young people, which adults can also enjoy. Its simple story of a boy's driving ambition to climb a killer mountain is vigorously acted, without saccharine overtones.

James MacArthur plays the Swiss youth determined to scale the Citadel, the unconquered peak towering over his village. His father, a famed mountain guide, had lost his life on its icy, jagged slopes. His uncle (James Donald), also a guide, opposes the boy's daring plan, but he finds a supporter in an English mountaineer (Michael Rennie). In the home stretch, MacArthur learns a dramatic lesson in teamwork and sacrifice, and discovers new values —and rewards.

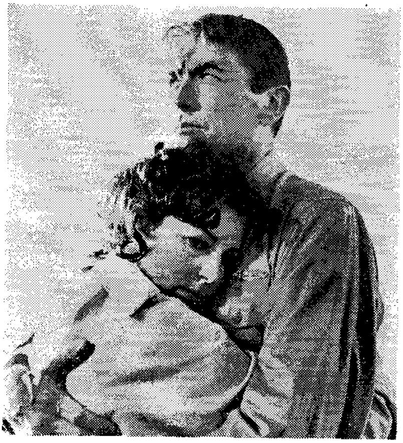
Janet Munro contributes spiritedly to the romantic subplot. And *Third Man on the Mountain* capitalizes on the magnificent lofty vistas of the Swiss and French Alps, where it was filmed.

On the Beach, based on Nevil Shute's best-selling novel, is certain to cause much discussion. It touches on a critical problem: the widespread fear of atomic fallout.

The story centers on five people whose lives crisscross in Melbourne, Australia. They are awaiting death from radioactive drift after nuclear war has wiped out the Northern Hemisphere. Each person seeks refuge differently—an American submarine commander (Gregory Peck), in exploring areas of hope; an Australian play-girl (Ava Gardner), in alcoholic-hazed love; a naval lieutenant (Tony Perkins), in his family; his child-wife (Donna Anderson), in flight from reality; and a disillusioned physicist (Fred Astaire), in alcohol and racing cars.

Directed by Stanley Kramer, who also produced the film, the cast turns in a powerful and convincing performance. Grim and disturbing, *On the Beach* leaves the moviegoer thinking long after he has left the theater.—M.N.

Gardner and Peck find temporary refuge in love.



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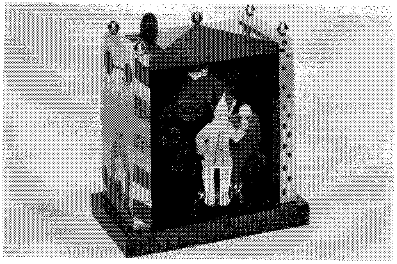
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

edited by Florence Semon



Each time coin is dropped in circus bank the clown dances to gay tune played by built-in music box. Of wood; decorated with colorful circus figures. Certain to delight a child and teach him how to save. $5.50 pp. Gina & Selma, C-1, 1048 Lexington Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

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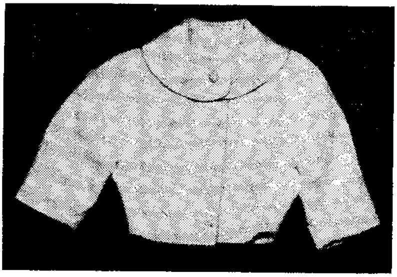

Give her this brief jacket of simulated broadtail which looks like the real thing. Satin lined; rhinestone button at collar. Can be worn with anything from formals to slacks. White or black. Sizes 8 to 16. By Zoltan. $25.75 pp. Saks Fifth, 611 5th Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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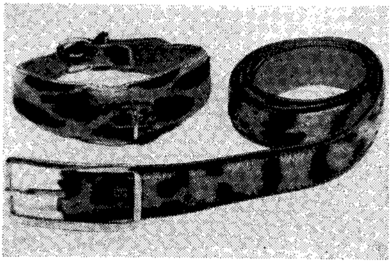

Gifts of genuine leopard. Fido's collar is leather lined and will give him best-dressed pooch look. State neck size. $5.95 pp. His mistress' belt is piped in black leather and is 1½″ wide. Sizes 24 to 30. $13.50 pp. Oce Leopard, Dept. C-9, 244 W. 39th St., New York 18, N. Y.

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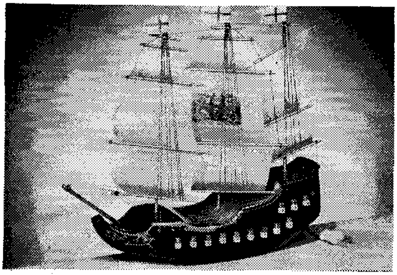

Ship model lamp is scaled-down replica of Mayflower. Handmade in Holland. Has solid wood base and parchment sails. Measures 12″ high and 14″ long. Lacquered black with red, white and gold trim. $12.95 pp. Cortley Gifts, Dept. C, 453 E. 88th St., New York 28, N. Y.

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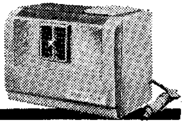

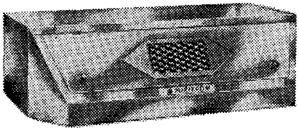

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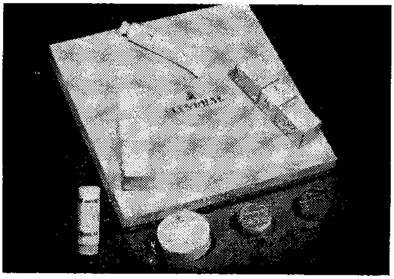

Box of beauty contains purse sizes of fine Stendhal cosmetics. Made in France; includes rouge, eye shadow, lipstick, facial masque, make-up base, etc. State complexion color when ordering. Ideal gift for a fair lady. $11.35 pp. Lord & Taylor, 18, 424 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

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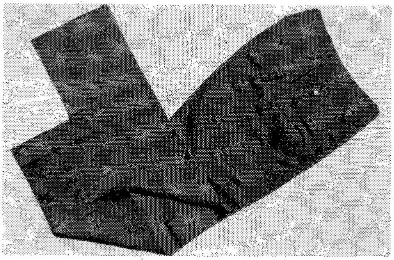

Levi ranch pants in luxurious Cone velour fabric are perfect for her lounging hours. Zipper side opening; 2 front pockets with diamond snap on each. Beige, gold or black. Waist sizes 22″ to 30″. $9.45 pp. Roos-Atkins, Dept. L, 798 Market St., San Francisco, California.

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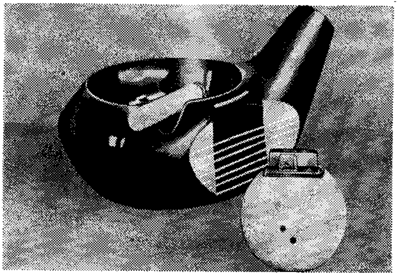
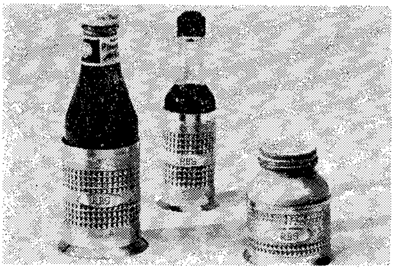


If he's a golfing man, this smoker set is the gift for him. White ceramic golf ball is automatic lighter. Driver head ash tray in dark brown ceramic looks like the real thing. The price is good too. Only $2.00 pp. Sunset House, 64 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

* * *



Personalized covers dress up the condiment bottle and jar. Of rhodium silver-plated metal. Engraved with 2 or 3 initials on oval plaque front. Fits standard brands of catsup, Worcestershire and mustard. $1.98 ea.; set of 3, $5.50 pp. Elron, 352C W. Ontario St., Chicago 10, Ill.

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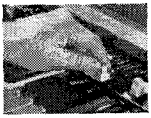

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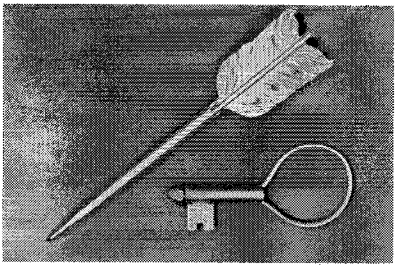

Stocking stuffers. Gold-plated pencil has arrow end copied from Spanish weather vane. Key-shaped key ring is gold-plated and opens by unscrewing bolt at end. By Roger Van S. Pencil $4.95; key ring $3.65 pp. Richard's, 3014 Steinway St., Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

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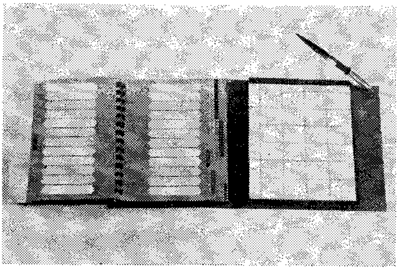

Perpetual address-phone listing book, year-long engagement and note pad with swivel-base pen are all contained in this one unit. Padded simulated leather cover in black or brown. Measures 6″x 7½″. $3.98 pp. Scott Mitchell House, C-1, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

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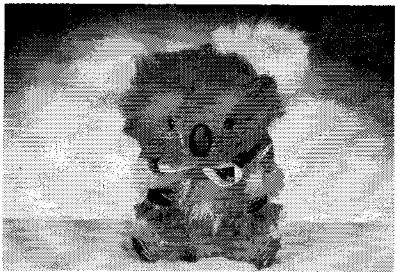

Little koala bear is imported from far-off Australia and looks like his live namesake. He is made of real fur with genuine leather nose and paws. Measures 6″ tall. A gift to delight a child. $5.95 pp. Panther International, Dept. COR-1 21 W. 47th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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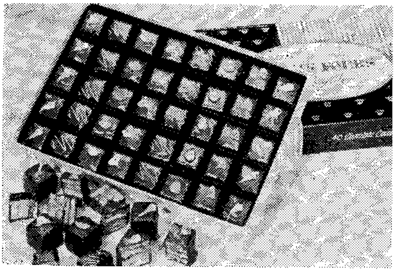

A sweet Christmas. Continental petit fours are inch-size chocolate-covered candy cakes. Made from an original French recipe, they will stay fresh indefinitely in freezer or refrigerator. Box of 40, $3.29; 5 boxes $15.00 pp. Damar's 717 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, New Jersey.

* * *

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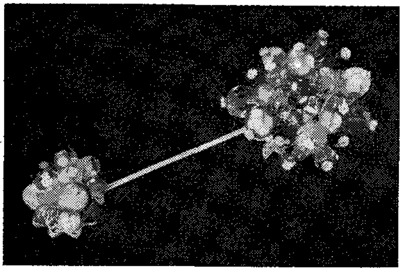
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



Jewel news. Swagger stick is double jeweled stickpin of topaz, crystal and golden pearls. When worn the pin is concealed with only jewel top and bottom showing. Elegant on suits, scarfs, etc. By Vendome. $8.35 pp. Field's, Dept. C, 3560 82nd St., Jackson Heights, New York.

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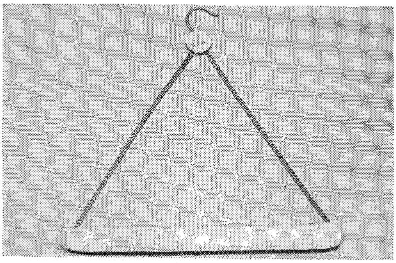

Mink stole hanger for the woman who has everything and has nothing to hang it on. Round velvet covered bar is safe way to hang precious stole as there are no sharp edges to crease or wear fur. In rose or blue. $4.50 pp. Elder Craftsmen, C, 850 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 21, N. Y.

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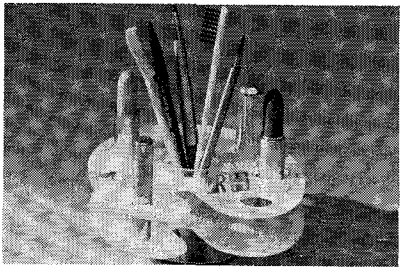

Revolving palette will keep her cosmetics neatly in one place. Holds 7 lipsticks; center well holds cosmetic brushes, pencils, etc. Mother-of-pearl palette on brass Lazy Susan base. Personalized with 3 initials. $1.95 pp. Empire, LC, 4 N. 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

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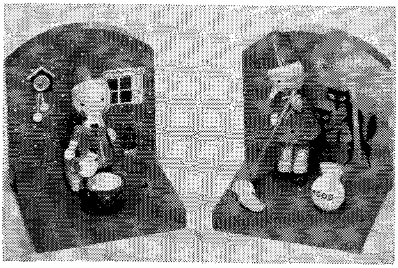

Pinocchio book ends are just right for little boy's or girl's room. Of hand-painted wood; imported from Italy. Pinocchio as chef in one and digging for treasure in other. Each 5″ high, 4½″ wide. Set $4.95 pp. R. H. Fisher & Co., Dept. C-1, 117 W. 21st St., Norfolk 17, Virginia.

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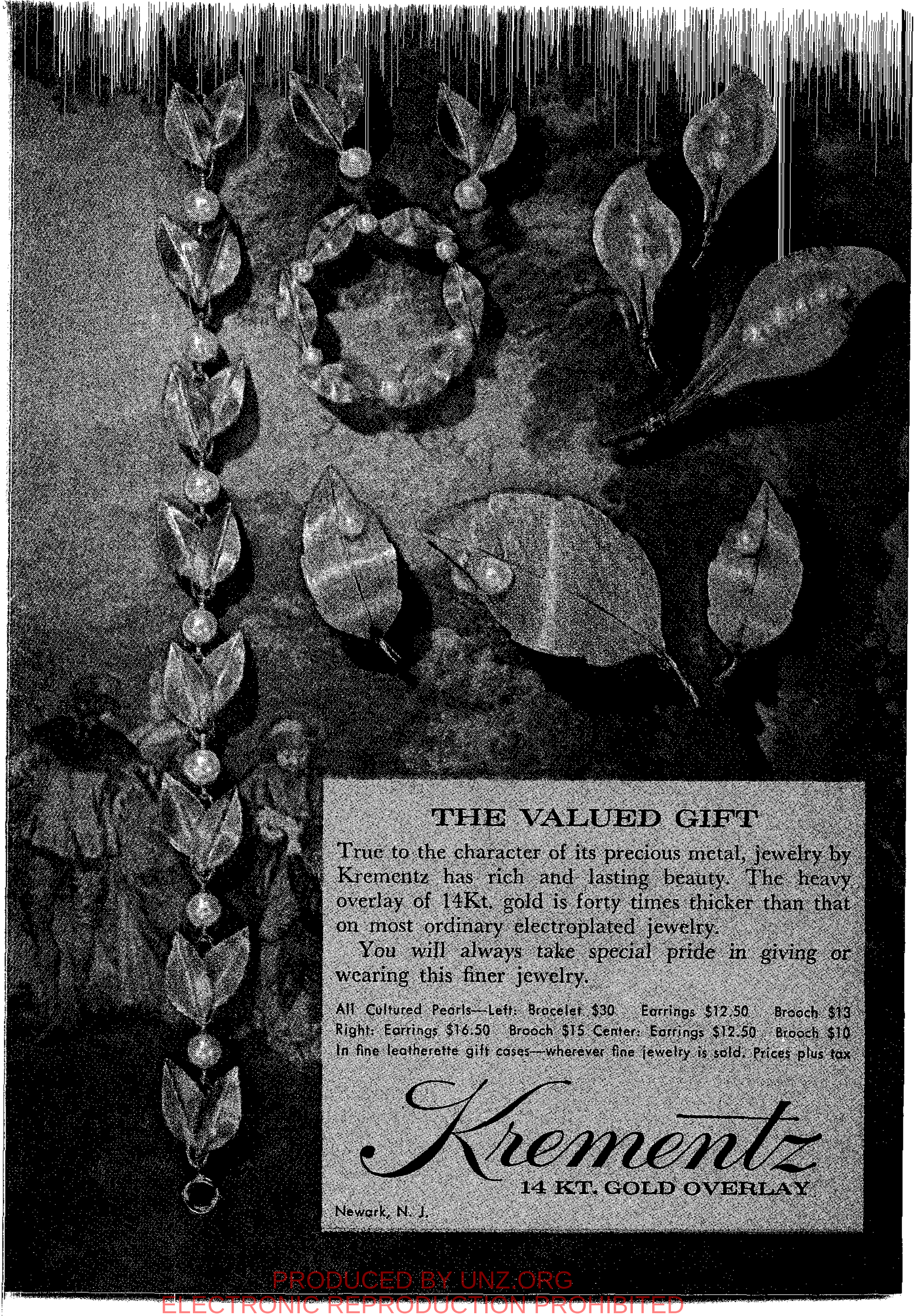

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All Cultured Pearls—Left: Bracelet $30 Earrings $12.50 Brooch $13
Right: Earrings $16.50 Brooch $15 Center: Earrings $12.50 Brooch $10
In fine leatherette gift cases—wherever fine jewelry is sold. Prices plus tax

Krementz
14 KT. GOLD OVERLAY

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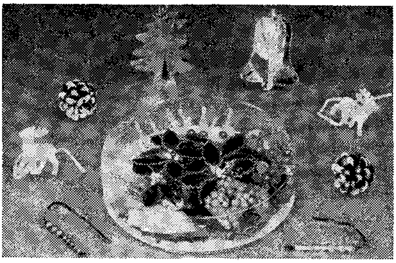
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



Package of Trim Twists is good buy. Each box contains 50 to 60 assorted Christmas trimmings to use in gift wrapping, wreaths, party decorations, tree trim, etc. Special children's assortment available. $2.25 pp. Katrina's Workshop, Box 444-C, Tarrytown, New York.

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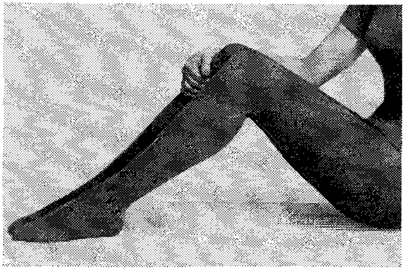

Figure-flattering tights are made of knit stretch fabric which insulates against cold. Guaranteed run-proof. In red, royal blue or black. Personalized with 2 initials at ankle. Petite, average or tall sizes. $4.75 pr. pp. Woodmere Mills, Inc., Dept. COR-12, Bennington, Vt.

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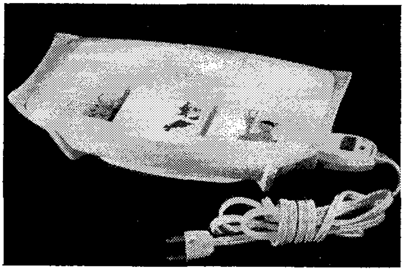

New baby dish heats food in less than 10 minutes and keeps it warm through feeding. Completely immersible, it's easy to wash. Suction bottom prevents spills. Pink or blue with white. By G. E. $15.55 pp. Hammacher Schlemmer, Dept. C, 145 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

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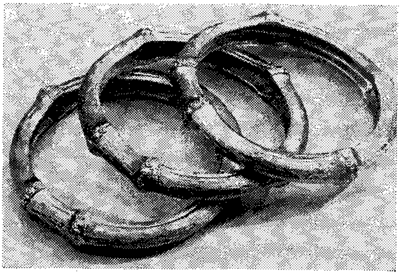

Fashion decrees not one but two or three bangle bracelets for her wrist. These look like bamboo but are actually 18 kt gold-plate in a Florentine gold finish. Each is 7/8″ wide. $1.50 ea; 3 for $3.95 pp. Mercury Products, Dept. C-1, 1265 Broadway, New York 1, New York.

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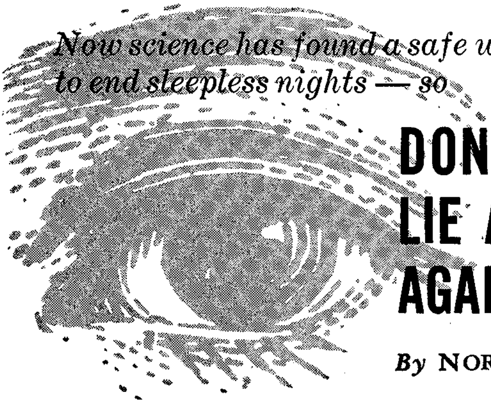
For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 196



Now science has found a safe way to end sleepless nights — so

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

By NORMA JEAN CARSON

FOR YEARS, medical men have been seeking a safer answer to this age-old problem of sleeplessness.

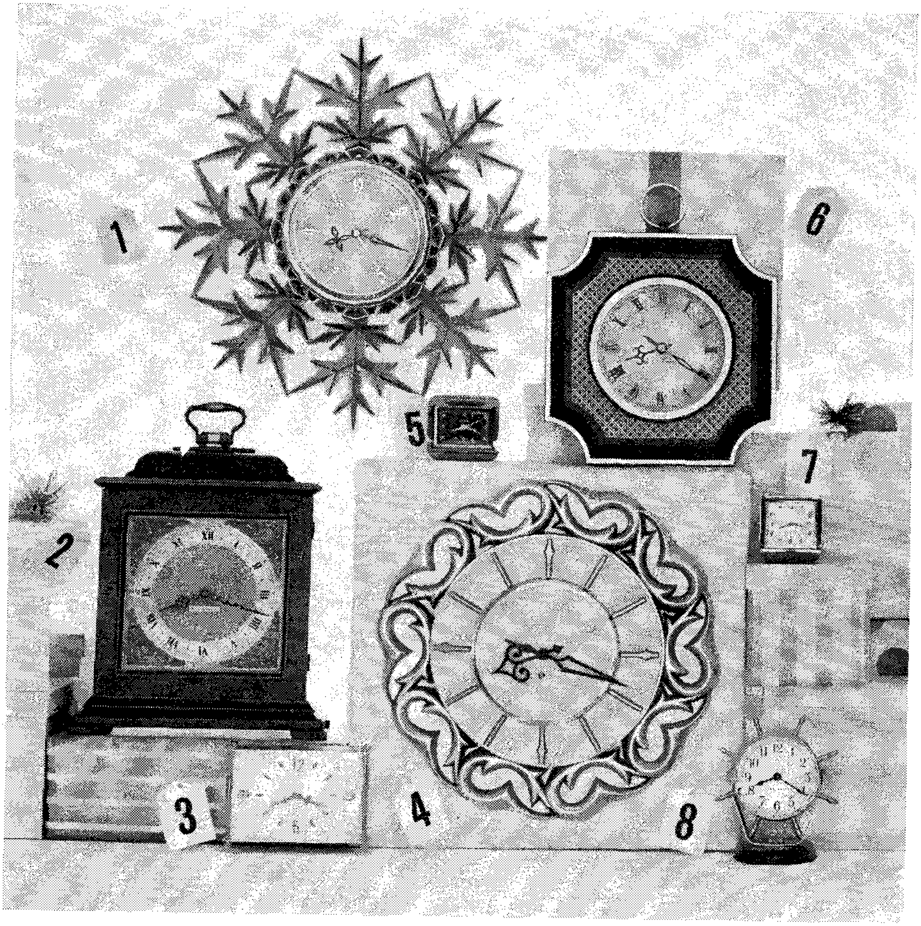
The first hint of success came when a group of bio-chemists developed a new non-narcotic formula which was found to induce drowsiness. It had no unfavorable side effects and created no habit-forming dependency. But the question was—would it really help those who suffer from insomnia? It is one thing to induce sleep in persons who have no trouble sleeping. It is quite another to do as much for those with long histories of sleeplessness.

In a major New York hospital, clinical tests were arranged for a large group of chronic insomnia victims. During a three-month period, these new sleeping tablets proved just as effective as barbiturates. Nine out of ten patients showed immediate improvement. They fell asleep an average of one hour and twenty minutes sooner and slept for a considerably longer period each night. The successful results of these tests recently were reported to the medical profession in the Journal of Gerontology.

These new non-habit forming tablets can now be obtained in drug stores under the trade name of *Sleep-Eze*. Because they are so much safer than barbiturates, druggists in every state are allowed to dispense them without prescription. Regarding this safety factor, Coronet Magazine recently published an editorial article dealing with the danger of drug addiction and other ill effects of barbiturate sleeping pills. In this widely-read article, *Sleep-Eze Tablets* were mentioned by name and described as "*well within the safe medication zone*"—the only tablets so designated.

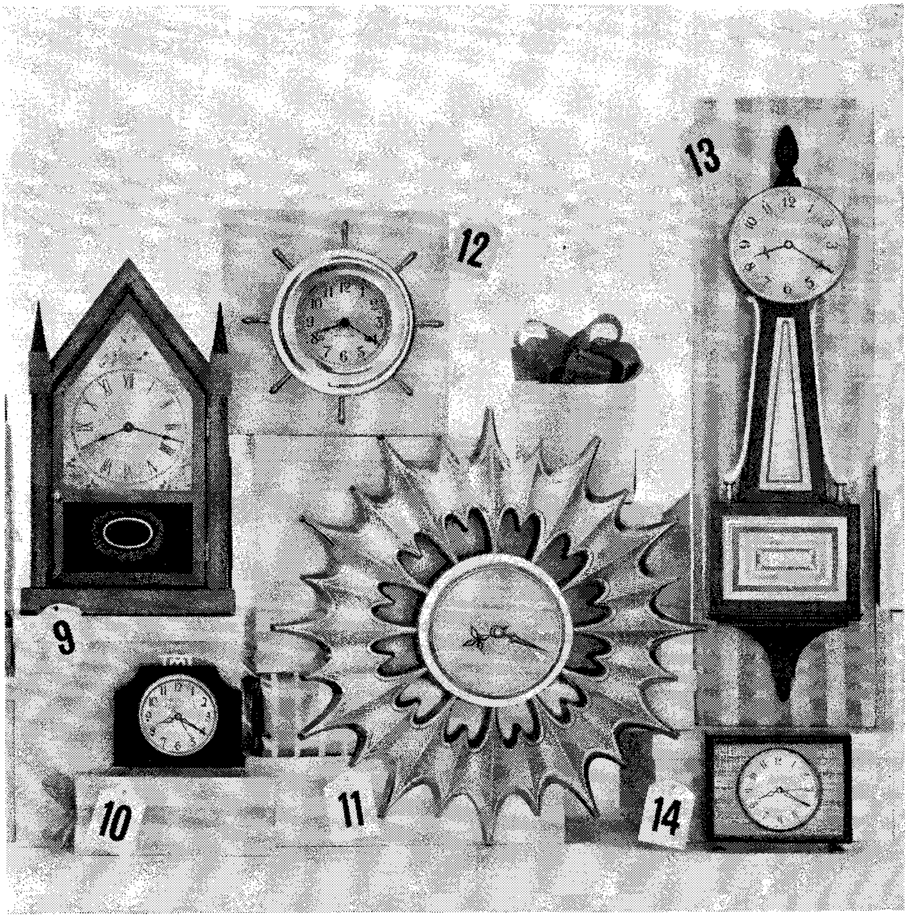
IT HASN'T taken long for word to get around that a safe and sane solution to the age-old problem of sleeplessness has been found at last. Already many thousands of men and women who once knew the misery of lying awake night after night—or who resorted to dangerous drugs to combat insomnia—have learned how quickly *Sleep-Eze* helps them fall asleep.

(ADVERTISEMENT)



YOUR SETH THOMAS SHOP-AT-

Select a distinctive Seth Thomas clock in the comfort of your home. Buy it at your favorite Jewelry or Department Store. Shown: 1. Starfire, electric, 17″ wide, $29.95. 2. Legacy, Westminster Chime, 14⅜″ high, $125.00. 3. Whitehall, 8-day Alarm, 6″ wide, $29.95. 4. Chantilly, 8-day, 15″ wide, $39.95. 5. Classmate-6, 30-hour Alarm, 3″ wide, $9.95. 6. Accent, electric, 10″ wide, $19.95. 7. Travadate, 30-hour Alarm, 2¾″ wide, $12.95. 8. Seasprite, 8-day, 6″ high, $35.00. 9. Sharon, hour and



HOME CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE!

half-hour strike, 15½″ high, $59.50. 10. Cathay, Electric Alarm, 5⅜″ wide, $10.95. 11. Shasta, 8-day, 18⅝″ wide, $39.95. 12. Helmsman, 8-day, Ship's Bell Strike, 8¾″ wide, brass, $79.50. 13. Homestead, 24¾″ high, $45.00. 14. Canewood, Electric Alarm, 6″ wide, $14.95. Prices plus 10% Federal Tax. For complete, illustrated catalog of these and other beautiful Seth Thomas clocks, write to Seth Thomas, Thomaston 2, Connecticut. A Division of General Time Corporation

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1. **ANTI-SULFATE 57 PROCESS** makes negative plates last 65% longer, keeps your battery factory-fresh. Proved in two years of highway tests in thousands of cars.
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Take advantage of this offer now. Tear out the coupon and take it to your dealer.

When it's an Exide . . . you start!

CORONET

by Billy C. Clark

My father's hands

He was a simple cobbler. But the magic in his fingers—and the glow of his spirit—warmed the hearts of men

By the time I was old enough to know and love my father he operated a small shoe shop in Catlettsburg, Kentucky, our home. And here in this small shop, taking the hides of cows and tanning them himself, he went far beyond what was expected of a simple shoe cobbler. Taking the leather in his hands and weaving his needle in and out, he made shoes to match the skill of machinery.

It was winter now. Dark clouds hung over the hills as black as the wings of a crow and snow came and turned the valley and hills white. Late in the evening, a tall, lean man walked into the shop and said to my dad: "You Mason Clark?"

"Yes," Dad answered, looking up from a piece of leather he was trimming with a shoe knife.

"Name is Tom Marson." The big man stretched out his hand. The snow melted from his hair, exposing the blackness there and the streaks of white that a man cannot shake from his hair as he does snow. "Can you make me a shoe?" he asked. Reaching out his hand, Dad said, "Yes, I can make you a pair."

"I can buy a pair at any store," the man said, frowning. "That's the reason I came here. I don't need but one shoe."

Dad placed the piece of leather on the floor and straightened up. But he straightened slow, for Dad was an old man and his hair was as white as the blossom of the locust and his skin as wrinkled as the timber-stripped hills. "I can make one shoe or I can make 100. Depends on the leather I have."

"Then you will make me one?" Tom Marson asked.

"What size do you wear?" Dad asked, squinting toward the man's feet. "Maybe I better take a measurement."

"Sorry," Tom Marson answered. "Sorry, I can't oblige you."

"Well," Dad said, stepping back, "if you want the shoe, you will have to have the shoe measured."

"But there would be no use for you to measure my shoe," the man said. "The shoe ain't for me. It is for my boy, Ely."

"Then you should have brought the boy with you," Dad said. "Or, you should have at least brought me a measurement. A piece of string measuring the shoe would have given me something to work with. Perhaps you could bring the boy in. I work every day but Sunday; Sunday is the Lord's day. I rest."

"But . . ." Tom Marson replied, "I have done better than string. I brought the shoe. My boy could not have made the trip. Only way I got to travel is by foot. Be a long way to carry a boy." Tom Marson pulled a worn shoe from his back pocket and handed it to Dad.

Dad looked the shoe over, turning it from side to side. "Well," he said, "if your boy has stretched the wear of the shoe this far, I can't see that a few more miles on it would have hurt it any more. I can make the shoe. But I cannot guarantee the best work without seeing the boy's feet."

"There is only one foot," Tom Marson said, biting his lower lip. "The other is a club. He was marked with a club foot before he was born. Man cannot buy one shoe at a store. They don't make a shoe for a club foot. I must buy two and throw one away. I would be obliged if you could make him the shoe."

As Dad fingered the worn shoe, he found out more about Tom Marson's son, Ely. The boy's one shoe had had a lot of wear, too much wear for the leather that was in it. And on the club foot there had never been a shoe; instead, cloth rags were wrapped around the stub and tied upon his leg with a string.

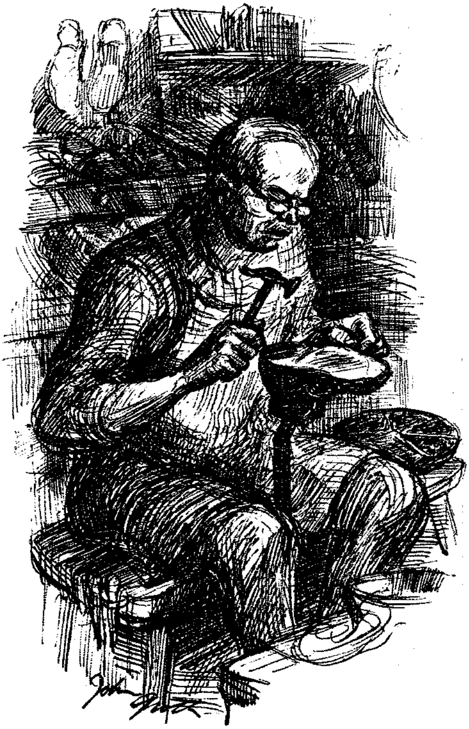
The boy could hobble with the aid of a crutch and when snow was in the valley his leg was bent at the knee and tied high upon his leg so that the stub could not touch the snow. Now, with the worn shoe gone, neither foot would touch the ground until the shoe was replaced.

Tom Marson was only one of many who had come from the ridges, the slopes and the hollows of the valley to Dad's small shoe shop in Catlettsburg to find the man "with the magic in his hands."

"Reckon a man that is asking has got no right to hurry a man's time," Tom Marson said. "But I would like to have the shoe as quick as you can see it fitting to make it. Bad enough to hobble on one foot; worse to not hobble at all."

Dad turned and stared at the shoes on the shelf behind him. These were machine shoes. They needed minor repairs like new soles and heels; some with tears that needed mending. He did not get many orders from the people in town for handmade shoes and the shoes on the shelf made the money needed to pay the rent and the utility bills for his shop. To let these shoes go unrepaired would leave him another day deeper in debt.

Dad worked in the basement under the light of two carbide miner's lamps.



"Would tomorrow be soon enough?" Dad asked. "I can make it tonight."

"I am obliged," Tom Marson said. "I will come for it first thing in the morning." He stretched out his hand again. "I am surely obliged." He turned for the door.

"Just a minute," Dad said. Tom Marson stopped and turned to face Dad. "You will not be making the trip upriver tonight?"

"No," Tom Marson answered.

"Where will you stay tonight?" Dad asked.

Tom Marson grinned. "Oh, here and yonder, I reckon."

"Be obliged to have you stay at my house," Dad said. "Not much room and maybe less to eat but you are welcome."

Tom Marson, like Dad, was not an educated man in the way of books. But he was educated to the way of hard living, to the ways and customs of the hill people. And something passed between him and Dad and it was as silent as the snow. Yet, it told him that he was welcome at our house and it told Dad that he would have been sheltered at the home of Tom Marson.

That night in the small basement under our house, Dad wove his needle in and out of the leather. He worked under the light from two carbide miner's lamps suspended from the ceiling. He had taken the small brass reflectors from the lights and had replaced them with two reflectors from the headlights of a Model A Ford. There had been times that our electric had been turned off because Dad had been unable to pay the electric bill. But now a touch of fresh carbide added to some of the old in the lamps would furnish him with enough light to see his leather.

As he worked into the night, he said to Tom Marson: "I am making this shoe on one condition. And that is that you bring the boy in to see me when the weather breaks, or, that you will measure the distance around the club foot with a string and bring the string to me."

Tom Marson kept the promise. And Dad made a leather shield to cover the boy's stub foot; on the bottom of the shoe he hardened the leather so that it would wear no faster than the one on the normal foot. Now Ely would have two shoes. With practice, the day would come when he would be able to place the crutches aside. When Tom Marson offered to pay what little he had on the shoe bill, Dad said to him: "What do you have the most of on your place upriver?"

"Chickens," Tom Marson said.

"Bring me what you can spare the next time you come to town," Dad said. "But you should not carry over four."

The words of Tom Marson, with the words of others, spread over the valley like a summer wind, sweeping low to the earth, climbing the slopes to the small cabins along the ridges and then creeping down the other side into the dark hollows. And their words had not stopped at the breaks of the Big Sandy River. They passed beyond the Virginia border. Men came. Some with club feet like Ely's; others with one leg shorter than the other. No matter what the affliction Dad could weave leather around it.

The words of the chickens had spread, too. It was the Depression years and with a family of ten to feed, Dad hardly made a living for us. Most of the time we went hungry. But Dad had been right; we did not go hungry beyond our power of suffering. But to make sure that we didn't, Mom took in washing from the neighbors, scrubbing the clothes on a board until her hands bled. Mom and Dad had learned to work together and they ate much less than the rest of us.

There were times just when it seemed that we would go beyond the power of suffering—that the skill of Dad's hands brought food to the table. A man would walk as far as 30 miles, a boy strapped to his back and driving a pig in front of him or leading it with a rope. He had come to trade the pig for a special-made shoe. Pigs had been what he had the most of at his place upriver.

Yet those who paid with pigs did not come often. Usually the ones that came had nothing to pay. And Dad never questioned their honesty. He had faith in them. Their word was enough and Dad believed them with all his heart. And many times he was right and they did pay. They came to pay as much as five years later. And then Dad would grin and say to Mom: "See, I told you, Berthy." For those that did not come to pay, Dad still believed that the one reason was that they had never been able. They would come one day to pay him. "I know how it is with them," Dad would say.

Then Dad would tuck his collar around his neck to keep out the cold. He would squint his eyes toward the top of the hills and the moon would sift through the trees and sprinkle streaks of light over the earth. And in this light he would walk out into the snow toward the basement, his hands in his pockets so that the wind sweeping from the hills would not stiffen them until he could not weave his needle through the leather under the carbide light. And wherever the soles of his own shoes touched the snow, small circles formed inside the track, exposing the many holes in them. But, he would have told you, it was such a short walk to the basement. And didn't he intend to fix his own shoes whenever there was leather enough ahead? ♛

EXPERT OPINIONS

A GROUP OF "SIDEWALK ENGINEERS" was watching a new building go up recently in Boston. One "expert," fresh from a local bar was entertaining the others with his comments on the construction machinery being used, when a buxom beauty in a tight, knit dress ambled by.

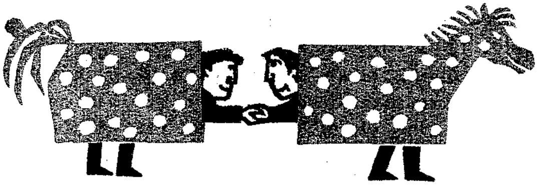
For a moment there was an appreciative silence while all eyes turned from the one type of construction to the other. Then the voice of the "expert" was clearly heard: "It'll never work, fellows. Too many moving parts." —*Executives' Digest (Cambridge Associates)*

THE FIRST-GRADERS were on a field trip to observe birds beginning their migration. The teacher explained that the birds were noisy and excited because they were going on a long journey. She then asked the class, "What do you suppose they are saying?"

One little girl said, "I think the mother birds are telling their children they have to go to the bathroom before they start." —FRANCES BENSON

SMALL BETSY dashed into the kitchen, two jumps and a slide behind the family cocker spaniel. The spaniel made it to the living room, but Betsy didn't. Her shiny new shoes skidded on the linoleum, landing her in a heap against the refrigerator.

Her eyes spilling tears, she complained, "I like my old shoes best. They're used to me." —MRS. ALEX LAWRENCE



GRIN AND SHARE IT

A GROUP of cadets from the Naval Academy, touring the nation's missile-test center at Cape Canaveral, Florida, were being briefed by an Army captain on the Army's Jupiter missile.

With tongue in cheek, the captain told the Middies that launching a missile was really a very simple matter.

"You just pull this lanyard," he said, pointing to a rope dangling from the 65-foot missile. "Anyone want to try it?"

Up stepped one of the Middies and yanked the rope.

The midshipman's tug unfurled a banner which bore in large letters: "BEAT NAVY!" —*Akron Beacon Journal*

SOLICITED BY his church for a donation, a well-known artist said, "I haven't any money, but I'll donate a $200 picture."

When all the contributions were in, there was still a budget deficit, and the minister asked the congregation to increase their donations.

"It's all right with me," said the artist, "I'll do my share. I'll raise the price of the picture to $300."

—HAROLD LAND

RECENTLY, my seven-year-old brother, Harmon, climbed into the front of the family car to accompany dad on a downtown errand. Our huge, shiftless mongrel dog seated himself close behind Harmon, with his head, as usual, pushed through the car window. As they drove along, Harmon said proudly:

"Dad, this dog will do anything that I tell him to—anything at all."

"Oh," dad replied. "Show me."

My brother thought a moment, looked the dog straight in the eye, and said, "Rover, don't you *dare* roll down that window!" —JACKIE LOKEY

THE NEARSIGHTED old lady approached a clerk in a grocery store. She pointed hesitatingly to a round object which seemed to her to be reposing on a distant counter.

"Is that the head cheese?" she inquired.

"No, madam," replied the clerk, politely, "that's his assistant."

—SHIRLEY APPEL

OIL HAD BEEN struck on land owned by a church and after paying off the debt the church voted that the remainder be divided among the membership. Forthwith a member of the congregation arose and said: "I make a motion that we take in no new members!"

—ALLEN M. TROUT *(Louisville Courier-Journal)*

A COLLEGE'S NEW "Advice to Freshmen" booklet noted: "It is a tradition that men students remove their hats while passing through Old Main. This tradition goes into effect next Monday."

—MILLICENT CONNORS

ILL-AT-EASE amidst big-city surroundings, an elderly farm couple approached one of the ticket windows in a railroad station.

"What's the fare to Plattsville?" asked the woman.

"That's $4.65, Ma'am," responded the clerk. Turning to her husband she said, "Well, Dad, we might as well buy the ticket here. I've asked all these windows and they all charge the same." —ALICE LAWSON

THIS SIGN which appeared on the stern of a sleek boat was no doubt selected by a frustrated and disappointed wife whose husband prevailed: "My Mink." —WILLIAM EARLE ODOM

DRIVING THROUGH Rome's Piazza dell' Esedra while on a European tour last year, I became hopelessly enmeshed in a merry-go-round of buses, cars and motorcycles. After several unsuccessful tries at a left turn, I resorted to the American habit of signaling by thrusting my left hand out the window.

Unheeding, the cars streamed by. Not a single motorist noticed it. Only a pedestrian.

He stooped and kissed my hand.

—VICTORIA WOLFF

WHEN OUR SON was starting kindergarten, I took him to buy school shoes. He objected so loudly to the saddle shoes I chose that I beat a hasty retreat and bought the ones he demanded. Weeks later, he said, wistfully, that he wished he had saddle shoes like all the other boys.

Exasperated, I reminded him that he had originally turned them down at the shoe store.

"I know, Mother," he said tearfully, "but why did you pay attention to me? I'm only a little *kid*!"

—MARION H. HOUK

ON THE DAY a burglar alarm was installed in the box office of the village theater, a gunman poked a pistol through the window and demanded all the cash. The cashier pressed her foot to the alarm pedal. Her telephone rang. The gunman grabbed it, lifted the receiver and heard an annoyed voice say: "This is the police department, Miss. Will you kindly remove your foot from the pedal that rings the alarm over here." —*American Mercury*

MY SISTER-IN-LAW received this thank-you note from a recent bride:

"Thank you for the lovely gift. George and I will use it when entertaining our friends."

Her gift to them? Sheets.

—MRS LAURA ABRAMS

THE YOUNG MAN had completed a series of aptitude tests and was asking about the results.

"It's confusing isn't it?" he said. "I seem to have an aptitude for so many things."

The advisor said curtly:

"The results of your test indicate that your best opportunity lies anywhere your father holds an influential position." —MORRIS VASSAR

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Cellular therapy is a startling European treatment for old age and a wide variety of diseases. Because this medical technique is controversial and still unproven, CORONET asked Dr. Herbert S. Benjamin, an American physician and medical researcher, to discuss it with its discoverer, Dr. Paul Niehans of Switzerland, and to observe his work and evaluate the use of cellular therapy by many physicians in Western Europe. This is Dr. Benjamin's report. THE EDITORS

The promise of new cells for old

by Herbert S. Benjamin, M.D.

IN 1954, when Pope Pius XII was thought to be on his deathbed, an emergency phone call went from the Vatican to a Swiss physician who lives on the shore of Lake Geneva. The Swiss, Dr. Paul Niehans, hurried to the Pope's bedside and gave him an injection of living animal cells—a new medical technique that Dr. Niehans has pioneered and which is now in daily use by more than 500 European physicians.

After Niehans' treatment, Pope Pius was able to carry on his duties for several more years.

Dr. Paul Niehans' medical discovery is called cellular therapy, or CT. It has reportedly been used to treat such famous oldsters as Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of West Germany; Somerset Maugham; Charles Chaplin; and Georges Braque, the famous French painter.

The treatment is based on what we know of the basic unit of life—the cell. Every living animal was once but a single cell, formed by the mating of paternal sperm and maternal ovum. These first tiny specks of cells, the beginning of life, eventually are able to turn into all the specialized different kinds of cells of the body. Before they do, they are called "pluripotent." Later, in a human embryo, after the thousands of divisions and transformations which turn a sperm and an ovum into a newborn baby, most of the cells become "unipotent"—capable of being just one thing—a brain cell or kidney cell, for example.

In a complex organism like a human being, nature fits each one of the 40 trillion cells together into an intricate architecture of physical and chemical balances. A complex system of nerve controls, blood circulation and chemical regulators is necessary for the care and nourishment of every cell. When a body gets sick it is usually because something has gone wrong inside some of its cells.

Medical science has been able to extract healing hormones from animal cells, to replace lost or damaged cell chemicals in sick human beings. Surgeons have attempted to combat illness by transplanting healthy animal organs in the place of sick human organs. But these surgical transplants never "take" because the cells in the transplanted organs always die.

Dr. Niehans discovered, almost by accident, what seemed to be an amazingly simple way to do transplanting when necessary—with an ordinary hypodermic needle.

Late one night, a patient, hovering near death was sent to him for emergency treatment. Her parathyroid glands, located deep in the neck, had been tragically removed by error during a routine operation in a neighboring hospital. Since no one can live without such glands, Niehans planned to implant an animal's parathyroid gland, which might have given the patient a few weeks or months more of life, at most.

But, unconscious and shaking in tetanic spasms, the patient was far too weak for surgery. Yet something had to be done. Niehans, acting quickly, minced down the animal glands into small groups of cells, suspended them in salt water, and hurriedly injected them into her muscle tissue. The spasms subsided, the patient recuperated and lived on. Today, 28 years later, she is in excellent health, with no parathyroid glands of her own, a hypodermic syringeful of animal parathyroid cells serving instead. So far as Niehans knows, he has achieved the first long-term cure for lost parathyroid glands in the history of medicine.

Since then, Niehans and doctors in Belgium, the Netherlands, France, West Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy have announced cures for serious—often formerly incurable—diseases: angina pectoris, psoriasis, chronic eczema, several forms of arteriosclerosis, nephrosis and many others, through cell therapy.

Doctors get the needed cells from fresh animal embryos ordinarily discarded by slaughterhouses. They inject healthy animal cells into the bodies of patients with ailing hearts, animal kidney cells for ailing human kidneys, animal gland cells to replace diseased or destroyed human glands, and so on; using the corresponding kind of animal cells in an attempt to restore health to almost any sick part of the human body.

One of Dr. Niehans' patients was a young woman with ghostly white hair and skin, an "albino," suffering from lack of protective pigment in her body. Blood vessels shone through her eyes to make her pupils fiery red. Her sight was so poor she was living in a home for the blind. After receiving injections of animal pigment cells, her body took on normal color, her pupils darkened, and she began to see normally again. Again, a medical "first": never before had the hereditary pigment-lack called "albinism" been cured.

Niehans, not only a surgeon but one of the world's leading experts on cell chemistry, believes that the human body "incubates" the injected animal cells, keeping them alive to replace the life chemistry which sick human cells have lost; in the case of hereditary diseases like albinism, CT gives a human body needed cell chemicals it has been born without.

Top medical professors from a number of leading European universities tried CT for hundreds of dulled and speechless Mongolian idiot children, who, after injections of cells from animal embryo brains, quickly picked up in intelligence and began to talk and play.

A woman who had lost all her hair from an emotional shock and wore a wig for years, grew a normal head of hair after injections of animal "hypothalamus" cells. With this kind of cell—taken from that part of the brain which is recognized as having an important role in autonomic regulation of hair growth, sweating, sleep, urine secretion and hormone secretion—Niehans reported favorable results in treating stomach ulcers, bronchial asthma, Ménière's disease, sleeplessness, painful ovulation, excess sweating and diabetes insipidus. After injections of animal pituitary cells—which control growth—a human dwarf grew six inches in a year.

A 49-year-old woman had suffered an average of ten heart attacks each month. She was practically confined to her bed because if she took a dozen steps she would suffer a crushing attack. Her electrocardiogram showed severe heart damage. After two injections of still-living cells from an animal embryo's heart, the attacks stopped, her electrocardiogram returned to normal, and she resumed an active life.

A dozen of Europe's most eminent medical professors tried CT on different diseases with excellent results. Among them, Professor of Medicine Dr. Hans Rietschel, and Prof. Hans Schmidt, head of Marburg University's Institute for Experimental Therapy in West Germany, found improvement in three out of four heart disease patients, nine out of ten cases of progressive deformities of the spine, four out of five cases of eczema, every case of acne and most cases of brain damage. Dr. Johannes Keller, head of Austria's growing group of cellular therapists, said recently: "Except for infections and tumors, it is rare to find a case which can't be improved at least a little by CT. CT has brightened the outlook for a very large number of diseases."

Dr. Niehans has found that the chemistry in young animal and human embryo cells is thousands of times as "potent" and active as the chemistry in adult cells—and that as people grow older their cells harden, chemical activity in cells weakens and slows down. He theorized that the young, active embryo cells he injected were giving back the lost potent chemistry of early youth to aging, ailing human organs.

And most startling of all—cells, he discovered, can live forever! He visited the laboratories of the Nobel Prize winner, the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, who had amazed the world by keeping alive cells from the heart of an embryo chick for longer than the life span of a chicken. Carrel had cultivated these cells in his laboratory and watched them live in an incubator without showing any signs of aging. In fact, the cells became more active than ever. Carrel, and later his assistants, kept the culture alive 34 years, after which it was allowed to die out.

After thousands of animal cell injections, Niehans made perhaps his most remarkable discovery. After injections of animal sex gland cells, age-weary patients felt revitalized, younger and fresher. Niehans kept in touch with them for years to see what the long-term results would be, and recently announced two amazing findings: most of these patients returned to more active life, free of the chronic complaints of old age—and not one single man or woman among the thousands he "revitalized" has ever developed cancer, though they were all in the most cancer-prone age group.

Even for some patients who had cancer, Niehans found hope in cellular therapy. Although CT did not cure cancer, Niehans found that many whose cancer was too far advanced for surgery were spared the misery of their disease while they lived. After CT, some cancer victims lost the pains of disease, returned to full-time occupations and lived seemingly healthy lives until their malignant growths overcame them, Niehans reports.

One of the main problems with CT has been the need for doctors to work near slaughterhouses, since in order for the cells to be used while they are most active, they must be injected within minutes after they are taken from the animal's body. To solve this problem, Niehans recently invested a sizable sum to develop a method for deep-freezing and vacuum-drying living embryo cells, and storing them in ampules ready for injection. Now produced on a large scale by a West German pharmaceutical firm and a university laboratory, over 1,000,000 of these small ampule-sized "cell banks" have been used for injections by European doctors.

WHY THEN isn't this treatment, which many doctors find has helped so many suffering from the widest variety of disorders and diseases, used everywhere in the world by now? The answer is that there are still some major objections to the use of CT which have not been overcome to the satisfaction of scientists everywhere.

One objection is Niehans' insistence that CT is an "all or nothing" treatment. Since finding that drugs or X rays kill cultured cells, he maintains that CT is useless for patients who get ordinary drugs or X rays at the same time,. This presents doctors with the choice of using either standard reliable treatment, or relying solely on a treatment which is still new and hardly out of the experimental stage.

Another objection is CT's potential dangers. Normally, animal cell protein, injected even in small amounts, carries with it the dangers of allergic side reactions, shock, and even death. But Niehans found that *embryo* cell protein causes no such side effects—a claim which first startled the medical world, but which he has verified thousands of times since. He asserts that none of his patients has ever suffered a serious side reaction, although minor side reactions have been reported.

Another danger is infection by germs or viruses which might be hidden among the animal cells. Niehans believes this problem has been conquered by sterile handling of the cells and careful veterinary examination of the animals from which they are taken.

Some doctors believe Niehans effects his cures through "suggestion" —that patients "feel" they are cured as the result of wishful thinking.

Last, and perhaps most important —for still unexplained reasons—not all physicians who have tried the Niehans treatment have achieved the same excellent results. Some have turned it down as unworkable.

But Niehans goes on improving CT techniques, and his faith in the locked-in healing power of cells has never wavered. "If cellular therapy does not work in every case where it is expected to," he says, "then I am to blame, not the cells."

Niehans' biography is an impressive story of purposeful devotion and accomplishment. A nephew of William II of Germany, and thus of royal Hohenzollern blood, he knows and has treated the royalty and aristocracy of Europe with CT, and it was inevitable that his successes would be played up in gossip columns and sensationalistic newspapers in many countries. Exasperated at being billed as a "wonder-worker" and "the aristocrat's doctor," he is abrupt with the press, so that most notices about him have been based on reporters' guesswork and contain little accuracy about his work.

His mother wanted her son to become a minister. His father, a surgeon, hoped the boy would follow his profession. Paul himself wanted to be an army officer. So he first studied theology, graduated and preached in a local church. Then, turning to medicine, he received his doctorate and in time became chief surgeon of five clinics in Switzerland.

But he realized his military ambitions, too. Niehans refused the job of a military surgeon in order to be commissioned a "genuine" lieutenant in Switzerland's small elite army, where he became a champion rider and shot. During the Balkan War of 1912-13 and World War I, the still youthful surgeon volunteered to go to the front with the Red Cross, where he performed 20,000 operations on wounded soldiers. He was also cited for bravery when he made his way to a quarantined front area to wipe out a typhus epidemic almost singlehandedly, after nearly all other hospital personnel had perished from the raging disease.

He retired to practice in a small Swiss town. But routine surgery began to pall, and he turned to surgical endocrinology, pioneering in what was then—nearly 50 years ago —medicine's newest field, the hormone-producing endocrine glands.

He first proposed radical new methods of hormone therapy which have come to be standard treatment. He was one of the first physicans in history to point out the role hormones play in cancer, today the basis for world-wide medical research. And, while practicing surgery full-time, he found leisure to write a textbook on brain hormones.

From the day when he first cured a patient by injecting animal cells, he has devoted his life to CT.

Though he has taken frequent trips to the U.S. and Japan to consult with other cell specialists, he has turned down university teaching posts to live in the Geneva countryside. This means that he must himself perform nearly every detail on his large research projects, details which would normally be delegated to a staff of assistants in a big-city research center.

At 77, he rushes through work-filled days with the swinging energy of a young man. Preferring not to drive a car, he walks briskly from home to clinic without hat or coat, in the same worn black suit, in the coldest of Alpine weather. A member of Switzerland's small "4,000 Club," reserved for those who have climbed a 4,000 meter-high (13,000 feet) mountain, Niehans once scaled three such prodigious peaks in a single week.

On observing the bristling energy of this near-octogenarian, I asked him if he had ever "revitalized" himself. He laughed and said, "Before daring to use CT on many patients I experimented on myself—so often that I have enough fresh cells in me to do for an army."

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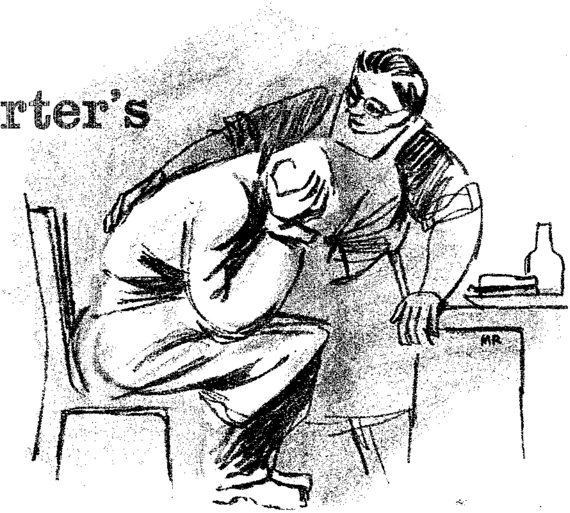
Frankie Carter's ex-cons

by Bruce Lee



After San Quentin
they can always
stop at Frankie's place
to get a
handout and hope

ONE EVENING while Frankie Carter was presiding as usual over his San Francisco restaurant, two little Negro boys walked hesitantly into the dining room and asked for him. When he came over to them, they piped in unison, "Take it Easy, Frankie." One youngster added in a tumble of words, "Thanks, Mr. Carter. Thanks for giving our daddy back to us." Then they fled.

"Take it Easy, Frankie" is the password of the San Quentin prison's ex-convicts. And Frankie Carter is proud of an alliance with more than 1,500 of them. But to this day he can only guess which of the 1,500 was the boys' father.

Since World War II, Carter, a stocky, wide-shouldered 51-year-old who wears rimless, square-lensed glasses, has given $40,000 in cash to help an average of two ex-convicts a week to go straight after their release from prison. He also has provided uncounted meals and rent money to tide over the ex-cons until their first pay checks. The checks were usually from jobs Carter found for them.

Less than 100 of his men have gone back to prison—the California average of those who return is about one-third—an impressive saving of lives and tax dollars. "I could wish," says San Quentin warden Fred Dickson, "there were more men like Carter. It would cut down the ratio of reconvictions considerably."

Carter finances his good Samaritanism from income of his restaurant-bar and from steady work as one of California's top boxing referees. In the late 1920s and early '30s he was a highly-rated lightweight boxer himself. And his only repayment is the warm glow of a job well done when he hears in some unlikely place a quiet, "Take it Easy, Frankie."

"I hate poverty and I believe anybody deserves a second chance," he says. "I grew up in a tenement on New York's lower East Side. My real name is Frank Curreri—first generation American. My dad came from Sicily and worked on the New York docks for $1 a day; my mother worked in a garment industry sweat shop. I learned how important a second chance is."

One day, Carter was called to referee a bout in Folsom Prison in Sacramento County. The next step was obvious: to apply his theory of a second chance to imprisoned boxers when they were released. He did not limit himself to boxers for long.

Warden Dickson testifies gratefully, "We often encourage men to go to Carter for help. In the process of rehabilitation, released prisoners require someone to lean on—for friendship as well as material needs. Carter is their temporary crutch."

Carter meets some of his men when he is at San Quentin refereeing fights; others come unbidden to his restaurant. Never does he ask why a man was convicted; he makes a snap decision on whether he will offer assistance after talking to the man. "I judge from the consistency —or inconsistency—of their stories about their personal life, the most money they've earned, their training and schooling, things like that," he says. "Liars get a quick brushoff."

The first step is to provide security through meals, a place to sleep and a job. "My men have been in prison an average of four years," Carter explains. "When they get out, they're bewildered and scared."

He has no qualms about pressuring businessmen friends into hiring his ex-cons. "Of course, it doesn't always work out ideally," he admits. "Once, I placed a convicted booster in a department store. He was back in prison in two weeks. The temptation was too much." (A booster will steal anything that isn't nailed down and pawn it for cash.)

Carter's "lug list" (small handouts for incidentals or pocket money) runs about $200 a month. But, as warden Dickson points out, the intangibles of friendship can be a more valuable gift than money.

Last Christmas Eve Carter's restaurant was closed. But he was in his office working on the books when he heard a rap on the door. He opened it to a tall, tow-headed 23-year-old.

"I got out of Q (the con's name for San Quentin) yesterday," the youngster said. He peered into the darkened restaurant. "You closed?"

"Come on in," Carter said. He closed his books and talked well past midnight to the young man. When the ex-con rose to leave, he said, "I'd heard about you. I came because I didn't want to do what I thought I had to do. It's Christmas Eve and I have no family or even a friend. I was going to get me some money out of somebody's cash register and buy me some friends, preferably blonde. I was so lonely, I didn't care if I did get caught and sent back up. Now I do. Thanks. And Take it Easy, Frankie."

The new profit-sharing bonanza

by Ernest Havemann

Thousands of U.S. workers will reap rich retirement dividends from "share-the-wealth" plans sponsored by many ruggedly capitalistic employers

IN THE OLD DAYS, the most important question to ask a prospective boss was, "What's the salary?" Times have changed. Nowadays, if you want to retire in comfort, the employer's profit-sharing plan is far more important than the salary he pays you.

No matter how high your salary, your chances of building up any substantial savings are slim. The latest figures of the Federal Reserve Board show that only about one family out of every five has its debts paid up and savings of as much as $500.

But if your employer has a good profit-sharing and retirement plan, you can breathe easier. Under some of today's profit-sharing plans, many employees can collect a lump sum on retirement exceeding their lifetime earnings.

When profit sharing began—the date is said to have been 1842, in France—the idea was to give the employee a stake in keeping his company prosperous. Out of any money the company earned, a certain percentage was earmarked to be shared by the employees. Profit sharing was essentially an incentive bonus.

There are still plans of this sort, and some result in fantastic windfalls for employees. The only trouble is that this type of bonus, paid in cash, often at Christmas time, is often spent as soon as it is received. Today there are many variations to this system, most providing for portions to be paid out periodically or when desired.

To get around the easy-come,

easy-go feature of a cash bonus, a new kind of deferred-payment plan was devised some years ago. Under deferred-payment profit sharing, the money is not paid out in cash but is put into a trust fund. There it remains and increases until you leave the company, presumably when you reach retirement age—by which time the amount in the fund is likely to come as a delightful surprise.

At Sears, Roebuck & Co., for example, one of the nation's oldest profit-sharing plans has been piling up money for the employees ever since 1916. The average worker who retired this year after 20 to 25 years with the company left with $36,695. The average worker who retired after 25 to 30 years left with $67,089. The most astounding case involved a truck driver who had been in the fund for all its 44 years of operation. He retired this year with $289,000.

Money which your boss puts into a profit-sharing plan for you grows rapidly for three reasons. First, you cannot get at the money to spend it. Some plans will permit you to withdraw part of your funds or borrow against them for such important expenditures as buying a house or paying bills for a serious illness—but never for anything frivolous.

Second, the money is put to work earning money as only money can, drawing interest or dividends.

Third, Uncle Sam encourages the funds by providing that these earnings shall not be taxed—so the interest and dividends pile up at full strength. The tax feature alone enables the funds to do far better than any individual investor could do. (Withdrawals, of course, are subject to income tax and the final withdrawal is subject to a long-term capital gains tax.)

Up to 1930, there were only five of these deferred-payment profit-sharing plans in the U. S. Today there are 10,000, and the number is growing by around 2,500 a year.

Some of the plans have an enforced savings feature, in that the boss insists that you put some of your own money into the fund to help it grow. At Sears, Roebuck, to participate in the profit-sharing plan, the employees must put in up to five percent (with the maximum of $500) of their salaries.

To this sum, the company adds five to ten percent of its gross profits, the exact amount depending on the size of the profits that year. The company's contribution, which now stands at close to half a billion dollars, plus the earnings on investment, give the employees a wonderful return on their investment. The truck driver who retired with $289,000 had put in only $5,928 of his own money. At Shell Oil Co., employees can put in up to ten percent of their salaries and the company matches this dollar for dollar.

The value of any profit-sharing plan depends, of course, on the company's profits. If a company fails to make a profit, there will be little money to invest. The Procter & Gamble soap company has a plan which has been in existence ever since 1887. Despite seven depressions, the company has had profits to share every year.

Next most important is the investment policy which the company has established for its fund. The fund can vanish completely if it is invested poorly—and can multiply almost beyond belief if invested wisely. Some companies run their own investment programs. Other companies turn the job over to a bank, a stock broker or an investment counselor. Some proceed along the most cautious lines, considering safety far more important than profits. Others take a chance in the hope of rapid growth.

The only restriction Uncle Sam places on the investment programs is that they must represent an honest attempt to serve the best interests of the employees, not of the company. A fund cannot lend money to the company on an unsecured note, for example, though it can buy the company's stocks or bonds. Aside from this, every fund is on its own.

SOME FUNDS work by formula: a third of the money in safe Government bonds which pay three to four percent annual interest; another third in corporation bonds which pay five to six percent; and another third in common stocks. Funds like this tend to grow a little faster. At the same time they are admittedly taking more risks. A decline in the stock market can wipe out all the interest collected on the bonds. And even some of the corporation bonds may decline in value.

The Sears, Roebuck fund has prospered over the years with a policy of investing in its own company. The profit-sharing fund is now the biggest single holder of Sears, Roebuck common stock, on which it has made a substantial profit over the years. As long as the company remains prosperous, this is perhaps the fastest way for a fund to grow—for it increases efficiency among employees who share the profits, while at the same time making the company's stock more valuable.

The disadvantage, of course, is that all the eggs are in one basket. The fund goes well if the company continues to grow as Sears, Roebuck has done. In a company which started to lose money and finally went broke, the fund would go broke, too.

One unusual fund which has done extremely well in recent years, perhaps growing faster than any other now in operation, has no special investment policy, but simply relies upon the day-to-day investment acumen of the boss. This is the fund embracing the 780 salaried employees of the Material Service Corp., a Chicago building-materials firm.

The head of the company is a spectacularly successful businessman named Henry Crown, who started Material Service with $10,000 and built it to a present value of over $100,000,000. Crown is also a canny investor who, among other things, bought securities of the now prosperous Rock Island Railroad when it seemed to be hopelessly in bankruptcy, and purchased New York's Empire State Building when many real-estate experts thought it was a white elephant.

Under the Material Service Corp. plan, employees do not put any of their own money into the fund. All the money comes from the company, which puts in five percent of its profits before taxes. This is credited to the employees in proportion to their salaries, and is then invested by a board of trustees chosen from the company staff, with Crown as chairman and guiding spirit. All bookkeeping for the fund is done on the premises, at company expense. This saves the cost of hiring an outside investment banking firm to handle the fund. And since Crown is his own investment adviser, he can utilize his own financial methods.

In the last few years, Crown has felt that the big opportunities lay in common stocks. Last year, for example, his fund held only 14 preferred stocks, 27 bonds—and 68 common stocks. "We look for securities that will give us a high yield," Crown explains. "Naturally, we want safety, too—but we don't let our concern for safety immobilize us. Sometimes when you think you're being the most conservative, you find later that you've taken more chances than you realized. As a matter of fact, one of the surest ways to lose money is to refuse to buy anything except securities which have done well in the past. Some new trend often will knock the bottom out of your investments."

Since the fund began in 1945, it has had only one bad year. This was 1957, when the stock market had a serious setback. Some of the older employees with large balances actually showed a loss for the year.

In 1958, however, the fund bounced right back. When employees received their annual statements last summer, covering 1958 operations, the news was almost unbelievable. A $5,000-a-year secretary learned that her balance in the fund had increased during the year by $5,365—or $365 more than her entire year's salary. And a $19,000-a-year- executive found that his stake in the fund had grown by $40,500—more than double his year's salary.

At the start of 1958, the value of the fund stood at $4,334,887. During the year, the company put in $644,055 out of profits. In addition the fund grew by $1,745,558—a whopping 40 percent—in the form of interest, dividends and increased market value.

Some of the fund's paper profits were startling. Crown figured a few years ago that Inland Steel Corp., one of his customers, was a solid buy. He bought its stock for the fund at 39, and at the end of last year it was worth 144. He saw that the Great Lakes Towing Co.—whose barges floated right alongside his own Material Service Corp. barges—was doing a good job. He bought its stock for $8 a share, and by the end of last year it was close to $50 a share.

Can he keep it up? If he does, a lot of other funds will undoubtedly revise their investment policies. And the question to ask a prospective boss will be not "What's the salary?" but "How smart an investor are you?"

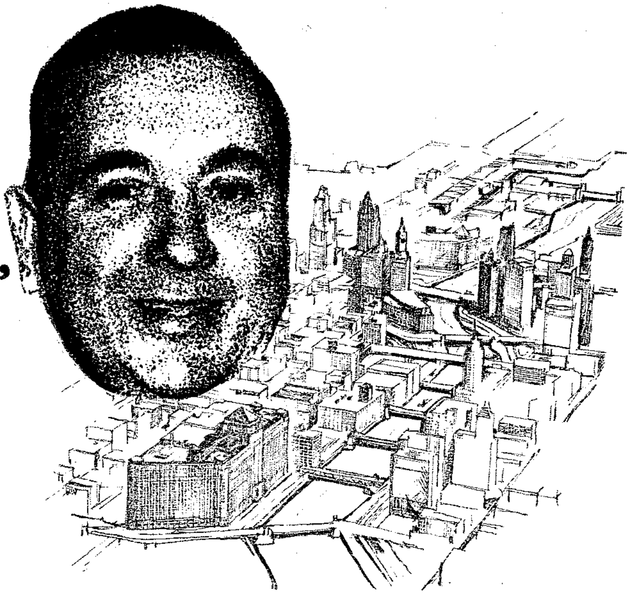
A CHINESE RESTAURANT in Milwaukee has this sign on its window: "Fortune cookies. Dire predictions, $.25 extra."

—ANNE SINGER

Spawned in the Stock Yards, developed by the machine, Dick Daley, through hard work and political know-how, is becoming the best mayor in Chicago's history

Chicago's "new look" political boss

by Alfred Balk



CITY HALL in Chicago has seldom been short of hangers-on, eccentrics, floaters or even outright crooks. In this atmosphere, Richard J. Daley, the Mayor, was elected by the machine, ostensibly for the machine, as an avowed "machine man." But he doesn't match history or the scenery. He is honest, modest, educated and hard-working. He has even become something of a reformer. He may be the best mayor in Chicago's history.

He also is a political boss—perhaps No. 1 in the nation—because of his power gained in last spring's elections. Only four of 50 aldermen oppose him, every layer of local government in Chicago's most populous county is under his control, the power of 10,000 jobs supports his every political wish, and he has bipartisan support which has included the rock-ribbed Chicago *Tribune*.

With well-disciplined command of the Illinois delegation (No. 4 in total votes), he can be a king-maker at the 1960 Democratic convention. Further, because he is only 57, he may be Illinois' next Governor. On a long shot, some say, he could be a dark horse Vice-Presidential candidate in 1964.

For certain, you cannot stop long in the nation's second-largest city without seeing the imprint of do-something Daley. Building and clearance projects are everywhere. Streets are being widened, repaved, and relighted. Parades and expositions are always in the headlines.

A $33,000,000 lake front convention hall is going up, a new jet airport (O'Hare Field) is open, a $61,000,000 civic center is off the drawing board and a colossal urban renewal project (Hyde Park-Kenwood near the University of Chicago) is under way. Pile-drivers for private interests also are hammering out new Loop skyscrapers and vast terminal facilities for the inland end of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Last summer, Chicago was host to the Pan-American games, an International Trade Fair, and a visit by Queen Elizabeth.

So construction conscious has the City of Big Shoulders become that a few months ago the Mayor received a strange complaint. "You're bad for Chicago," he was told. "Anywhere I go it's the same—the streets are torn up." But Daley has also torn into the very fabric of the city: business, industry, community organizations and government.

Chicago is no longer the crime capital of the nation (F.B.I. figures now award that dubious distinction to Los Angeles). There are few gangland murders. The syndicate has its rackets, but they are now either semi-legitimate, or decentralized to include suburbs such as Cicero or Calumet City.

Race relations are, unfortunately, as tinder-filled as in New York or Detroit. Partly pressured by a record influx of Negroes, they will probably continue to be. But at least there has been no major riot since the still-smoldering blowup of 1953 in Trumbull Park. The Chicago Council on Human Relations has five times its budget of pre-Daley days.

No one official deserves all the credit for anything. But it is agreed that without Daley, Chicago would be advancing at a far less furious pace than it now is.

Who is this man of surprises? How was he spawned from a machine which traditionally has been one of the most irresponsible in the nation?

Richard J. Daley is first of all a seasoned politician. Born in the politically-active Stock Yards area (which also produced his predecessors, Martin Kennelly and Ed Kelly), Daley was a precinct captain the same year he reached voting age. At 35, four years after receiving his law degree from De Paul University in Chicago, he won election as state representative. Then in the senate he became floor leader for the powerful Kelly-Nash machine.

Daley knows every non-federal level of government at first hand. He has been state representative and senator, secretary to four county treasurers, county comptroller, state director of finance (for Governor Adlai Stevenson) and county clerk.

He had long been tabbed by columnists as a "comer." But when he ran for Mayor in 1955, observers were frankly dubious about the Democratic machine's intentions.

First of all, Daley himself had alarmed citizen groups by his actions as party boss. Appointed to a vacancy as patronage-rich county clerk, he had used that office as a springboard to the County Democratic Committee chairmanship in 1953. Shortly thereafter, he presided over the "dumping" of Mayor Kennelly, who had represented a turning point in clean administration (Kennelly's weakness was remaining "above politics"), and whom old-line politicians disliked because he cracked down on gambling and favored Civil Service over patronage. The Daley machine's new candidate: Daley.

Then, too, his Republican opponent in the 1955 campaign was an able 36-year-old reformer, ex-Democratic alderman Robert Merriam, who had bolted to the GOP charging Daley with "bossism." Three of four papers opposed Daley. It was one of the closest shaves the machine had since gaining power in 1931—Daley won by nearly 127,000 votes.

Then the surprises began.

First, rather than overturning Kennelly's complete administrative setup, he retained some key department heads, including Police Commissioner Timothy O'Connor and Purchasing Agent John Ward, both capable and honest. For the nerve-center office of comptroller, from which any major payroll padding could be spotted, he selected Carl Chatters, former head of the American Municipal Association.

Also unexpectedly, Daley merged City and Park District police forces, eliminating a duplication which patronage-conscious politicians had cherished. (The Park District itself remains as a separate entity.) He cut off aldermanic boodle by pressuring councilmen to vote away prerogatives such as authority over driveway permits. He supported such good-government causes as state-wide judicial reform (which barely was defeated on a technicality last year).

When the unprecedented Hyde Park-Kenwood urban renewal plan was at the crossroads, the powerful Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, largest in the country, opposed it. Daley is a Roman Catholic. Yet he courageously threw all his influence in the City Council behind the plan. Finally opposition was withdrawn. The program passed.

"GOOD POLITICS," says Daley, "is good government, and good government is good politics." This he adopted as his motto.

One explanation for Daley's unique political behavior is that he does it because of his family. The father of four sons and three daughters, ages ten to 22 (the eldest plans to become a nun), Daley has always been a devoted family man.

"Dick," says one friend, "wants to be able to go home at night and look his entire family in the eye without apologizing."

Another notion is that his modest beginnings instilled in him a drive to be "somebody." His father, Michael, to whom Daley (an only child) was very close until Daley senior's death last June, was a metal-worker. Politics apparently offered the most ready opportunity to rub shoulders with those "on the inside."

Also, within Chicago's Democratic machine an evolution has been taking place which has been widely overlooked. In order to forestall complete reform and perpetuate power, the concept of the "Blue Ribbon Ticket," featuring men like Sen. Paul Douglas, Adlai Stevenson and Kennelly, was born. The internal struggle apparently was great. But the "up-graders" have been winning. And as one result, Jacob M. Arvey, now boss emeritus, and other leaders, were able to tap Daley as boss and make it stick.

"Dick Daley," says Arvey, "has all the equipment to be a great mayor and political leader. He has unsurpassed knowledge of both politics and government. No other city has anybody like him."

Daley's maneuvering is so quietly done that much of the time Chicagoans are unaware of it. A typical instance occurred last winter. An opposition alderman somehow learned before others of a 50 percent error in estimating steel needs for an under-the-lake water supply tunnel: a $3,000,000 slip-up. But Daley's forces also got wind of it, and a pro-machine alderman announced it. Piously, he demanded an investigation. He got one—by a friendly committee. The result: with a minimum of name-calling, it was proved to be an honest mistake by engineers.

Strategy plays a part but plain hard work also underlies Daley's success. "Dick," says one associate, "got where he is and stays where he is not because he is brilliant, though he's intelligent and has a fantastic memory but simply because he outworks everyone else."

Most big-city mayors labor arduously. But Daley may well be the champ. He rarely leaves City Hall before 6:30, usually is in on Saturdays and always takes papers home at night. He takes only two five-day vacations a year, to hunt or fish. He also chooses to administer a complex big-city political organization. So far he shows no signs of an ulcer.

Richard J. Daley is a wide-built, ruddy-faced, five-foot, eight-inch Irish-American, with a large head, round face, and brilliant blue eyes. In essence, he is rather colorless and close-mouthed, known intimately to nobody, but friendliest to a group of former boyhood chums.

He is poised, but not cultured. He has worked hard at learning to read speeches well, yet still is noted for bloopers such as "higher platitudes" for "plateaus of achievement." Once he began, "Ladies and gentlemen of the League of Women Voters."

But Daley is sincere and knowledgeable enough to rate more ready acceptance in well-heeled groups than any previous Chicago boss. He is outspokenly pro-labor (and a card-carrying member of the Bakery Drivers Union from his youth), yet also is the first mayor to have been invited to join the exclusive Commercial Club.

The late Big Bill Thompson, once Mayor of Chicago, accumulated $1,488,250 in a safety deposit box. Others have left nearly as much. But Daley appears to have no such kitty. Despite his present $35,000-a-year salary, he lives with his family in a hemmed-in, story-and-a-half brick bungalow a block from where he was born.

He professes to have as other possessions only a $10,000 summer home, a Chevrolet and an undisclosed but reputedly small amount of stocks and bonds. His attractive wife, Eleanor, whom he married 23 years ago, even bakes her own bread.

By now, Daley's status as an All-American father is well-accepted locally. The Daleys attend White Sox baseball games en masse, tour museums and go fishing together, and attend Sunday Mass regularly at Nativity of Our Lord Church. He eats at home, then nibbles later at evening banquets.

Despite the admitted hard knocks it entails, Daley hopes his offspring will somehow participate in politics or government.

"Politics," he says, "is an honorable calling, as important in our country as the clergy, law or medicine. Blueprints for better living mean nothing unless something is actually done to get them off the drawing board."

Another homely attitude is Daley's belief in neighborhood improvement as the key to city-wide progress.

"The neighborhood," he says, "is the heart of the city. You cannot be proud of your city unless you are proud of your community within it."

Thus, there are 2,000 new policemen on neighborhood duty, a task force to clear debris from vacant lots and clean-up parades led by the Mayor himself. Many times he has indicated he means business on clean-up efforts. Once, when an assistant dropped a cigar butt on the sidewalk, Daley was aghast.

"Pick it up," he ordered, adding, "We're all in this together!"

Daley found himself in a rare position last spring. All four Chicago papers backed him. (He was elected this summer as president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors.) The Republicans publicly had trouble persuading anyone to run against him, and GOP supporters such as United Air Lines President William Patterson formed a committee which ran advertisements endorsing Daley for another term.

Because a vote for Daley was one for the enemy machine, this dismayed Republican committeemen. But the executives explained that they believed Daley had earned the "loyalty of all the people": He had not sought personal publicity and had worked long hours for municipal improvement.

Still, the Mayor is not without critics.

They say the scandal-ridden Municipal Court, while not part of City Hall, actually is a Democratic domain that is Daley's responsibility as party leader. They lament that policy rackets operate freely, particularly in the Negro section. They contend a rash of "temporary employees" has made Civil Service a farce. They say he pretends racial tensions are easing, while actually they are dangerously volatile.

With his current strength, however, Daley can afford not to worry over such criticisms. Instead, he prefers to bask in the praise of his longtime admirer Harry S. Truman, who recently insisted: "There is no question about it. Dick Daley stands as high as any man in the Democratic party today." ♛

The Littlest Angel

by CHARLES TAZEWELL

Paintings by NETTIE WEBER

Ten Christmases ago, CORONET first published this lyrical tale of an unruly, freckle-faced child's adventures in Heaven. The story touched the hearts of millions of readers and has since become a classic of its kind. In response to ten years of requests, we reprint it now with love and affection.

From "THE LITTLEST ANGEL" by Charles Taz
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densation is from the book of the same title, pub
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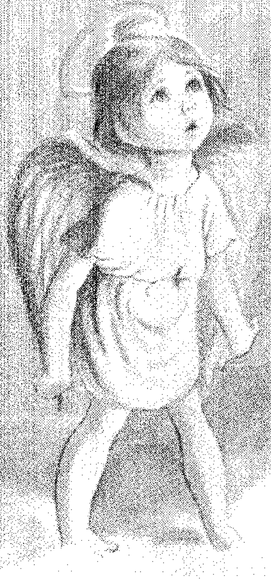
ONCE UPON A TIME—many years ago as time is calculated by men but only Yesterday in the Celestial Calendar of Heaven—there was, in Paradise, a most miserable, thoroughly unhappy and utterly dejected cherub who was known throughout Heaven as "The Littlest Angel!"

He was exactly four years, six months, five days, seven hours and forty-two minutes of age when he presented himself to the venerable Gatekeeper for admittance to the Glorious Kingdom of God.

Standing defiantly, with his short legs wide apart, the Littlest Angel tried to pretend that he wasn't at all impressed by such Unearthly Splendor, and that he wasn't at all afraid. But his lower lip trembled, and a tear disgraced him by making a new furrow down his already tear-streaked face—coming to a precipitous halt at the very tip of his small freckled nose.

But that wasn't all. While the kindly Gatekeeper was entering the name in his great Book, the Littlest Angel, having left home as usual without a handkerchief, endeavored to hide the tears by snuffing—a most unangelic sound which so unnerved the good Gatekeeper that

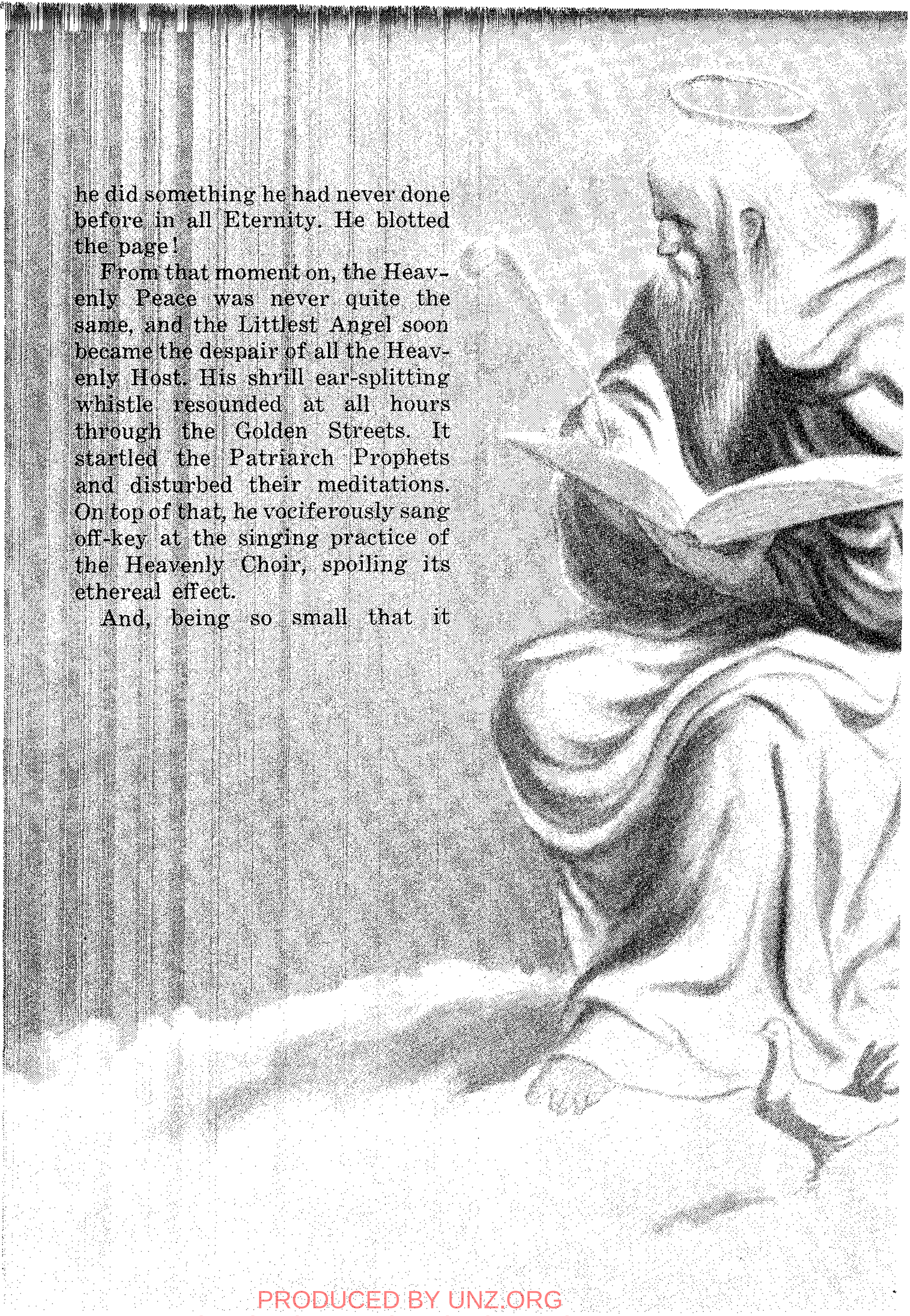
The Littlest Angel *has been made into a 13½ minute movie by Coronet Films. It is available in either an 8mm version with subtitles or a 16mm sound version. The film may be rented in full color or black and white from most film libraries, or it may be purchased by writing to: Coronet Films, Dept. LA-10, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.*



he did something he had never done before in all Eternity. He blotted the page!

From that moment on, the Heavenly Peace was never quite the same, and the Littlest Angel soon became the despair of all the Heavenly Host. His shrill ear-splitting whistle resounded at all hours through the Golden Streets. It startled the Patriarch Prophets and disturbed their meditations. On top of that, he vociferously sang off-key at the singing practice of the Heavenly Choir, spoiling its ethereal effect.

And, being so small that it



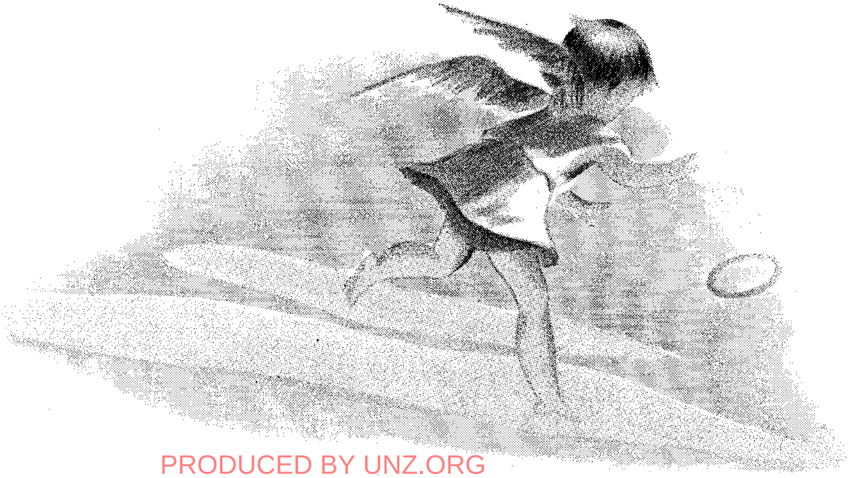
seemed to take him just twice as long as anyone else to get to nightly prayers, the Littlest Angel always arrived late, and always knocked everyone's wings askew as he darted into his place.

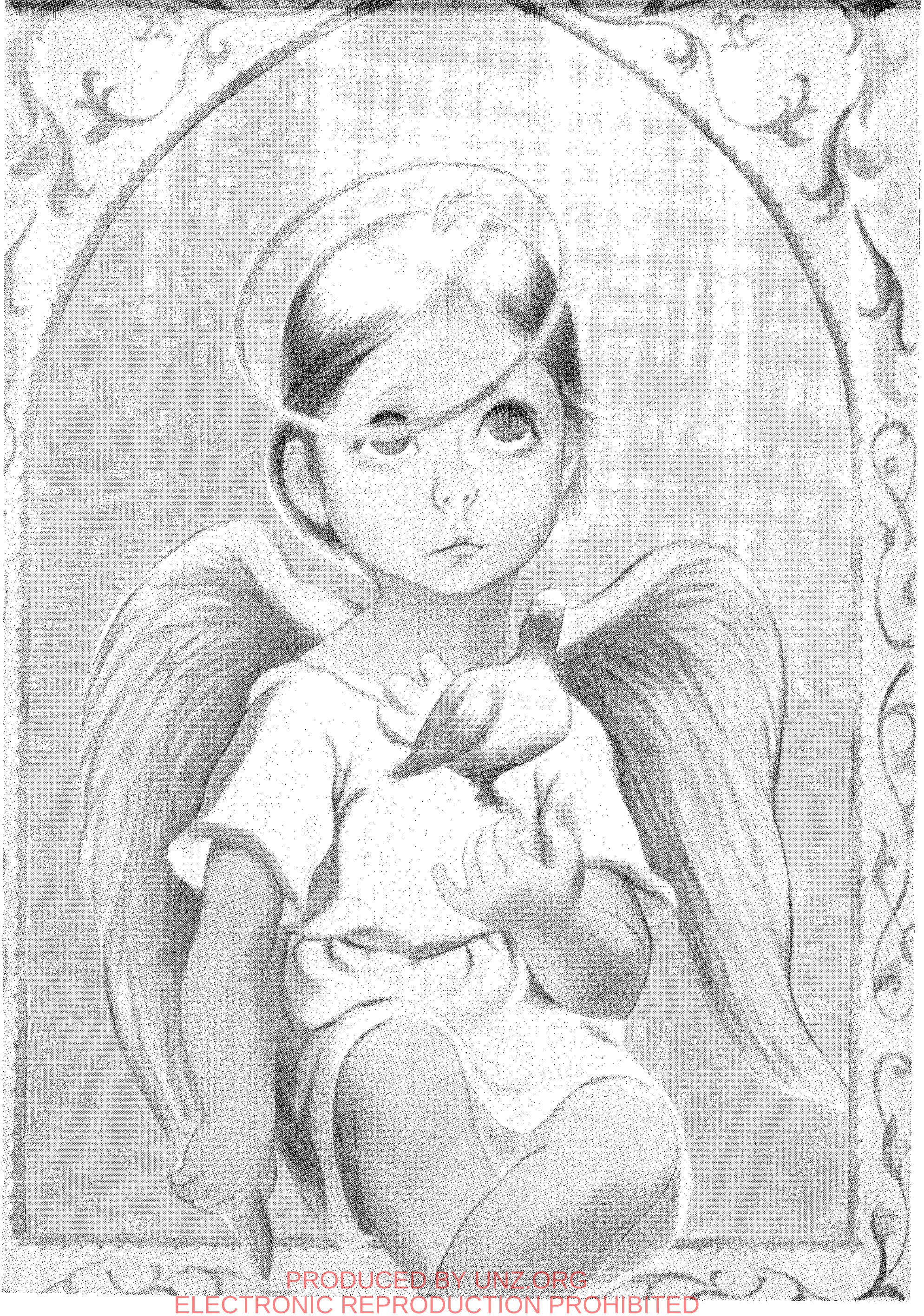
Although these flaws in behavior might have been overlooked, the appearance of the Littlest Angel was even more disreputable than his deportment. It was first whispered among the Seraphim and Cherubim, then said aloud among the Angels and Archangels, that he didn't even look like an angel!

And they were all correct. He didn't. His halo was tarnished where he held onto it with one hot little chubby hand when he ran, and he was always running. Furthermore, even when he stood very still, it never behaved like a halo should. It was always slipping down over his eye or else, just for pure meanness, slipping off the back of his head and rolling away down some Golden Street—just so he would have to chase after it!

Yes, and it must be recorded that his wings were neither useful nor ornamental. All Paradise held its breath when the Littlest Angel perched himself like an unhappy fledgling sparrow on the very edge of a gilded cloud and prepared to take off. He would teeter this way and that way—but, after much coaxing and a few false starts, he would shut both eyes, hold his freckled nose, count up to three hundred and three, and then hurl himself slowly into space!

However, owing to the regrettable fact that he always forgot to move his wings, the Littlest Angel always fell head over halo! Now,





anyone can easily understand why the Littlest Angel would, sooner or later, have to be disciplined. And so, on an Eternal Day of an Eternal Month in the year Eternal, he was directed to present his small self before an Angel of the Peace.

The Littlest Angel combed his hair, dusted his wings and scrambled into an almost clean robe, and then, with heavy heart, trudged his way to the place of judgment. He tried to postpone the dreaded ordeal by loitering along the Street of The Guardian Angels, pausing a few timeless moments to study the long list of new arrivals, although all Heaven knew he couldn't read a word. And he idled more than several immortal moments to examine a display of aureate harps, although everyone in the Celestial City knew he couldn't tell a crotchet from a semiquaver.

But at last he slowly approached a doorway which was surmounted by a pair of golden scales, signifying that Heavenly Justice was dispensed within. To the Littlest Angel's great surprise, he heard a merry voice, singing!

The Littlest Angel removed his halo and breathed upon it heavily, then polished it upon his robe, a procedure which added nothing to that garment's already untidy appearance, and then tiptoed in!

The Singer, who was known as the Understanding Angel, looked down at the small culprit, and the Littlest Angel instantly tried to make himself invisible by the ingenious process of withdrawing his head into the collar of his robe, very much like a snapping turtle.

At that, the Singer laughed, a jolly, heart-warming sound, and said, "Oh, so you're the one who's been making Heaven so unheavenly! Come here, Cherub, and tell me all about it!"

The Littlest Angel looked furtively from beneath his robe. First one eye. And then the other eye.

Suddenly, almost before he knew it, he was perched on the lap of the Understanding Angel, and was explaining how very difficult it was for a boy who suddenly finds himself transformed into an angel. Yes, and no matter what the Archangels said, he'd only swung once. Well, twice. Oh, all right, then, he'd swung three times on the Golden Gates. But that was just for something to do!

That was the whole trouble. There wasn't anything for a small angel to do. And he was very homesick. Oh, not that Paradise wasn't beautiful! But the Earth was beautiful, too! Wasn't it created by God Himself? Why, there were trees to climb, and brooks to fish, and caves to play at pirate chief, the swimming hole, and sun, and rain, and dark, and dawn, and thick brown dust, so soft and warm beneath your feet!

The Understanding Angel smiled, and in his eyes was a long-forgotten memory of another small boy in a long ago. Then he asked the Littlest Angel what would make him most happy in Paradise. The Cherub thought for a moment, then whispered in his ear. "There's a box I left under my bed back home. If only I could have that!"

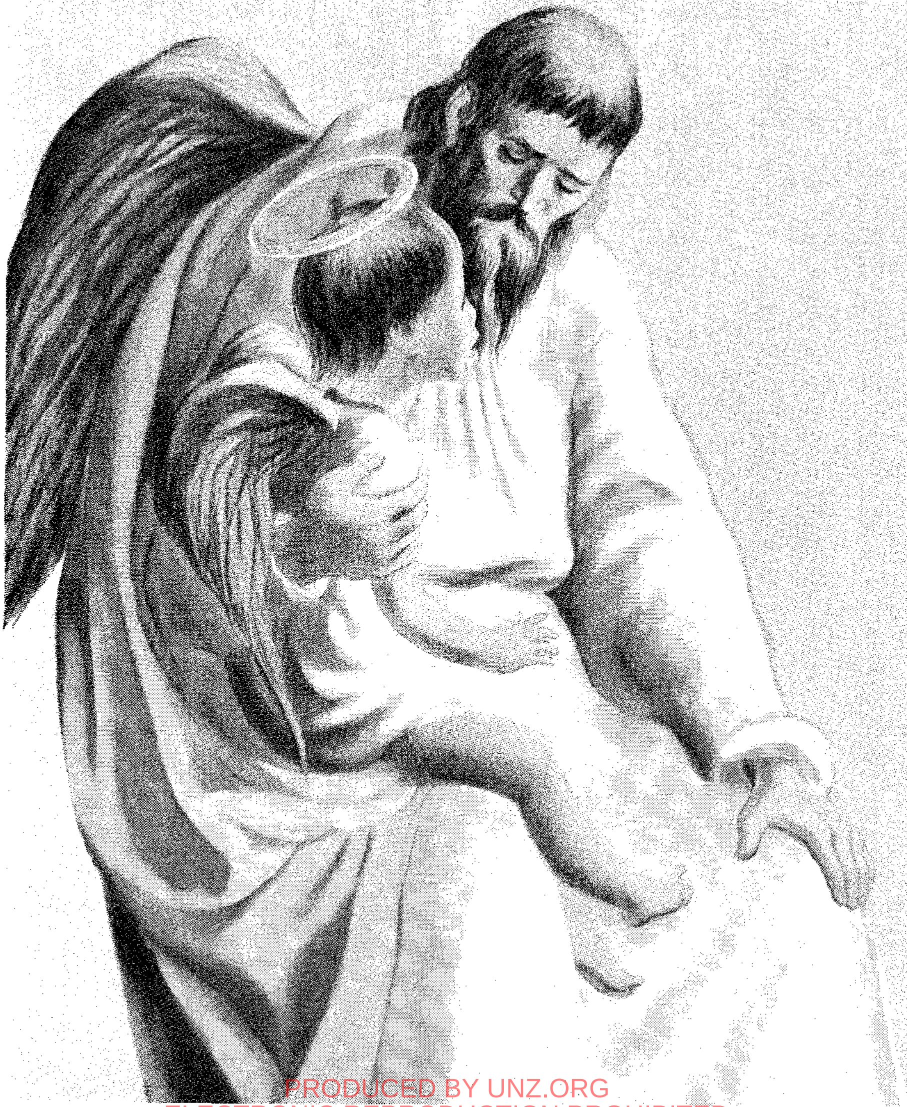
The Understanding Angel nodded. "You shall have it," he promised. A fleet-winged Heavenly messenger was instantly dispatched to bring the box to Paradise.

And then, in all those timeless days that followed, everyone wondered at the great change in the Littlest Angel, for, among all the cherubs in God's Kingdom, he was the most happy. His conduct was above reproach. His appearance was all that the most fastidious could wish for. And on excursions to Elysian Fields, it could be truly said that he flew like an angel!

Then it came to pass that Jesus, the Son of God, was to be born of Mary, at Bethlehem. And as the glorious tidings spread through Paradise, all the angels rejoiced and their voices were lifted to herald the Miracle of Miracles, the coming of the Christ Child.

The Angels and Archangels, the Seraphim and Cherubim, the Gatekeeper, the Wingmaker, even the Halosmith put aside their usual tasks to prepare gifts for the Blessed Infant. All but the Littlest Angel. He sat down on the topmost step of the Golden Stairs and anxiously waited for inspiration.

What could he give that would be most acceptable to the Son of God? At one time, he dreamed of composing a lyric hymn of adoration. But the Littlest Angel was



woefully wanting in musical talent.

Then he grew tremendously excited over writing a prayer! A prayer that would live forever in the hearts of men, because it would be the first prayer ever to be heard by the Christ Child. But the Littlest Angel was lamentably lacking in literate skill.

"What, oh what, could a small angel give that would please the Holy Infant? . . ."

The time of the Miracle was very close at hand when the Littlest Angel at last decided on his gift. Then, on that Day of Days, he proudly brought it from its hiding place behind a cloud, and humbly, with downcast eyes, placed it before the Throne of God. It was only a small, rough, unsightly box, but inside were all those wonderful things that even a Child of God would treasure!

A small, rough, unsightly box, lying among all those other glorious gifts from all the Angels of Paradise! Gifts of such radiant splendor and breathless beauty that Heaven and all the Universe were lighted by the mere reflection of their glory! And when the Littlest Angel saw this, he suddenly knew that his gift to God's Child was irreverent, and he wished he might reclaim his shabby gift.

It was ugly and worthless. If only he could hide it away from the sight of God before it was even noticed!

But it was too late! The Hand of God moved slowly over all that bright array of shining gifts, then paused, then dropped, then came to rest—on the lowly gift of the Littlest Angel!

The Littlest Angel trembled as the box was opened, and there, before the Eyes of God and all His Heavenly Host, was what he offered to the Christ Child.

And what was his gift to the Blessed Infant? Well, there was a butterfly with golden wings, captured one bright summer day on the high hills above Jerusalem, and a sky-blue egg from a bird's nest in the olive tree that shaded his mother's kitchen door. Yes, and two white stones, found on a muddy river bank, where he and his friends had played, and, at the bottom of the box, a limp, toothmarked leather strap, once worn as a collar by his mongrel dog, who had died as he had lived, in absolute love and infinite devotion.

The Littlest Angel wept hot and bitter tears, for now he knew that instead of honoring the Son of God, he had been most blasphemous. Why had he ever thought the box was so wonderful? Why had he dreamed such useless things would be loved by the Blessed Infant?

In frantic terror, he turned to run and hide from the Divine Wrath of the Heavenly Father. But suddenly he stumbled and fell, and with a horrified wail and clatter of halo, rolled in a ball of consummate misery to the very foot of the Heavenly Throne!

There was ominous and dreadful silence in the Celestial City, a silence undisturbed save for the heartbroken sobbing of the Littlest Angel. Then suddenly, The Voice of God, like divine music, rose and swelled through Paradise! The voice spoke saying:

"Of all the gifts of all the angels, I find that this small box pleases Me most. Its contents are of the Earth and of men, and My Son is born to be King of both. These are the things My Son, too, will know and love and cherish and then, regretful, will leave behind Him when His task is done.

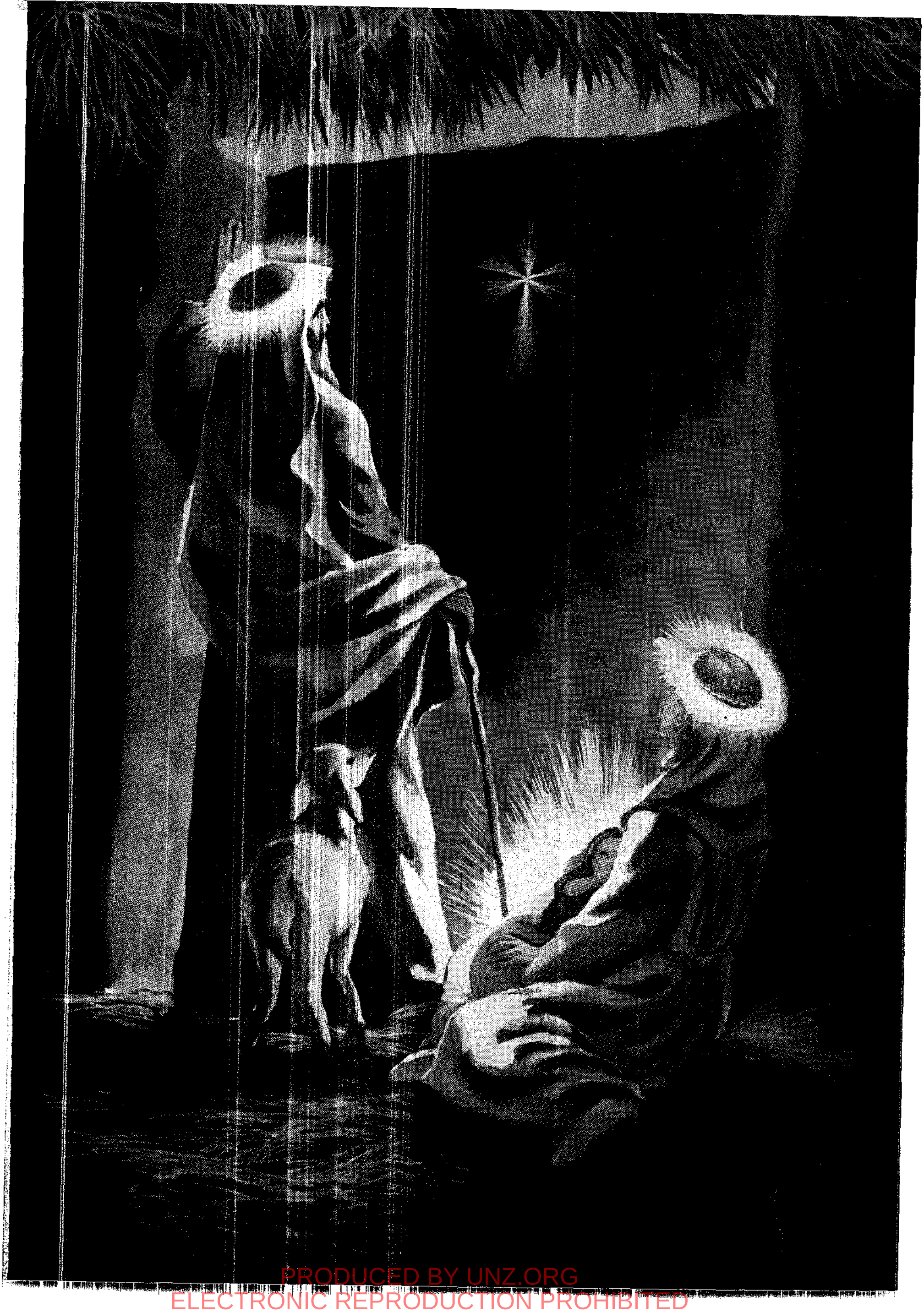
"I accept this gift in the Name of the Child, Jesus, born of Mary this night in Bethlehem."

There was a breathless pause, and then the rough, unsightly box of the Littlest Angel began to glow with a bright, unearthly light, then the light became a lustrous flame, and the flame became a radiant brilliance that blinded the eyes of all the angels!

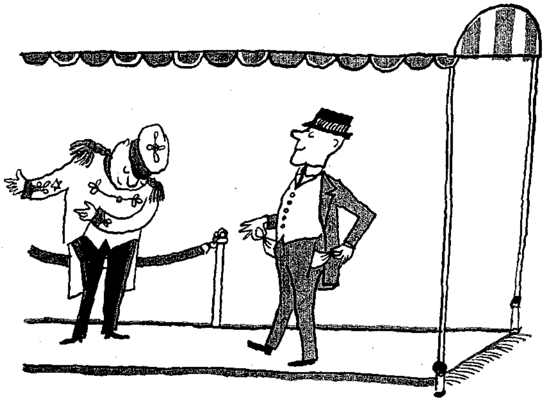
None but the Littlest Angel saw it rise from its place before the Throne of God. And he, and only he, watched it arch the firmament to stand and shed its clear, white, beckoning light over a Stable where a Child was Born.

There it shone on that Night of Miracles, and its light was reflected down the centuries deep in the heart of all mankind. Yet, earthly eyes, blinded, too, by its splendor, could never know that the lowly gift of the Littlest Angel was what all men would call forever:

"THE SHINING STAR OF BETHLEHEM."



by Wallace Burmar



You've got to give me credit. For three months I lived like a king—without a red cent in my pocket!

"I quit money"

I HAVE A VAST and growing admiration for those strong-willed people who have quit cigarettes or alcohol. I recently completed a project, however, that shrinks their abstinence to insignificance.

I quit money.

I don't mean I quit *earning* money or *spending* it; I simply quit *using* it. For three months, I never had a cent in my pocket.

One evening, as I was installing a new credit card in my wallet, I noted that it joined the company of 21 other cards of assorted colors. I discovered that I could buy live monkeys or cruise the Florida Keys—on credit. Through those wondrous pasteboards, a butler, a cook and two maids would magically appear at my home and cater food and drink for a party of any size.

A small farm in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, alertly waits to ship me a hickory-smoked turkey, and, if customary transportation is too slow, they will lovingly tuck it aboard an express bus for speedier delivery. I have a card to get me into a private after-hours night club—and a bail bond card to get me out of jail.

As I sat staring at this cosmos trapped in my wallet, a startling thought occurred to me: I don't need money! It's going out of style. I can carry credit cards instead.

Idly, I suggested to my wife, Betty, that I could go for the rest of my life and never handle a live American dollar. She disagreed. (She usually does.)

So I offered to bet her $10 that I could live for three months without hard cash. She leaped at the bait. Then, like all women, she began to prescribe the ground rules.

1. I couldn't use her or anyone else as walking wallets. No money means no money.

2. We had to stay within the same

monthly budget we were then failing to meet.

3. No cheating! Casually, Betty proposed that she audit my checkbook every month.

Now, I have been known to keep a secret or two from my wife, and my checkbook is the quiet burial ground for these secrets. So in a flash of rash invention, I promised that I wouldn't even use checks. In a tone of lofty mystery, I assured her that I would pay every bill promptly—yet never see or sign a check.

Here's the way I arranged it:

My employer now deposits my salary check directly into my checking account. I never see it. At the end of each month, I provide my bank with a list of creditors and the amounts I owe them. The bank pays my bills for me, and I don't even have to sign the checks. One of these checks is deposited directly into my wife's checking account. She provides her bank with a list of creditors, and they pay her bills for her.

We buy everything on charge accounts or credit cards. Nearly all our food comes from one high-quality grocery store whose prices are about 15 percent above supermarket prices. However, we buy our other goods in case lots—at wholesale prices—and the savings more than make up for our food extravagance. I eat my lunches and entertain clients at restaurants or supper clubs which honor credit cards.

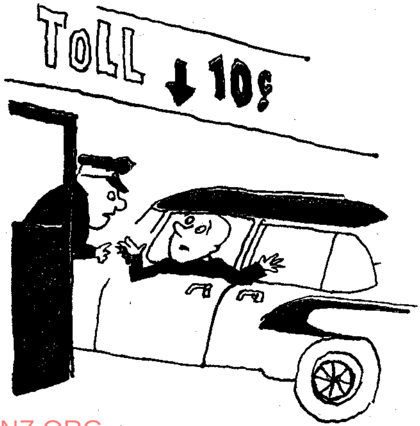
Tips were hard to get around. But I found that when a tip is required, there is usually a billable service provided, and I include the tip in the bill, which I sign for. But hat-check girls and hotel bellboys believe in cash-in-hand. To fill their open palms, I bought 100 St. Christopher medals ("Charge them to me at my office") for seven cents each, and I pass them out as tips.

The other problem was far more difficult to handle. I have three sons, two of whom receive modest weekly allowances, with which they foster dental cavities and watch movies about flies as big as buffaloes. At the end of the third no-money week, these potential delinquents demanded their delinquent allowances.

Here was a roadblock I had not foreseen. The kids were obviously entitled to the money, but I didn't want to lose the bet. My solution pointed out the extremes to which a person can go in this new fairyland of play-now, pay-later.

I opened charge accounts for the boys (one, age ten; the other, six) at the corner candy store, at the movie theater, at the drugstore and

Even bureaucracy relented. My local turnpike put me on a charge-it plan!



at the restaurant where they buy their after-the-show hamburgers. Each month they receive bills from the stores and, with terrifying soberness, pay their 39 cent and 87 cent and $1.14 balances with checks drawn against their own checking accounts. This makes them feel very adult and worldly—especially when the six-year-old received a check returned for "insufficient funds."

Lest I create the impression that giving up on money is very effortless, I should like to point out that there are areas of embarrassment.

My home is near a toll highway. One afternoon, I thoughtlessly decided that it would be faster going home via this superhighway. Once on it, there was no way of getting off without paying the toll. When I pulled up to the tollgate I realized that I was totally without money. Since an explanation was obviously required, I decided to tell the truth. I told the tollgate keeper about the bet and the fact I had quit money.

"You quit *what?*" he said.

As I tried to explain against the background of dozens of cars lining up behind me, his face registered even more incredulity. Then, with a burst of bureaucratic understanding, he hit upon the solution. "Why can't we use a driver's license as a credit card?" he said.

And, so help me, we did.

I filled out Turnpike Commission Form 3355, in duplicate, using my driver's license as a reference card. I signed the "check" and blithely drove away. In nine days, I received a bill from the Turnpike Commission and my bank paid by check.

But the real payoff came at the end of the three months, by which time I had won my bet. Graciously, Betty acknowledged defeat by preparing a candlelight dinner of steak and wine. At my place at the table were two envelopes. The first contained a crisp $10 bill—my first money in three months. The second contained a new credit card. One of the local banks had inaugurated a new loan program whereby you could borrow money on a special credit card and pay it back in monthly installments.

The system has come full cycle; now I even have a credit card for money!

GO-GETTERS

NOTICE ON THE WALL in a Pentagon office: "When you're trying to get something done, don't worry too much about stepping on someone else's toes. Nobody gets his toes stepped on unless he is standing still or sitting down on the job."

—HAROLD HELFER

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Brightest star

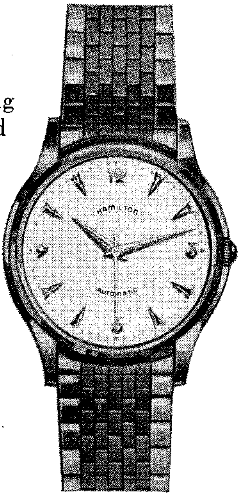
among gifts from your jewele

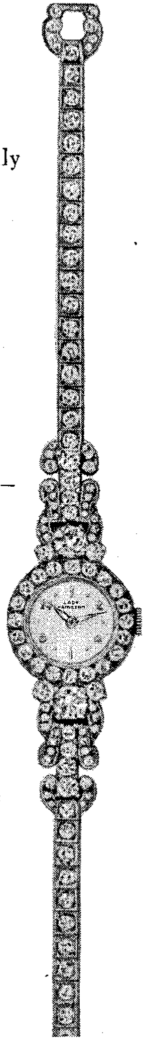
Nothing says Merry Christmas like a gift from your jeweler

There's an extra thrill in each gift that comes from a jewelry store. It tells eloquently of the care that went into its selection—something truly fine and precious—for someone dear to you.

Sparkling diamonds, lustrous silver, truly fine watches. Your jeweler has the knowledge and experience to help you make the perfect choice.

For the man who appreciates the finest—a Hamilton Electric, the world's first. Or a self-winding or Weatherproof watch. And for the one woman loved beyond all others—a matchless Hamilton diamond watch. There are many other Hamiltons in a wide range of styles and prices—each a fine timepiece, each sure to make this Christmas long remembered by the loved one who receives it.





THIN-O-MATIC T-201,
14k gold case and bracelet,
Weatherproof*, $375.

LADY HAMILTON LUXURY K,
platinum case,
62 diamonds, $3500.

*Waterproof, dustproof provided original seal is restored if opened for service.

All prices include Federal Tax

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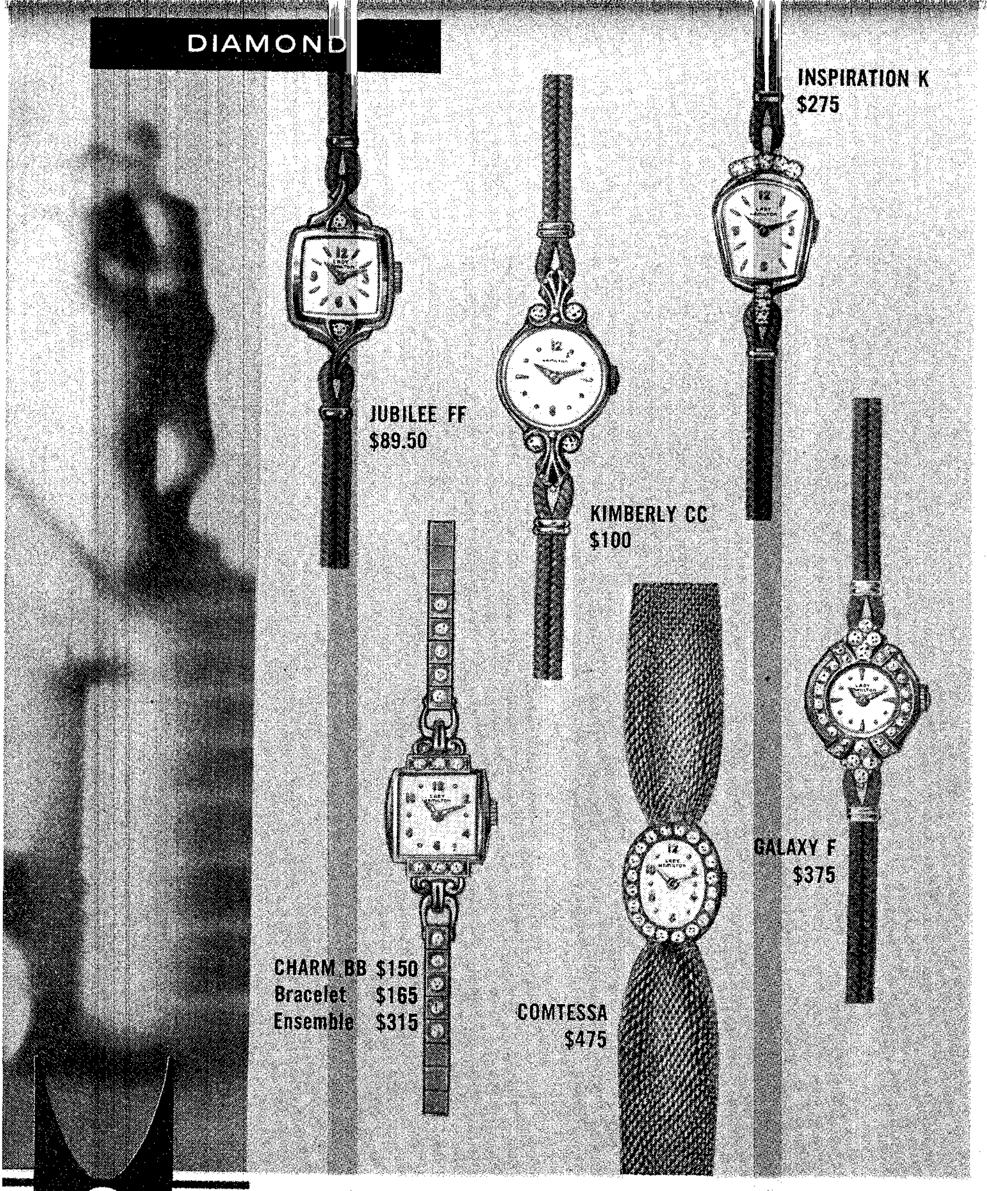
HAMILTON

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

ELECTRIC*
PACER
$125
URANUS
$110
REGULUS
$100
VANTAGE
$95
SPECTRA
$150

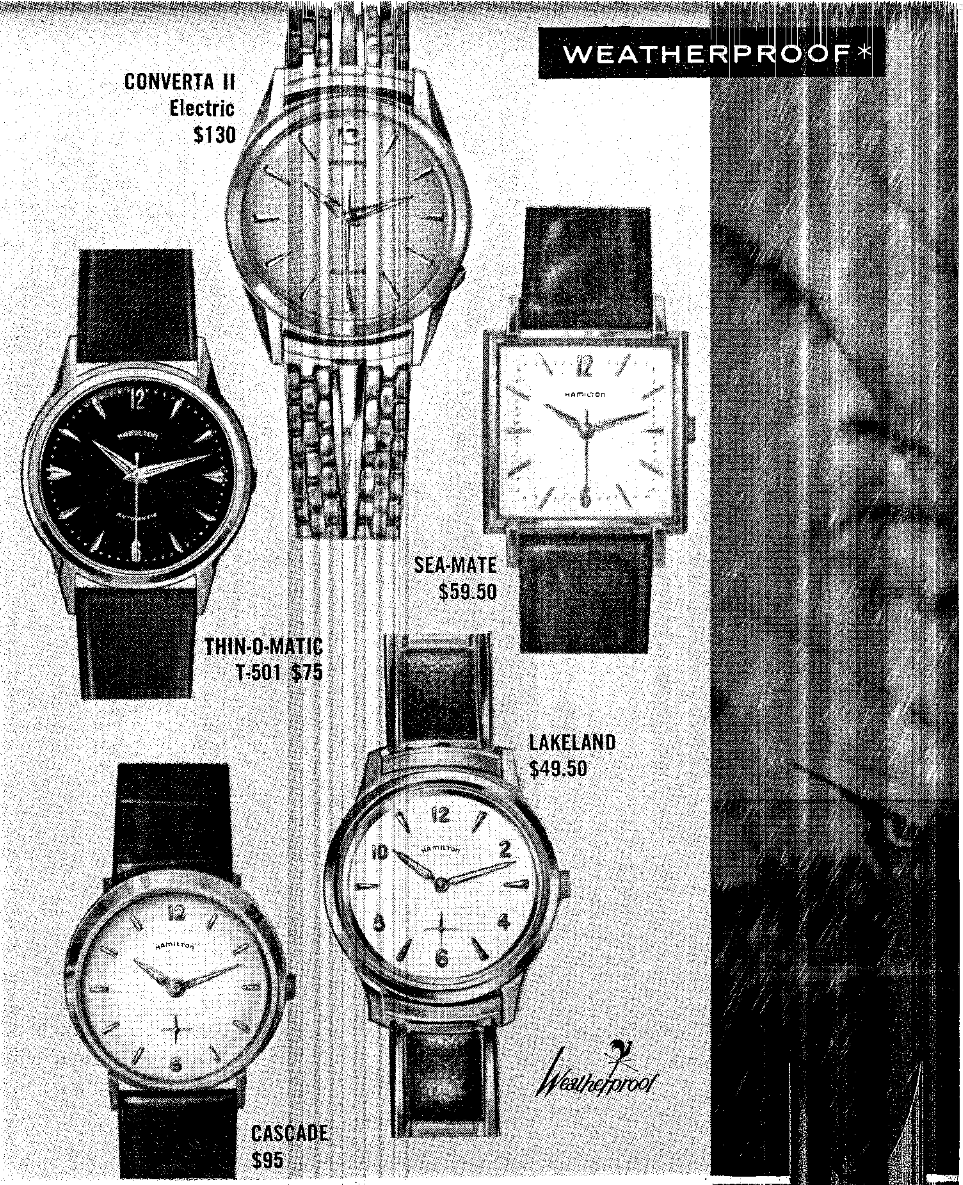
* Patented

Remarkably accurate, needs no winding—on the wrist or off. Ingeniously simple, yet rugged. No mainspring, fewer parts, powered by a tiny replaceable energy cell. Advanced styling. From $89.50.


DIAMOND
INSPIRATION K
$275
JUBILEE FF
$89.50
KIMBERLY CC
$100
GALAXY F
$375
CHARM BB $150
Bracelet $165
Ensemble $315
COMTESSA
$475

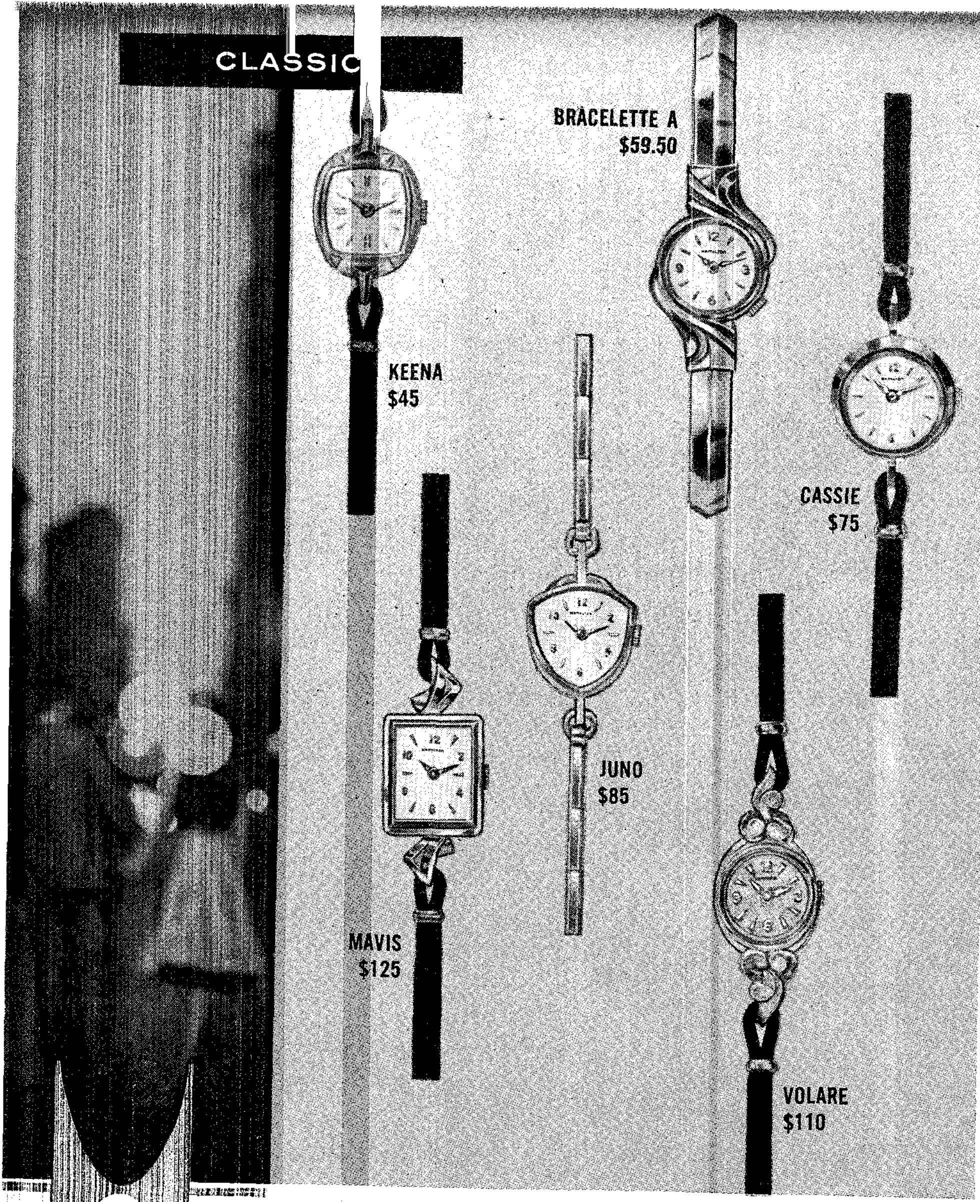
AUTHENTIC HAMILTON DIAMOND WATCH

Watches of enduring perfection, to be prized for a lifetime. A seal (at left) and a registered guarantee identify all genuine Hamilton diamond watches. From $89.50.


WEATHERPROOF*
CONVERTA II
Electric
$130
THIN-O-MATIC
T-501 $75
SEA-MATE
$59.50
LAKELAND
$49.50
CASCADE
$95
Weatherproof

*Waterproof, dustproof, provided original seal is restored if opened for service

Rugged, dependable, fine watches styled for masculine tastes. They perform faithfully in the harshest elements, yet are equally at ease indoors. From $39.50. HAMILTON


CLASSIC
KEENA
$45
BRACELETTE A
$59.50
CASSIE
$75
JUNO
$85
MAVIS
$125
VOLARE
$110

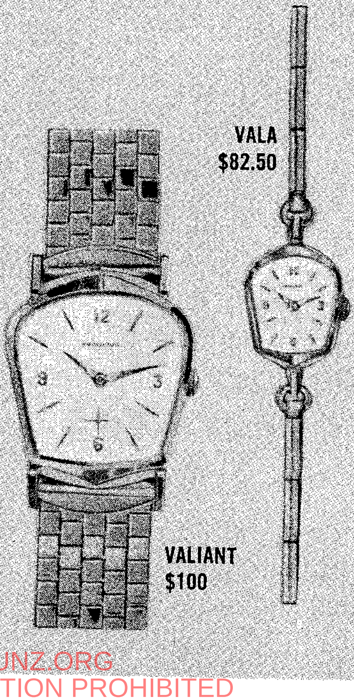
These fine watches are high achievements of the watchmaker's art. Superbly crafted styles of classic distinction, long-lasting beauty and performance. Dependable, accurate gifts. From $39.50

ACCUMATIC IX
$89.50
K-650
$79.50
ACCUMATIC IV
$69.50
THIN-O-MATIC
T-202 $150
THIN-O-MATIC
T-402 $110

Self-winding watches that perform faithfully, powered by the normal motion of the wrist. Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, handsome design. From $59.50. HAMILTON

the
gift
of
a
HAMILTON
reward
of
love

STYLE MATES. Matched Hamiltons—twin symbols of mutual devotion. For her, the elegant beauty of VALA. For him, the distinctively styled VALIANT. A perfect pair!



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas grab bag

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Our yuletide quizmaster, the star of "The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom" (ABC-TV, Thursdays, 9 p.m., EST) has holiday-packaged 15 Christmas teasers below. Score ten right and you're entitled to two hours free parking under the mistletoe! Check answers on page 94.

1. Until Rudolph joined them, Santa's reindeer numbered:
(a) eight (b) 12 (c) 16
2. Washington crossed the Delaware to attack at Trenton on Christmas night:
(a) 1766 (b) 1776 (c) 1786
3. Handel's famous Christmas music is the:
(a) "Ave Maria" (b) "Messiah" (c) "Christmas Oratorio"
4. Christmas Island is the largest atoll in the:
(a) Atlantic (b) Arctic (c) Pacific
5. The saint usually called the "Father of the Christmas Carol" is:
(a) St. Francis of Assisi (b) St. Augustine (c) St. Thomas Aquinas
6. Jesus was given His name by:
(a) Mary (b) Joseph (c) an angel
7. The modern standard tune, "White Christmas," was composed by:
(a) Cole Porter (b) Irving Berlin (c) Jerome Kern
8. The three Magi are Balthasar, Melchior and:
(a) Caesar (b) Caspar (c) Centar
9. In Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," the children's Christmas toys:
(a) are broken (b) disappear (c) come to life
10. The original words of the carol "Silent Night" were written in:
(a) Latin (b) German (c) French
11. Frankincense and myrrh, gifts of the wise men, are:
(a) flowers (b) gum resins (c) cakes
12. As Santa Claus in "Miracle on 34th Street," he won an Oscar:
(a) Charles Laughton (b) Edmund Gwenn (c) Alec Guinness
13. Gian Carlo Menotti composed for television the Christmas opera:
(a) "Amahl and the Night Visitors" (b) "The Medium" (c) "The Telephone"
14. In Dickens' novel "A Christmas Carol," Scrooge:
(a) reforms (b) dies (c) marries
15. Mistletoe is rarely used inside churches because its origin is:
(a) Hindu (b) pagan (c) Hebrew

Our children will eat better,
travel faster
and be more comfortable in
a new wonder world

How we'll live 50 years from now

by Ralph Bass

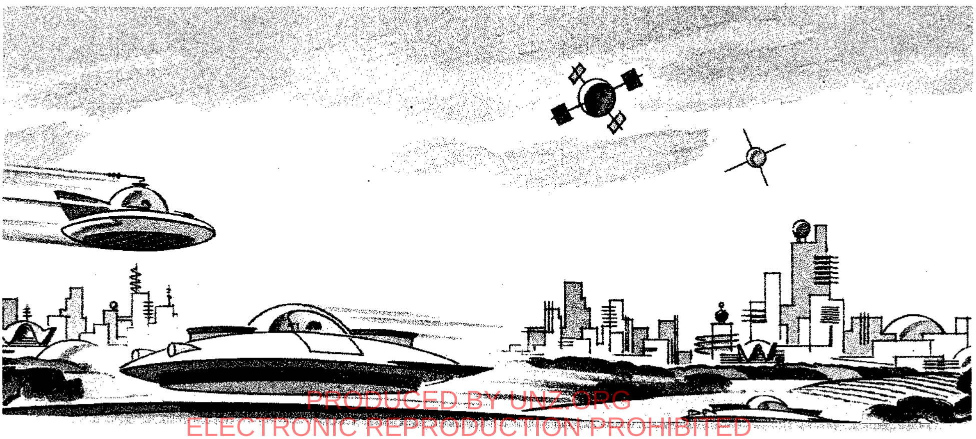
On a warm, spring afternoon in the year 2009, Dr. and Mrs. John Wade, of Alexandria, Virginia, leave home about 5:30 in order to drive to a dinner party. The party is in West Newton, Massachusetts. They will be there in under an hour.

Dr. and Mrs. Wade and their hosts in West Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cabot, live in the largest super-city in the Western Hemisphere. This extends from Bangor, Maine, to Richmond, Virginia, and contains scores of millions of people. Old cities have ceased to exist as they once were. With the huge spurt in population they have grown together.

All of this has been made possible by improved transportation. As population growth accelerated, people moved farther and farther from the old cities until the metropolitan areas met and merged into a tremendous megalopolis. Had it not been for this improved transportation and accompanying spread-out, cities as they had once existed would have suffocated under the mounting pressure of traffic.

By 1959, for instance, commuting to New York City from the suburbs had become a daily agony for millions, while on the West Coast engineers estimated that if all the 1,500,000 passenger cars in the Los

TOMOROW'S VISTA (from left): tiny convertible auto-plane; 600 mph monorail car; large weather satellite; smaller satellite for relaying mail; floating



Angeles area came out at the same time they would completely fill the 12,500 miles of street!

But now, in 2009, the 150th anniversary of the oil industry, transportation in the super-city—and all over the world, in fact—is swift and easy beyond the dreams of the bygone 20th century.

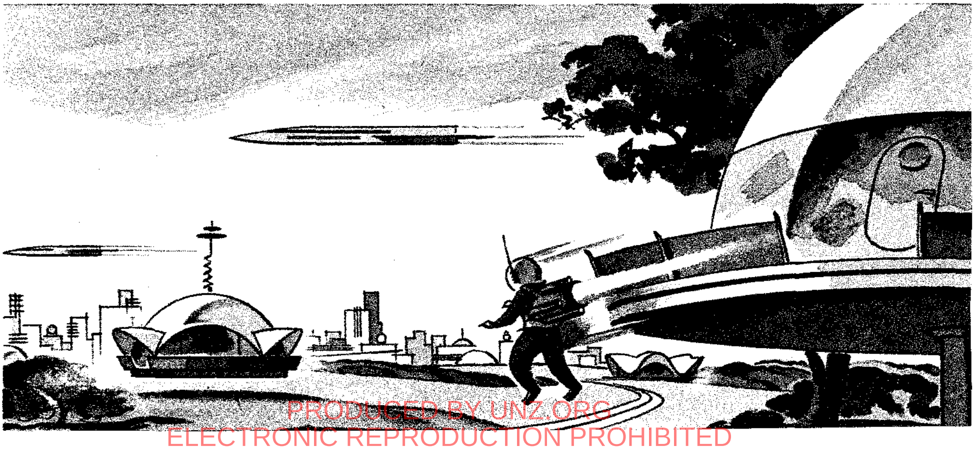
A citizen may drive his oil-powered vehicle from one end of the eastern megalopolis to the other in about the time it took a resident of New York to go the 14 miles by subway from Coney Island to Times Square 50 years before.

The Wades will ride to the Cabot house at 600 miles per hour in a conveyance that speeds along on a cushion of air just above a monorail. The machine is jet-propelled, powered by an oil derivative or, perhaps, by a fuel cell. The fuel cell, which was in development back in 1959, converts petroleum or hydrogen and oxygen into electricity *without* combustion by passing the material through electrodes with twice the efficiency of the best gasoline engine. Both public and private transport use monorails. (Some big commercial airlines utilize atomic energy, but for smaller vehicles the atom is still impractical. Meanwhile, improved kerosene and gasoline serve very well.)

Moreover, in all transportation devices, hundreds of parts are made from petroleum derivatives. In the Wade's car, for example, upholstery, glass, even the body are derived from oil. The motor is made of a self-lubricating plastic. Other motors are of light metal with permanent lubrication locked in. In any event, the old practice of changing oil every 1,000 miles is a thing of the long-forgotten past.

While oil is still an important source of heat and power, the emphasis in the oil industry has changed. The Wades and Cabots live in a world of petrochemicals. In the Cabot home, for example, the dining room is beautifully paneled in what appears to be solid chestnut

anti-gravity house; guided missiles for intercity communication; rocket-propelled postman has delivered mail to solar house that revolves to catch sun's rays.



—a wood long extinct in New England. It is a plastic which cunningly simulates the original, and may be washed easily with an oil-derived detergent and water. The plastic upholstery of the chairs, sawed into the desired shapes, is softer than foam rubber. The wall-to-wall carpeting, easily cleaned by washing, is a fabric synthesized from oil. The plumbing, durable and never rusty, is of plastic.

The house itself is constructed of colored asphalt and plastic bricks or sheets, the parts delivered whole and put together in a few days. Like the insulation, these parts are made of materials derived from chemicals.

THESE PETROCHEMICALS upon which the Wades and the Cabots rely for so much of their existence are produced by an amazing process known as polymerization, developed a half-century earlier. Polymers are synthetic chemical compounds that evolve from the mixing of gases and a catalyst, a chemical agent, that brings about changes in the molecules and atoms that make up the gases. There are many different kinds of polymers—some are hard, others elastic, some transparent, others solid. Their great variety is responsible for the myriad uses to which petrochemicals can be put.

By 1956, more than 3,000 synthetic chemicals had already been evolved, and new ones were being added at the rate of 400 a year. Three years later, more than 2,500 different commercial products were being developed from petroleum, chalking up a profitable total of $7 billion a year. Petrochemicals were used in shaving cream, TV sets, men's suits, sugar, soap, light bulbs, automobile tires, floor covering, vitamins, anesthetics and water rafts.

But the Cabots and their guests know all about these and many others. All their lives they have worn clothes synthesized from chemicals, light, durable, stainproof and washable. Their lawns are brilliant green; oil-based coloring, harmless to vegetation has been sprayed on. Their vegetables and flowers are lush and brightly hued, protected against blight and insect enemies by oil fungicides and pesticides.

Since the Cabots are a conservative family, their house is not too different in appearance from those of the preceding century, despite its novel building materials. Some of their friends, however, are more venturesome. One has an anti-gravity house that floats in the air, catching the vagrant breezes. Another has built his house on a turntable that pivots to face the sun. Several have enclosed their homes and gardens with glass domes, thus providing air conditioning throughout.

When Mrs. Cabot invited her dinner guests she had no menu problem. All she had to do was press a number of buttons and food moved automatically from a freezer to an oven where it was cooked by high-speed microwaves. Later the dishes would be washed by ultrasonics. The food itself is far more nutritious than the fare of a half-century before. Oil-based proteins are added to meat and other dishes. Food is plentiful, since improved fertilizers made from petrochemicals enrich the soil in which the crops grow. Even farming is much more efficient—one man at a computer-console plows a dozen fields by remote control.

Obviously the Wades, the Cabots and their friends live in a vastly different world than that of their grandfathers. They take for granted wonders that were barely imagined 50 years before. There are the gigantic solar mirrors, six miles in diameter, that reflect the sun's rays to various portions of the earth as required. Mail between cities is delivered by satellites, with local mailmen leaping from street to street with the aid of one-man rockets strapped to their backs. Almost everyone carries a radio telephone in his pocket, and home phones are all equipped with TV. This can be embarrassing on occasion, and there is less sitting around in the evening in informal costumes.

On ocean liners, life boats are equipped with rockets that spray oil on waves over an area of almost 100,000 square feet, facilitating rescue operations and lessening the danger of capsizing. Ashore, people carry folded-up airplanes on automobile trips, inflating them when they wish to take to the air. If they get tired of the color of their automobile they can change it in a jiffy with an electromagnetic ray gun.

Automation has set in with a vengeance. In restaurants, full-course dinners are prepared and served without a soul in sight—except the button-pushing patrons. Vending machines make change promptly and accurately for any bill denomination, now and then setting off an alarm at the sight of counterfeit currency.

In outer space, farmers develop crops on satellites, growing food in tubes filled with chemical solutions, while back on earth, doctors project electrocardiograms on walls during operations, permitting them to keep watch on heart action.

Of course, many of these changes were anticipated a half-century before. In the libraries of the megalopolis can be read a 1957 statement of rocket pioneer, Dr. Wernher von Braun. As with so many prophecies, the actuality came 50 years earlier than forecast:

". . . the earth will be surrounded by a whole family of artificial satellites," von Braun said. "They will be of a great variety of sizes, brightnesses, purposes, nationalities, orbital altitudes and orbital inclinations. Some of the satellites . . . have taken over the mailman's job. They receive messages radioed up to them while over one city, country, or continent, and play it back while over others. . . . A few such communication satellites will handle the entire volume of private and official mail communications between all points on earth which are more than 500 miles apart, and no message will require more than one hour from sender to recipient."

Inevitably, in the late 1950s, there were also some jocular predictions, none of which, fortunately, came true. One group of architects had said that "homes of the future will be dumbbell-shaped, with the parents at one end and the children at the other." In 2009, architects were making the same prophecy about 2059—and it became pretty clear that someone was indulging in wishful thinking.

But most of the forecasts in the late 1950s were on a serious, almost solemn level. The terrifying potentialities of world-destroying weapons apparently fostered sober thought.

"If man survives," Dr. John Weir, associate professor of psychology at the California Institute of Technology, had said, "he can look forward to learning more about himself in the next 100 years than he has in the preceding 1,000,000. He could discover the causes and cures of sickness and pain, of hate and destruction. He could come to realize his true biological potentials. He could learn to circumvent many of his limitations. He could learn how to change himself. . . . Even today, we can dimly foresee and can speculate a bit about some of the possibilities."

Not all of Dr. Weir's prophecy had come true by 2009, but he still had 50 years to go. In any event, he had done a lot better than Jules Verne who thought 80 days around the world was fantastic speed, only to be outfoxed by the airplane engine. And there was the case of the Louisiana Purchase when one statesman predicted that the territory would probably not be fully occupied before the year 2600. The railroad locomotive took care of that prophecy.

The year 2009 witnessed three developments of outstanding benefit to mankind. The least important was the creation of robots with enough artificial intelligence to carry on routine but time-consuming chores. The next, a greater boon, was the grafting of electronic organs of hearing and sight to the nerve ends of the blind and deaf, restoring perfect vision and hearing.

But the greatest of all, perhaps, was the development of new astronomical devices to explore the Universe and determine, once and for all, whether it was truly infinite or had definite boundaries. This represented Man's final reaching out toward the stars.

Like those who lived before them, many people in 2009 were content with what they had, fearful perhaps of the future. But there were others who were animated by the spirit of the great English biologist, Thomas Henry Huxley: "Those who refuse to go beyond facts rarely get as far as facts."

LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS

WHEN A MAN BEGINS TO THINK seriously of saving for a rainy day, it's probably a rainy day.

—*General Features Corporation*

THE WORLD may be your oyster, but you've got to crack the shell yourself.

—A. W. QUATTLEBAUM, (*The Pike County Journal*)

Rapid radar cooking; uses of fur coats;
where to find space-age jobs;
how to flameproof fabrics at home

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

ELECTRONIC COOKING: how it works, what it costs

The new electronic ranges, sometimes called radar or high-frequency ranges, take six minutes per pound for a roast, bake a cake in six-and-a-half minutes and bake a potato in just four minutes. Larger quantities require correspondingly more time. The electronic oven produces waves of energy just like a radio transmitter, but affects only the food, not the surrounding area. You may never need a potholder because the oven and cooking dishes remain cool. You may cook in paper plates, and even heat frozen vegetables right in the package. Frozen peas can be cooked this way in three minutes, Government home economists report.

An early complaint, that electronic baking did not brown a roast or cake, has now been overcome with the addition of a browning unit. But when these units are used, you must cook in fireproof utensils.

Electronic ranges are already in use in hotels, restaurants and a few homes. Chief block to widespread home use has been a $1,200 price tag. Now, one of the country's biggest electrical manufacturers has brought the price down to a suggested list of $895, or after potential dealer discounts, an actual cost of about $675-725.

This is still almost $200 more than you have to pay for a top-quality conventional electric range ($500-$550). But steady reductions are fast bringing this drudgery-saving advance within reach of more families.

FURS: how to buy a coat really suited to your needs

Late December and January are the months to watch for fur sales. Besides attractiveness, what do you seek in a fur coat or jacket? Warmth? Durability? Some moderately-priced furs are more durable and warmer than some costlier furs. A National Bureau of Standards report stated that a good virgin wool coat with a heavy wool lining is probably as warm as any fur.

CORONET has prepared this simple guide to different furs:

	Durability	**Warmth**	**Suited for**
Low price (under $150)			
Kid	Low	Low	Dress Wear
Mouton	High	High	All-Purpose
Pony	Low to Fair	Fair	Casual Wear
Rabbit (Cony)	Low to Fair	Fair	All-Purpose
Moderate to medium ($150 to $1,500)			
American Broadtail Lamb	Low to Fair	Low	Dress Wear
Beaver	High	High	All-Purpose
Fitch	Fair to High	Fair	All-Purpose
Fox	Low to Fair	Fair	Dress Wear
Krimmer	Fair to High	Fair	Dress Wear
Leopard	Low to Fair	Fair	All-Purpose
Marmot	Low to Fair	High	Dress Wear
Muskrat	Fair to High	High	All-Purpose
Nutria	Fair	Fair to High	Casual Wear
Opossum	Fair to High	High	Casual Wear
Otter	Fair to High	Fair to High	All-Purpose
Persian Lamb	Low to High	High	All-Purpose
Sheared Raccoon	High	High	All-Purpose
Skunk	High	High	All-Purpose
Squirrel	Low to Fair	Fair	Dress Wear
Expensive ($1,500 to $4,000)			
Alaskan Sealskin	High	Fair to High	All-Purpose
Ermine	Low to Fair	Low to Fair	Dress Wear
Mink	High	Fair to High	All-Purpose

"Low to fair" or "fair to high" ratings cover differences in grades. It's best to choose a good grade of a moderately-priced fur rather than a poor grade of a costlier one. For example, a good muskrat will wear better than a low-grade Persian lamb. In general, long-haired furs wear longer and are warmer than short-haired ones.

You'll be able to judge quality better after shopping in at least three stores. Whether you're buying a coat, jacket, stole or a fur-trimmed coat, look for dense, silky, lustrous fur; tight curl in the case of Persian lamb; uniform color down to the skin; supple leather (underskin); and adequate fit (skimpiness strains seams and skins).

In buying fur you pay for styling and workmanship, as well as the skins. Thus the above prices are only approximate. You must figure, too, the upkeep on a fur coat as part of its cost.

A good quality Orlon-Dynel coat which looks like fur costs about $50-$75 compared to a typical $90-$100 for mouton. Advantages of the Orlon-Dynel are softer drape, no problems of moths, mildew or summer storage. Disadvantages: not quite as durable or warm as mouton, although warm enough for most climates, plus some tendency to unravel at seams. Orlon-Dynel coats without heat-set backing may stretch.

EMPLOYMENT: the new "space" jobs

You may find growing "space" job opportunities in missile and electronic plants and with the Federal Government. Already over 30,000 people are working in space jobs, and their numbers are expected to expand rapidly. Heaviest employment concentrations are in Southern California, New York, Ohio, Connecticut, Texas, Kansas and Washington.

Some of the busiest space-age towns are Los Angeles, San Diego, Seattle, Wichita, Hartford, Fort Worth and Dallas.

There is space-industry employment in the Army arsenal network in the South and the network of electronics companies in Massachusetts. Cape Canaveral, Florida, has become a miniature industry itself. California has two launching sites expanding in Santa Barbara County. The Naval Research Laboratory and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, both in Washington, D.C., employ many space researchers and technicians.

One authority estimates that the new industry is paying about ten percent more than others for engineers, physicists and other scientists. Wages paid semi-professionals and blue-collar craftsmen are strongly influenced by local scales. Administrators' salaries may be below those of some older business firms.

Space jobs often require technical and scientific skills like aerodynamics, chemistry and mathematics. There are also jobs for draftsmen, mathematical aides, electronics specialists and white-collar workers in data-collecting.

But not all in "space" are technicians. The great majority of new space workers are craftsmen, skilled production workers and mechanics. Among the craftsmen and skilled production workers most in demand in the new industry are laboratory mechanics; instrument, model and tool and die makers; electroplaters, machinists, electronics technicians, skilled assemblers, calibration technicians, missile-test mechanics and inspectors.

Your local state employment service can tell you where space jobs can be found near your home.

FLAMEPROOFING: a simple way to protect your family

The most dangerous fabrics, like brushed rayon "torch" sweaters and children's cowboy suits with highly-flammable chaps, are banned from interstate commerce. Some sellers also make it a point to flameproof children's playsuits made of cotton flannelette.

But unless cotton and rayon with a nappy or pile surface, and filmy curtains and draperies, are flameproofed before sale, they are a potential hazard. Acrylic fibers also present some degree of hazard, although they're relatively slow to ignite. Wool and nylon offer no great flammability hazard; but when ignited, wool smoulders and nylon melts.

You can have curtains and slipcovers flameproofed inexpensively by your dry cleaner when they are cleaned. Or you can flameproof these and any cotton or rayon (but not acetate) garments about which you may be in doubt, with this simple home method:

Dissolve one pound of borax and 13 ounces of boric acid in two gallons of hot water and cool to room temperature; then dip your fabrics in the solution. Most fabrics and light garments become flameproofed after quick dipping, but heavy fabrics require immersion for 15 minutes to an hour. The finish has to be renewed after each washing. This does not affect the color of most dyes or "hand" (the feel of the fabric) if dipped fabrics are pressed with a cool iron.

"Flameproofing," remember, is not the same as "fireproofing," which means a "non-burning." A flameproofed fabric will char and glow but will not burst into flame.

Wristband radios and pocket transmitters
for remote operation of household
devices are just two of the electronic marvels
destined to change our way of life

Mighty midgets of the space age

by Jack Long

OUR ENGINEERS are hard at work these days making things smaller and smaller—"thinking little," they call it. Many of their tiny, wonder-working inventions are made to fit into missiles and earth satellites, while others will soon be changing our way of life right here on the ground.

Some day soon the miniature computers and other devices that the researchers are building will be automatically guiding our cars down electronic highways, adjusting the heat, air conditioning and lighting in our homes, running the kitchen and keeping all the members of the family in touch by personal radio communication.

One of the keys to making electronic equipment smaller is "micro-module" design, in which transistors, coils and other parts are assembled into tiny sandwiches of uniform size and shape. Each component becomes a wafer smaller than a fingernail—about 3/10ths of an inch square and 1/100th of an inch thick—on which electronically active materials are fused.

As a result of advances such as these, a wristband radio complete with tiny battery, antenna, amplifier and speaker is already on the drawing board. The Hamilton Watch Co. recently produced the world's first electric watch, with a motor built into the balance wheel. Four hundred of its miniature batteries—which will run the watch for a year—make no more than a double handful.

The Radio Corporation of America, Bell Telephone Laboratories, International Business Machines, Sperry Rand and others in the field are now working toward desk-sized computers which will be able to handle a fair-sized company's entire bookkeeping and accounting work quickly and economically. In a bank, for example, a single device of this kind will be able to update the accounts, check overdrafts, perform high-speed check sorting and make up the daily balance sheet. Bell Laboratories have developed a high-speed computer, not much larger than a home television set, which can store an incredible amount of information in its memory.

Even smaller "brains" are being designed to fit inside the supersonic fighter planes which fly too fast to be left entirely to human control. Complex miniature electronic circuits combine in a single package the communications and navigation equipment and automatically calculate the fuel supply, plot the course and fire the guns and rockets of today's Air Force jets.

When America's Atlas satellite went into orbit, a ten-ounce radio receiver and 28-ounce transmitter relayed President Eisenhower's voice from outer space to stations around the world. The Hughes Aircraft Co. has compressed circuits equal to five television sets into a six by ten-inch package for its Falcon air-to-air missile. John L. Burns, president of RCA, recently described experiments in which a half-inch strip of germanium—a semiconducting material—proved capable of electronic functions that now require a hookup of 80 separate components.

Even packing 500,000 components inside the nose of a missile is not enough to satisfy the scientists today in their pursuit of small size and compactness of design. The David Sarnoff Research Center, in Princeton, New Jersey, has developed a new kind of computer element or "logic circuit" so small that 100,000,000 components can be crammed into one cubic foot.

Miniature TV cameras will soon be transmitting pictures back to earth from circling satellites. For military use, a complete television broadcasting station, consisting of a four-pound camera and 15-pound pack, is being designed to be carried on a soldier's back. It will transmit a picture of the battle front to commanders at rear-area headquarters.

Major manufacturers have already built a model of a battery-powered TV receiver in a chassis no bigger than a toaster; engineers predict that with micro-modules it will eventually be possible to reduce the set to cigar-box size or smaller. The screen will be a separate electroluminescent panel on the wall.

So widespread is the interest in what technical men call "miniaturization" that there is now an "Oscar" awarded annually for the best example of progress in making something smaller. A national Miniaturization Award committee was organized two years ago by Horace D. Gilbert, president of Miniature Precision Bearings, Inc., a company in Keene, New Hampshire, which manufactures mite-sized ball bearings for such uses as missile gyroscopes and high-speed dental drills. Contestants for the prize for small-ness submitted a variety of models and plans ranging from devices to record the skin temperature of an artillery shell in flight to a camera flash-bulb the size of a jelly bean.

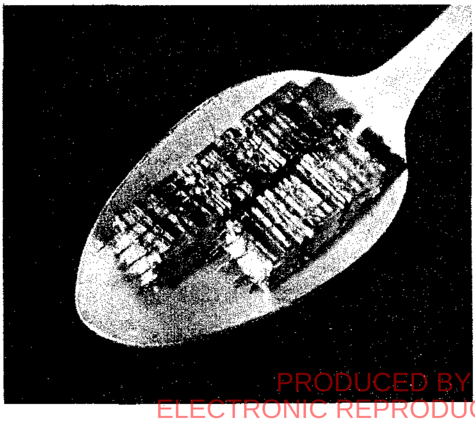
Last March, the judges awarded the Miniaturization Oscar to the Martin Co., of Baltimore, Maryland, for a five-pound atomic battery, the first efficient power generator of its kind. It produces electrical current equal to an ordinary battery weighing nearly 1,500 pounds, and is expected to be useful in powering the radio-transmitting equipment of earth satellites.

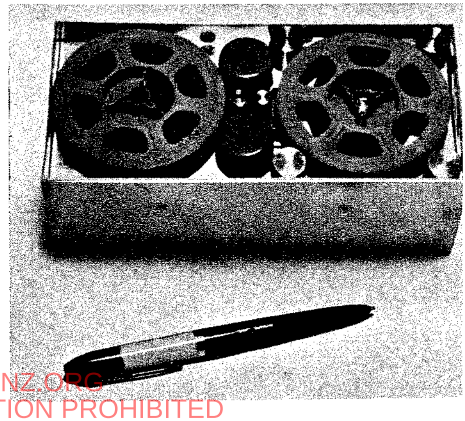
Ten "certificates of excellence" were given to other entries. The Sonotone Corp. was cited for developing the first hearing aid to be worn entirely inside the ear. Two Westinghouse Electric Corp. engineers, Peter Pijoan and John Buckley, won a certificate for designing a high-speed electric motor with the over-all diameter of a dime. Keith Johnson, a junior at Stanford University in California, was awarded a certificate for his four-channel tape recorder packaged in a two by three by six-inch case.

Battery-powered recorders of similar dimensions—which a number of manufacturers are developing—are expected to be in the pocket or briefcase of traveling businessmen within the next few years. It will be possible to dictate something like four hours of correspondence, orders and memoranda on a half-inch diameter spool of one-eighth-inch-wide tape and mail it back to the office for transcription by a secretary.

The RCA Laboratories have developed a radio paging device called a "megacoder," one cubic inch in size, which can be carried in the pocket and will set off a buzzer in response to a signal from a central transmitting station. As many as 1,000,000 subscribers can be served from the same station, each one with a separate code to which his buzzer will respond. Electronic engineers suggest that it will ultimately be possible to equip every citizen with a

The teaspoonful of military radio receiver at the left is the equal of a six-transistor commercial radio. Three-pound, four-channel tape recorder, approximately the size of a standard fountain pen, won a 1958 Miniaturization Award.





coded pocket transmitter for remote operation of various devices in his home. The electronically up-to-date commuter will approach his house and the front door will open automatically to his signal—and to no other. Another radio impulse will turn on the lights and buzz his wife to come downstairs for a kiss.

Every well-equipped household will also have a miniature electronic computer the size of a typewriter to take care of all the accounts and records. It will instantly and accurately balance the bank account, keep track of the bills in its magnetic memory and pay them when due (provided a fallible human has not overdrawn the account).

Several years ago, a group of doctors and technicians from the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the New York Veterans Administration Hospital and the Radio Corporation of America set out to design a radio transmitter small enough to be swallowed. They finally succeeded in producing a complete FM broadcasting transmitter inside a plastic capsule one-and-one-eighth inches long and four-tenths of an inch in diameter. Their battery-powered "radio pill" passes through the digestive system and sends out information relating to pressure, temperature and other internal conditions. It is expected to provide valuable new knowledge of intestinal and stomach ailments.

In an attempt to get an even better view inside the body, researchers at the University of Melbourne, Australia, are now at work designing a television camera small enough to be swallowed. They are using a one-fourth-ounce TV picture tube made in Germany, and hope eventually to flash a clear picture on a screen, magnified 30 to 40 times and showing the stomach and other internal organs at work.

In a number of hospitals, tiny microphones no larger than a pencil point have been passed through a vein into a patient's heart where they can detect pressure changes which indicate a weakness in the aorta, a leaky valve or some other malfunction. This method of diagnosis is designed to take the place of dangerous exploratory heart surgery to locate critical conditions. Miniature electronic heart aids have even been developed to keep weak hearts beating after surgery or disease has damaged them.

It is impossible to guess where the trend toward smaller and more complex electronic devices may lead.

But, as one electronics engineer says: "Ours may be the only branch of modern science where the smaller we make the tools of our trade, the more powerful they become." ♛

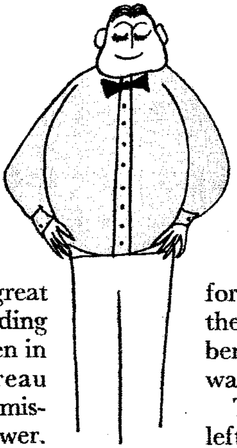
CHRISTMAS GRAB BAG

(Answers to Quiz on page 81)

1. a; 2. b; 3. b; 4. c; 5. a; 6. c; 7. b; 8. b; 9. c; 10. b; 11. b; 12. b; 13. a; 14. a; 15. b.

Shirt tale of woe

by Andrew A. Rooney



THERE SEEMS TO BE a great deal of misundersanding lately on the part of women in regard to men's bureau drawers. The drawer most misunderstood is the shirt drawer.

Women do not understand why certain shirts float to the top, out and into the laundry hamper week after week while others sink to the bottom to be dragged for and fished up not more than two or three times a year.

Since a man doesn't have time to explain in the morning and doesn't think of it at night, here are ten reasons why a man might reject a given shirt on a given day:

The shirt is fine, except that the sleeves are slightly too long. Sleeves that are too long give a man a sense of being shorter than he is and tend to make him uneasy all day.

The shirt was once heavily starched by mistake. Subsequent washings have not eliminated its tendency to redden the neck.

The shirt has French cuffs which are all right for some days but this is not the day. And tomorrow probably won't be, either.

The collar button is on too securely to ask that it be sewn on tighter. But it is not on securely enough to risk a whole day at work with it.

The shirt is one that was bought for a trip several years ago in the early days of synthetic fibers. They can say what they want, but it itches.

There are no plastic stays left in the drawer that fit exactly into the slots on the underside of the collars.

The collar is frayed ever so slightly. It is too good to throw away and too gone to wear. Someday with a bow tie, maybe. . . .

The shirt has a small hole burned by a dropped ash just a little too far off dead center to be covered by the new, thinner neckties.

The collar, despite the size printed in the neckband which claims it is the same as the others, is slightly tight. It gives a man the look, but not the lift, of having had a drink or two at lunch.

For no good reason at all the man simply does not like the shirt.

Neckties are a completely different problem. Women don't understand why men don't throw out some of the neckties they never wear. Many men feel that it is none of a woman's business why they don't throw out the neckties they never wear. They *like* some of the neckties they don't wear. It's just that they don't think anyone else would.

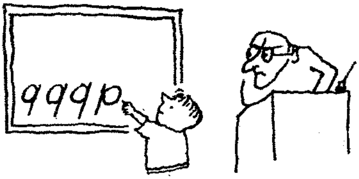
Now, please dear. Just go downstairs and make the coffee.

How words words words work

by Dr. Bergen Evans

moderator of "The Last Word," seen on CBS television, and author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

What do you mind when you "mind your p's and q's"?



Mind means "be careful of." Beyond that, all is conjecture. Some say it means you are to watch your p (int) s and q(uart)s at the alehouse. Some say it's advice from a French dancing instructor to his pupils to be careful with their p(ied)s (feet) and q(ueue)s (pigtails). This would put it back into the 18th century when gentlemen wore their hair in a queue. The most likely explanation is that the phrase is an admonition from a schoolteacher to his students—to make the proper distinction in their writing between the p's and q's—which are alike except for the direction of the vertical loop.

When someone is impudent, why do we say he has his *gall*?

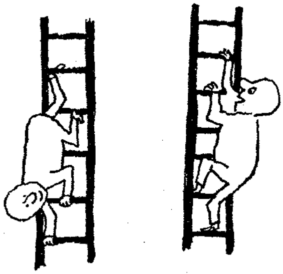
Before the era of modern medicine, various internal organs were thought to be the seat of certain emotional qualities. Courage was supposed to reside in the heart, stamina in the intestines, irritability in the spleen. The gall bladder was thought to be the source of bitterness—and bitter men are inclined to be impudent. Incidentally, the absence of a gall bladder in most doves, it was felt, explained their supposedly gentle nature.

Octo is the Latin word for eight. But why is October the *tenth* month?

From September on, all the months are similarly out of order: *septem* is the Latin for seven, *novem* for nine, *decem* for ten. The explanation is that in the old calendar the year began with March. August used to be called *Sextilis*, because it was the sixth month from March. It was changed to August, in honor of Augustus, the first of the Roman Emperors. *Quintilis*, the fifth month from March, was changed to July in honor of Julius Caesar. The other six months were not numbered.

Since *climb* means to ascend, isn't *climb up* repetitious?

To climb does mean to ascend and if language were strictly logical *climb up* would be redundant and *climb down* absurd. But language is far more rhetorical and emotional than logical. *Climb up* and *climb down* have been used as long as English has existed. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and other great writers used them. They are present even in the Bible. And millions of Americans use them every day. There is a logical fault in them, it's true, but you have to stop and think in order to realize this, since it doesn't jar the ear.

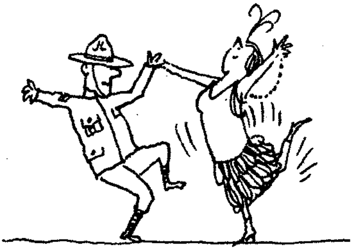


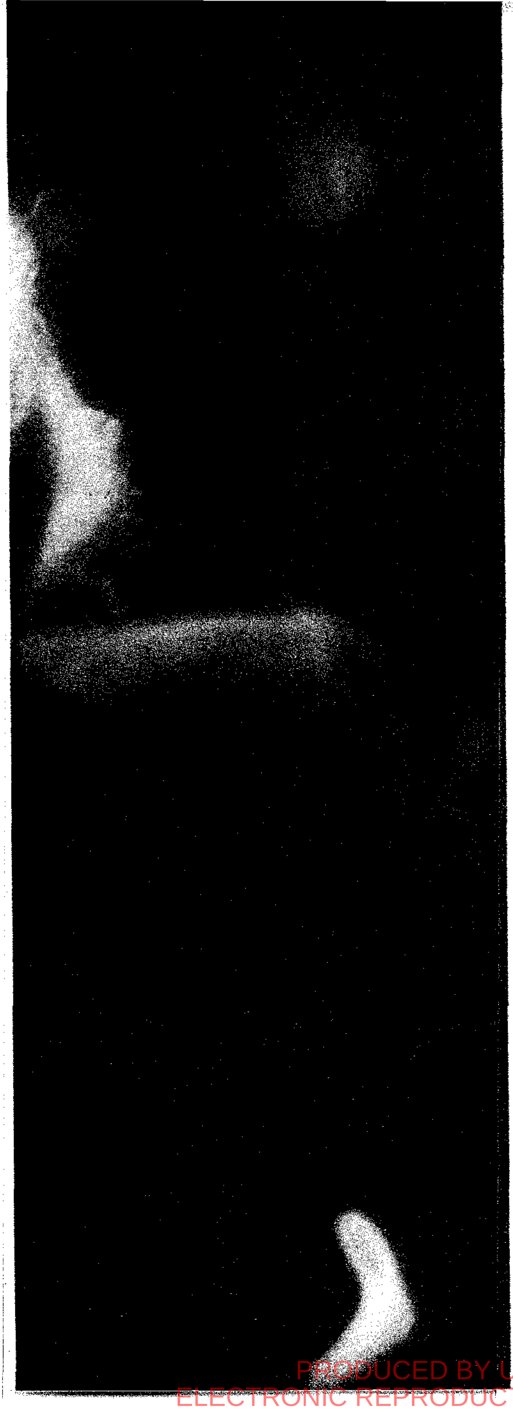
Isn't *Dixie* so called because it's south of the Mason-*Dixon* Line?

Although the existence of the Mason-Dixon Line may have helped the word *Dixie* catch on, it is highly doubtful that the word actually came from the line. The weight of evidence is also against the theory that the word derives from bank notes issued in New Orleans bearing the French word for ten, *dix*. The most incredible explanation seems the most probable. A man by the name of Dixie once kept slaves on Manhattan Island until forced by hostile Northern sentiment to move south. The slaves were not happy in the South and longed for the old plantation, Dixieland. Soon the term came to represent a Negro paradise which was assumed by Northern sentimentality to be in the sunny southland. The word *Dixie* first appeared in Daniel Decatur Emmet's famous song *Dixie* (1859).

When car front wheels wobble, why do we say the car *shimmies*?

The name for the action of a car's front wheels is a form of *chemise*, a woman's undershirt—widely pronounced, in the days when they wore 'em, *shimmy*. During World War I, a ragtime dance appeared marked by the female partner's stepping back from the male and violently waggling her shoulders and all adjacent parts. This astonishing act—which was meant to induce interest in the partner and apoplexy in the chaperones—was called "shaking the shimmy." (There was a popular song: "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate.") When the bushings on the front axle of the Model T Ford became worn (which they frequently did), the whole front of the car shook in a wild wobble reminiscent of the motions of the dance—and the word passed to the car. ♛



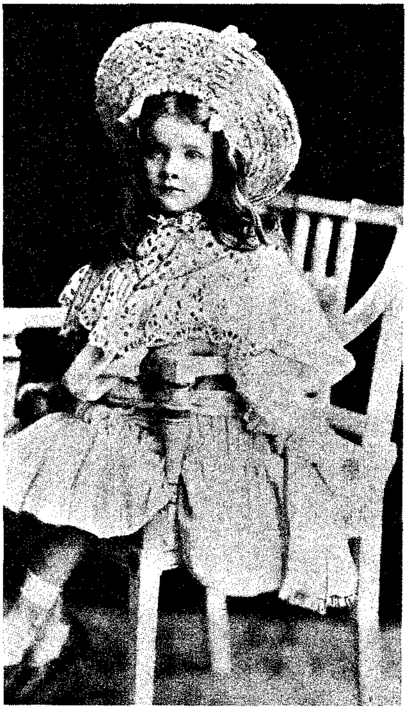


MARLENE:

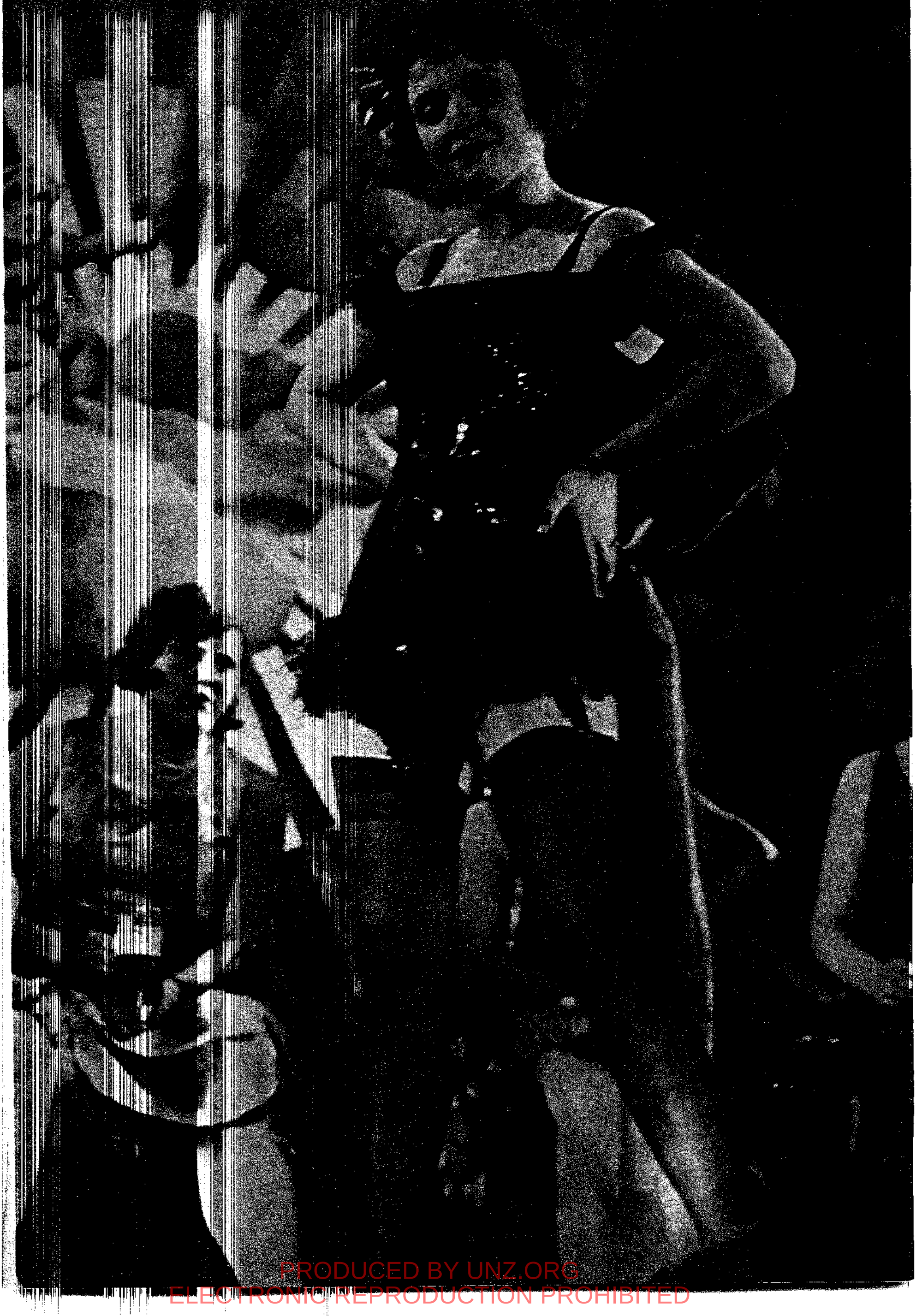
the bewitching grandmother

A glamorous, 54-year-old grandmother,
Marlene Dietrich seems to
have bewitched
time itself. Here, in
pictures, is
the legend of this strikingly
beautiful star—
and the flesh-and-blood
woman behind the legend.

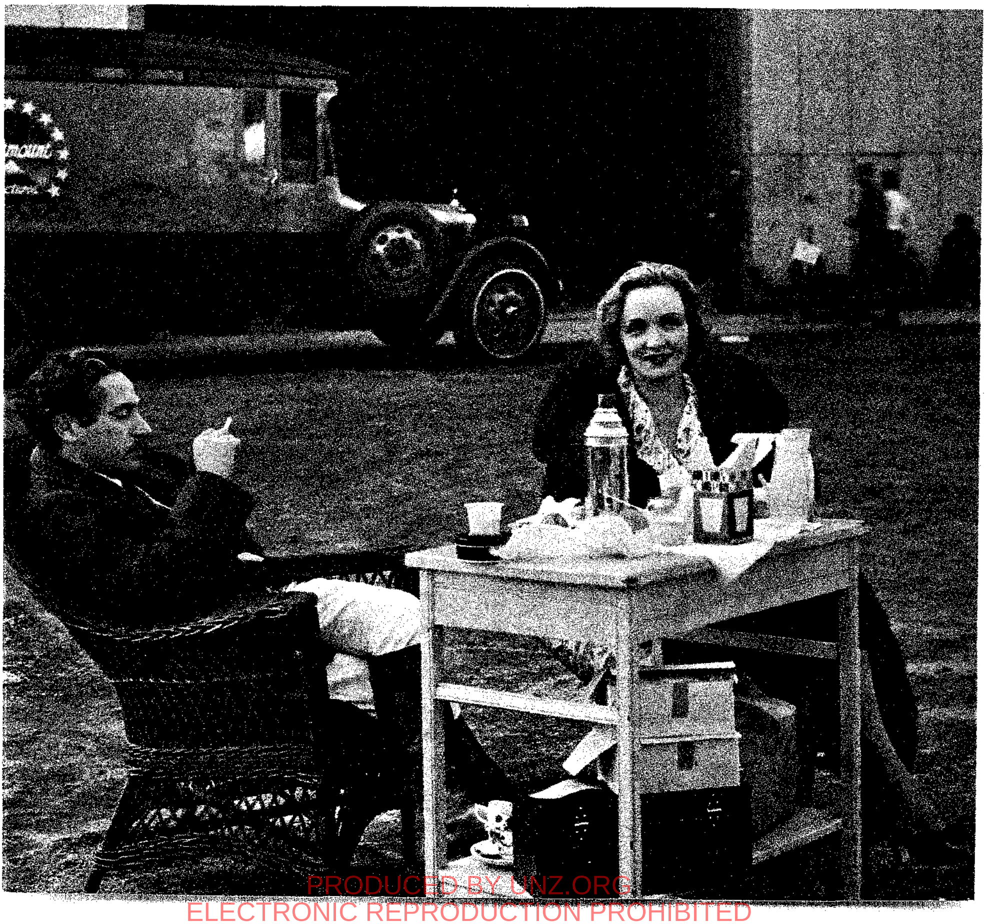
Text by Richard Kaplan



In 1909, when she was five, Berlin-born Maria Magdalena Dietrich posed for a tintype (left) in a wide hat and dainty frock. By 1930, time had wrought dynamic changes. Now calling herself Marlene Dietrich ("Mar" for Maria; "lene" for Magdalena), she played the sensuous Lola Lola in the German movie, "The Blue Angel," and was hailed as a "new incarnation of sex." Since then, Dietrich has worn a mantle of mystery. Even her name, one admirer wrote, "at first the sound of a caress, becomes the crack of a whip." Said Ernest Hemingway: "She knows more about love than anyone."

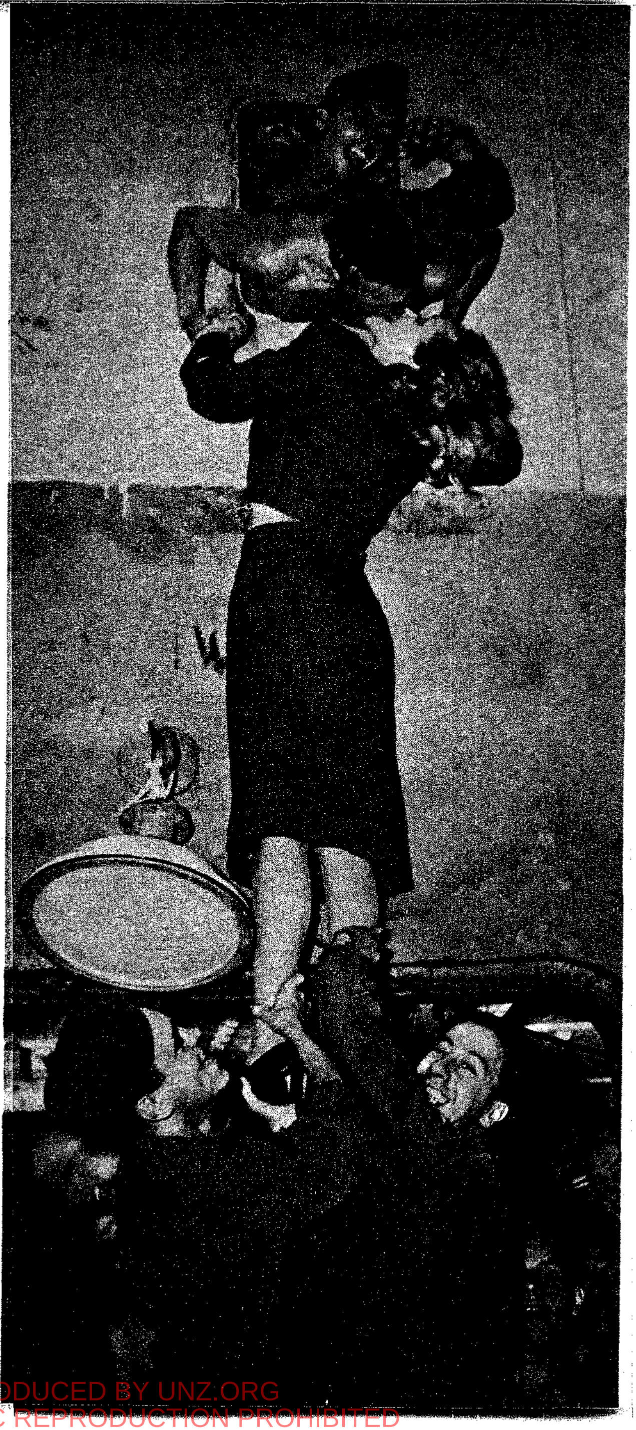


The man who "discovered" Dietrich was Josef von Sternberg, Austrian film director. Seeking a girl to play Lola Lola, he dismissed 20 candidates before he confronted Marlene. "Here is a face that really lives," he exulted. When von Sternberg was called back to Hollywood, Dietrich went along (below). At the time, she was already married to movie technician Rudolph Sieber. Shortly thereafter they separated— but the marriage has never been dissolved officially. Today, Sieber lives quietly on the West Coast, still Marlene's loyal friend.



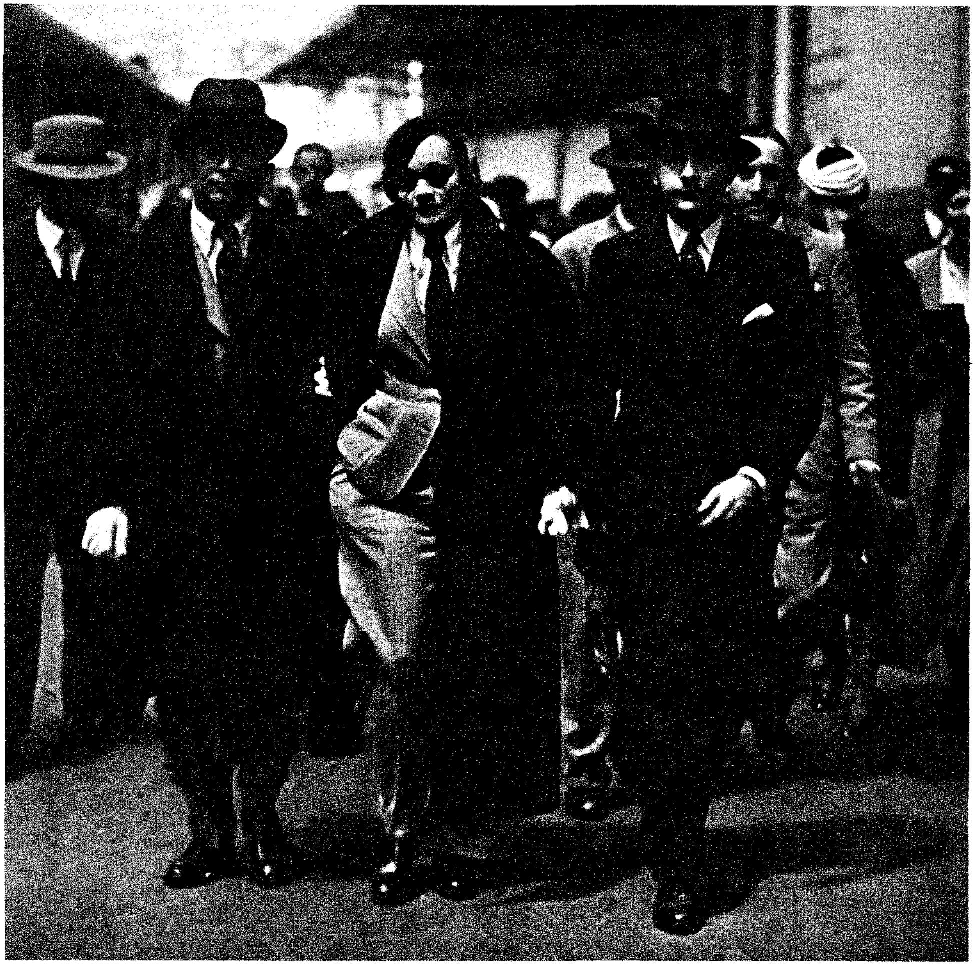
With tyrannical skill, von Sternberg molded Dietrich
into a great star. And when they parted
company in 1935, her career went into relative eclipse.
Then, in 1939, Dietrich played a Western
saloon singer in Joseph Pasternak's "Destry Rides Again."
"I put you on a pedestal, the untouchable
goddess," von Sternberg said. "He wants to drag you
into the mud, very touchable—
and very good salesmanship." Brawling with
James Stewart (below) and demanding
in song, "See What the Boys in the Backroom Will Have,"
Dietrich again captivated movie-goers.

It seems to be Dietrich's fate to be surrounded by men. In Buenos Aires last summer, the crush became so great that Marlene fainted. Quickly, police bore the 5'5", 120-pound star to safety (far right). During World War II, Dietrich, a militant anti-Nazi, entertained U. S. troops in Europe. In 1944, near the battle front, her hands were badly frostbitten. When the GIs for whom she had sung and paraded her figure (36-24-36) returned home, Marlene met them at the pier. Lustily, soldiers seized her by her celebrated legs (right) and held her aloft like a blonde banner while she warmly kissed an ecstatic GI.

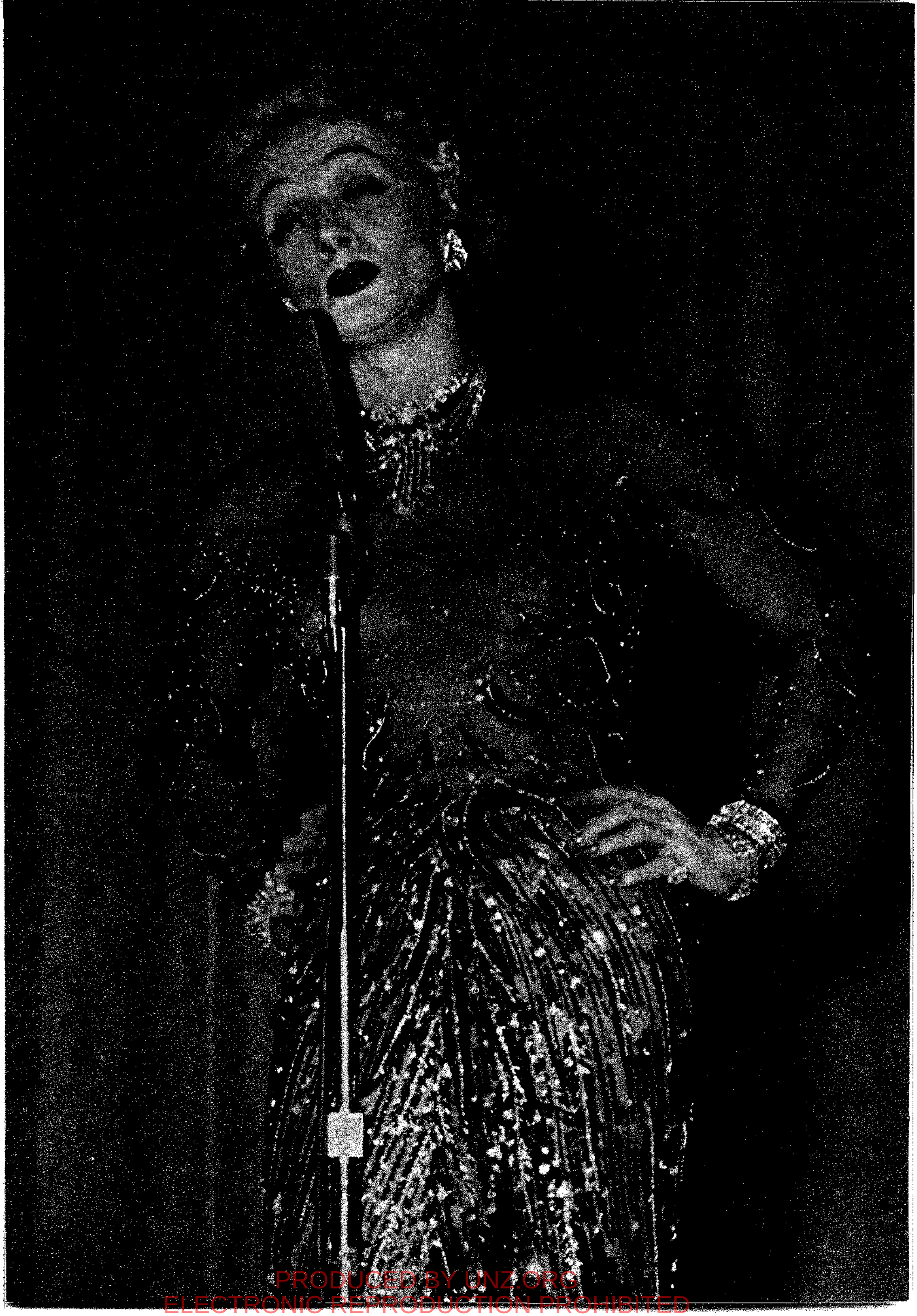


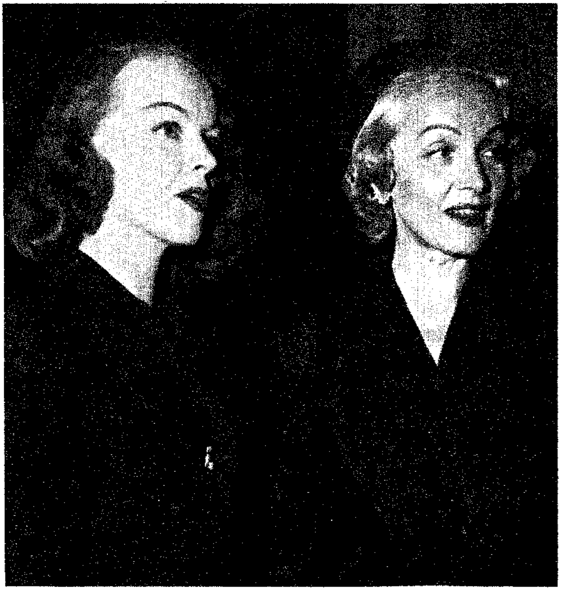
"When you wear feathers and furs and plumes," French poet Jean Cocteau told Dietrich, "you wear them . . . as though they belong to your body."

Even the most innocent gesture, such as greeting a male friend, takes on Dietrich's aura of worldly sensuality.



Dietrich shrewdly accentuates her beauty with a startling wardrobe. In Paris with husband Rudolph Sieber (above, left) in 1930s, she sported a severe mannish suit and tie. And at Las Vegas in 1953 (right) she went to the other extreme with a $6,000, black net gown which she mischievously described as "rhinestones and nothing."





A cosmetics firm recently offered
Dietrich a $2,000,000 contract
to purr about beauty on TV—but she
airily rejected it. When she
appears (above) with her daughter,
Maria Riva, 34, the two look like
sisters. But when she retreats behind
the facade she has nurtured
for 30 years, half-hidden by a curl of
cigarette smoke, Marlene Dietrich
is what she has always been:
the embodiment of the eternal woman—
beautiful, desirable
and always a little mysterious.

HUMAN COMEDY

DAMON RUNYON used to tell this story of how he got his first newspaper job. It happened in Denver. He sat in the outer office patiently waiting while an office boy carried in his request to be seen by the busy editor.

In about ten minutes the boy came back and said, "He wants you to send in a card."

Runyon had no card, but being resourceful he reached into his pocket and pulled out a deck of cards. From the deck he carefully extracted an ace and said, "Give him this."

He got in and he got the job.

—*A.M.A. Journal*

WHILE WORKING FOR the Arkansas State Library Commission, I received the following request: "Please send me *Childbirth Without Fear*. If you can't do that, send me *The Gathering Storm.*"

—MRS. JOEL GIFFORD

A MAN STOPPED by a booming oil field in southern Kentucky to give a lift to a man on his way to the county seat. They drove through once-beautiful farm land now scarred by bulldozers and drilling rigs. Guessing that his passenger was a farmer living in the area, the driver steered the conversation to the tall tales he had heard of quick riches for both speculators and farmers. The local man acknowledged that many of the stories were founded on facts. "You own a farm here?" the driver asked.

"Yep," was the reply.

"Any oil wells on it?"

"Yep, three, and they say they'll make 300 barrels a day."

"What in the world are you going to do with all the money you'll be getting?"

The farmer gazed for a moment across a machine-scarred field and answered, "Why, I'm gonna buy me a farm that ain't got no oil on it."

—JANET HALPERN

A SUBURBANITE who recently came into a lot of money decided to add a touch of elegance to his ranch home and commissioned an artist of the modern school to paint a mural on his library wall. Came the day of the unveiling and he and his wife stood by breathlessly. The painter whipped off the cloth and there was a stark white wall with one red circle down in the corner.

"I'm sorry," his wife said, "I'm afraid I just don't understand it."

Extremely annoyed, the husband

decided to send her to Paris to study modern art for a few months and while she was gone he had the painter do another mural in the living room.

Upon her return, once again they stood ready for the unveiling and once again the painter whipped away the cloth. There they saw the stark white wall but this time with *two* red circles in one corner.

The man turned to his wife and asked, "Well, dear, what do you think of it?"

She contemplated a moment, shook her head and replied, "Too busy!"

—BETTY DUVAL

MY SMALL NEPHEW, whose father is a minister and also a great fisherman, was heard to say while quoting the 23rd Psalm: "Thy rod and Thy reel they comfort me."

—MRS ROBERT W. HARTFORD

SOME TIME AGO, company officials in Kitchener, Ontario, were perplexed. Why were there so many rear-end collisions when their men drove out of the plant's parking lot?

Astute investigation by local police revealed the men were being distracted. The police offered some advice that resulted in no more accidents at the parking lot. The advice? "Let the girls out 15 minutes earlier."

—IAN B. PATTEN

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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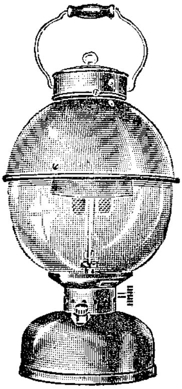

by Madelyn Carlisle

William Coleman's remarkable lantern

His Aladdin-like lamp has helped save thousands of lives and lit the way for great feats of courage

PANIC OVERWHELMED William Benson as he stared into the darkness shrouding the icy waters of the Bering Sea. He was lost. While he had been working on the stalled engine of his dory, his boat had been drifting. He had no idea in which direction lay Umnak Island, where he lived with his wife.

Benson had almost given up hope when he saw a tiny flash of light. Hopefully, he turned the boat toward it. Half an hour later, Benson stepped safely ashore and rushed into the arms of his wife, who had been pacing the beach for hours, swinging a powerful, lifesaving portable lamp—a Coleman lantern.

When the Coleman Co. in Wichita, Kansas, got a grateful letter from the Bensons, they weren't at all surprised. They have a file bulging with similar reports from all over the world.

As well as lighting the night for millions of American campers, Coleman lanterns shed their rays on Bedouin encampments in the Sahara, on the bazaars of Baghdad, in the igloos of Eskimos in the Arctic and the villages of Pygmies in Africa. The friend of GIs in wartime, the lantern went to every fighting front; in peacetime, it goes with explorers to the highest mountain tops and to the depths of the deepest caves.

The success story of a gasoline lantern in an age of electricity begins with the stubbornness of New York-born, Kansas-bred William Coleman. In a store in Alabama in the last year of the 19th century, Cole-

(*continued on page 116*)

How times have changed . . .

especially for the diabetic!

Recently, a well-known United States senator and a prominent nuclear scientist happened to share a table in a restaurant in Washington. Each ordered a substantial luncheon and ate with vigorous appetite. Over coffee, a chance remark from the senator disclosed that he was diabetic. His luncheon partner grinned. "That's funny," he said. "I thought *you* passed up the hashed-in-cream potatoes because you were watching your waistline. But it seems we skipped them for the same reason. I'm diabetic, too!"

Thirty years ago, the diet of both men would have been limited to a pitifully small variety and amount of food. Before the discovery of insulin, the treatment for diabetes was "undernutrition" —actually slow starvation. The diabetic lived an invalid's life.

Today, if you're diabetic, you can enjoy a long, productive life by following your doctor's program of medication and diet.

Nowadays, the diabetic often can eat almost all types of foods, but in specific amounts. Carbohydrates are limited, which sometimes restricts the variety of foods —especially sweet foods.

But thousands have now solved this problem with sweet D-Zerta® Gelatin. Made without sugar, one serving has only 12 calories. *D-Zerta Gelatin has so little carbohydrates, the diabetic usually can eat as much as he likes, as often as he likes.*

D-Zerta Gelatin comes in six fresh-tasting flavors: lemon, lime, orange and imitation cherry, strawberry and raspberry. It combines well with many foods for tempting desserts, entrees and salads.

You'll also be glad to know that D-Zerta comes in a *pudding*, too . . . in three luscious flavors. Creamy, smooth D-Zerta Pudding is a perfect dessert for the diabetic's "exchange list." D-Zerta Pudding is much lower in carbohydrate than regular pudding. The exact amount is on the package. So when regular pudding or any other high carbohydrate dessert is allowed, substitute D-Zerta Pudding and use the extra amount of carbohydrate as you wish.

Ask your doctor about D-Zerta. He'll recommend it. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, makers of Jell-O® Desserts. It's available at grocery stores.

(Advertisement)

(continued from page 114)

man, who was partly blind, was impressed with the bright, white light given off by a lamp which operated on a new principle. A pump compressed air and made a gas vapor which burned in a mantle. But the lamp had many defects.

Nevertheless, Coleman gave up his job as a typewriter salesman and brashly undertook to sell the new lamp. Undiscouraged after initial setbacks, he borrowed $3,000 and bought all rights to the device from the manufacturers. Whereupon, he promptly redesigned the lamp, eliminating the bugs that kept it from working properly.

The fame of the Coleman lamp slowly began to spread. Coleman made history on October 6, 1905, when he hung lamps from poles around the gridiron at Fairmount College in Wichita, thus providing illumination for the first regulation football game played under lights.

When the electric light threatened to end the market for gasoline lamps, Coleman shook his head. For certain uses, he declared, electricity would never compete with a really foolproof, portable, *outdoor* lamp.

After years of making improvements, Coleman ended up with a lamp which is still a scientific marvel. The secret of its 300-candlepower light lies in its mantle, a small rayon sack coated with thorium, a radioactive material. The rayon burns away completely, leaving a gray, ash-like structure of thorium. The gas burning inside this framework gives off a brilliant light, equal to a 300-watt bulb.

"Not even winds of hurricane force can blow out a Coleman," says the company, and Coleman dealers demonstrate this fact to skeptics by holding a lantern in front of a powerful fan. In an even more startling experiment, a lighted Coleman lantern was towed behind an airplane at better than 200 miles an hour. The light didn't flicker.

Even pouring rain won't douse a Coleman. Plunging it in water, of course, will extinguish the light for lack of oxygen. But it won't hurt the mechanism. Every year astonished sportsmen report dropping lanterns into lakes or streams and fishing them out unharmed. One prized communication came from Max Ward, of Huntington Park, California, who sent along a battered Coleman lantern that had seen 100,000 miles of outdoor adventuring.

"It has traveled with me through 39 states," Ward wrote. "It has cast its brilliant glow on Death Valley, the lowest spot in the U.S., and on Mt. Whitney, the highest. It has been packed on the back of horse, burro and mule into the high Sierras. It has been thrown from the back of a bucking pack horse and it has gone through the surging waters of the Kern River on the back of a stubborn burro. It has gone with me 2,600 feet under the surface of the earth in one of the old mines of the Mother Lode. . . ."

Praise like this once caused a marketing expert to exclaim to Coleman, "Bill, your lantern is just *too* good. How are you ever going to do enough business selling something that lasts a lifetime?"

Coleman answered with a grin,

(continued on page 118)

LOOK AT THE BOX TO BE SURE!

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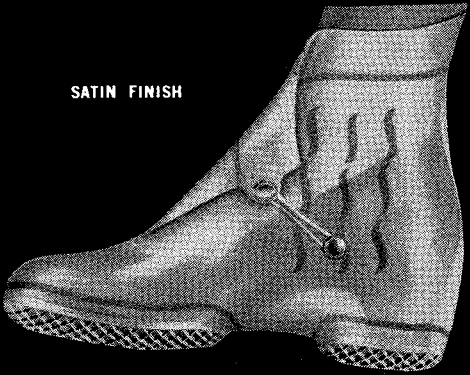
SURE
YOU GET



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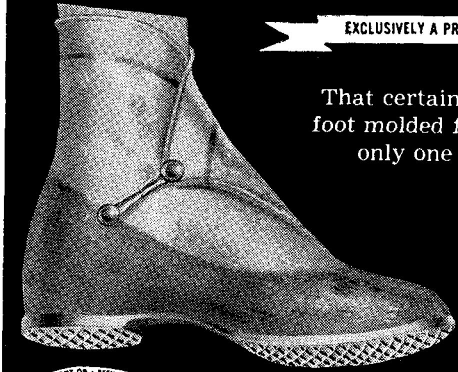

That certain combination of smooth design, *foot molded fit* and *built-in safety* adds up to only one certain rainboot . . . Rain Dears . . . the finest plastic rainboots in rain, sleet or snow.

SATIN FINISH OR FLORAL DESIGN

models for all heel heights . . . in both clear and smoke . . . *all sizes.*

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FLORAL DESIGN

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AT SHOE, NOTION & RAIN WEAR COUNTERS, EVERYWHERE

LUCKY SALES CO., INC. LOS ANGELES CHICAGO NEW YORK

(continued from page 116)

"We'll sell more lanterns in the second half of the century than we did in the first." He died in 1957, but lived to see his prediction well on its way toward realization. Company sales in the '50s have reached a record high. Coleman had banked on two ardently held beliefs, both of which proved to be right. One was his idea that America was in for a great camping boom. The other was his conviction that all over the world there were dark corners just waiting to be lighted by his bright lamp.

Today, Coleman is truly an international concern, with lamps made under license in Hong Kong, Brazil, Australia, England and Italy. In addition, the Wichita plant ships lanterns to every country in the world.

Of all the tasks performed by Coleman lanterns, the ones that bring the greatest glow of pride to Clarence and Sheldon Coleman, Bill Coleman's two sons, who now run the business, are recorded in a file marked "Emergencies." Colemans have played a part in lighting the scene of every major disaster for the past 40 years. For long ago, Bill Coleman proclaimed a unique policy: in any community emergency, Coleman dealers were to donate the use of their entire stock of lanterns to the rescue workers.

Over the years, this has cost the company about 10,000 lanterns. In the great Ohio flood of 1937, over 5,000 lamps were used; only about 3,000 of them were returned. After the tornado in Flint, Michigan, in 1953, Coleman lanterns lit the scene of destruction and guided workers as they helped victims from the wreckage. In this disaster 200 lanterns were loaned out, and, paradoxically, 202 came back.

Many major discoveries deep in the earth were lighted by Colemans. One of the most famous was a find in Mammoth Cave some 20 years ago. When a group of guides, including a father-and-son team, Pete and Carl Hanson, wormed their way into a new part of the cave, they found themselves blocked by a huge rock. Under it there was a passageway only eight inches high.

"We can make it," Pete Hanson said, "if the Coleman can."

Tipping it on its side, he inched in after it, the others following. They pawed their way forward for 350 feet, until they came into a wider place and Pete Hanson lifted the lantern. "We're in another world!" he exclaimed.

The men gazed at a fantastic section of the cave, dwarfing anything ever known in its other reaches. Walls and ceilings of a huge avenue that extended for 7,000 feet glistened with crystals. The water-cut ceiling was shaped with great domes and cupolas, and from them hung a garden of gypsum flowers.

"Just think," Bill Coleman said with awe when he heard about the discovery, "for millions of years light never struck down there. When it did, it was the light from a Coleman lantern!" ♛

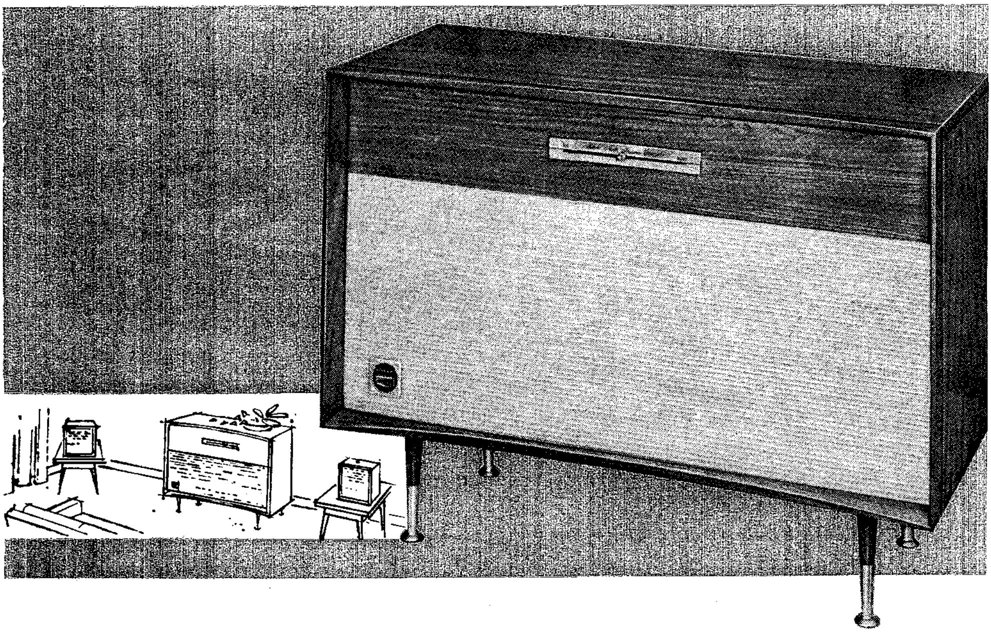
IF IT IS AN HONORABLE THING to have distinguished ancestors, don't forget that the honor belongs to them.

—*Michigan Christian Advocate*

Stereo comes of age with Webcor's exclusive panoramic sound

For your happiest family living, a wonderful Webcor Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf with BFD*

***Bass Frequency Distribution**—Webcor's fabulous new stereo sound system—actually creates a new third stereo channel for thrilling wall-to-wall stereo sound. You hear true panoramic music no matter where you sit, no matter how much you move around the room. See the examples on these pages. See your Webcor dealer now. See your family's eyes light up, Christmas morning!



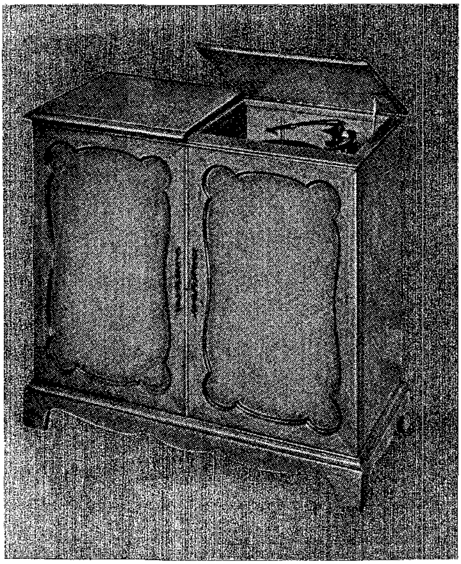
Constellation Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf may be played as self-contained stereo fonograf—or remove two internal speaker systems and separate for even finer stereo sound. Equipped for "drop-in" AM, FM, or AM-FM stereo radio. Has 5 powerful speakers—dual-channel 30-watt amplifier—Stereo Audio Balance Control.

STEREO MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR

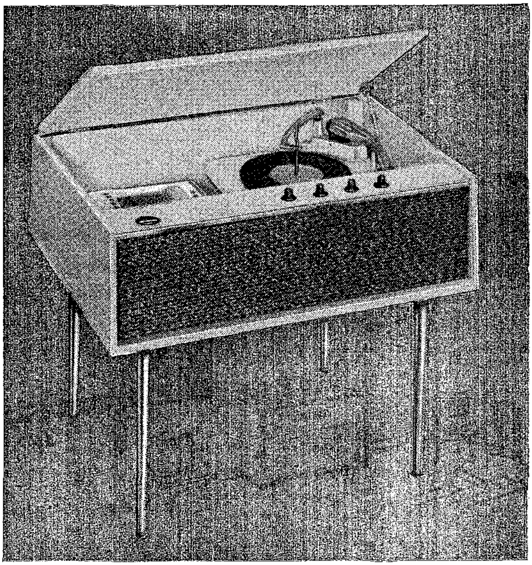
Stereo comes of age with

whatever your budget . . . Stereo High-Fidelity

Webcor Console Fonografs for 1960 come in a wide range of modern and traditional models—there's one to complement your particular choice of interior decor. Beautifully designed cabinets are offered in a variety of finest hand-rubbed walnut, mahogany, blonde, maple and ebony hardwoods. Webcor Console Fonografs start at $149.95.*



French Provincial Stereo High-Fidelity Radio-Fonograf. Completely self-contained stereo fonograf. Has 5 wide-range speakers with BFD—dual-channel 60-watt amplifier—AM-FM radio.



Musicale Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf. Self-contained stereo consolette. Has 3 wide-range speakers with BFD—dual-channel 8-watt amplifier—Webcor automatic 4-speed Stereo-Diskchanger. Record storage.

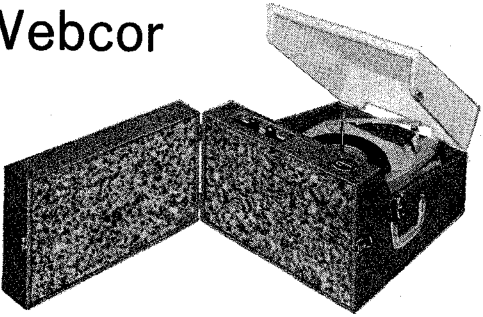
STEREO MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER

Webcor's exclusive panoramic sound

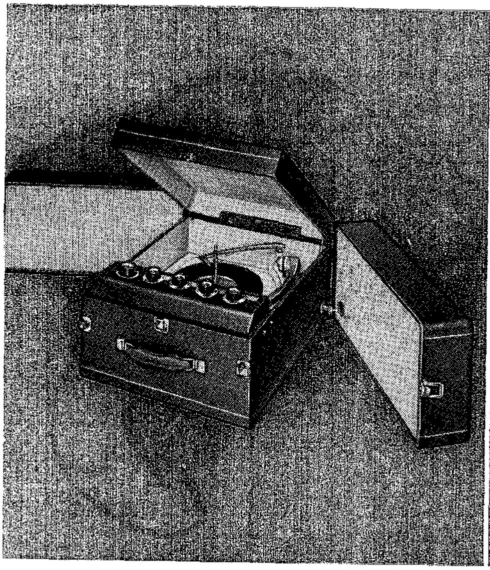
there's a beautiful Webcor Fonograf for you!

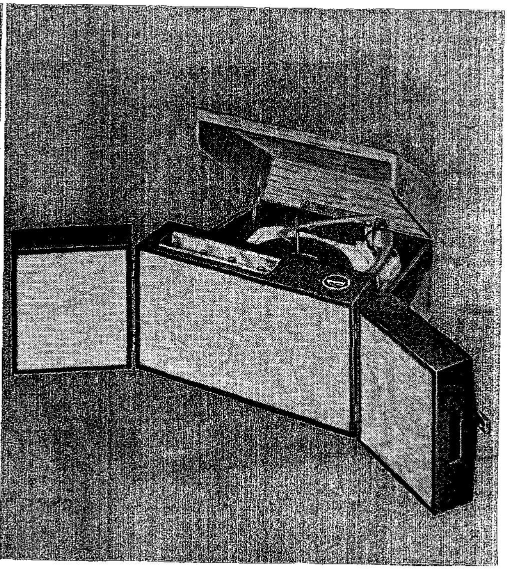
New 1960 Webcor Stereo Portables play superb stereo music as self-contained fonografs. Sound to stereo speakers is conducted through "sound contact" hinges . . . or you may detach and separate speakers by 8′ cords. A style and color combination to exactly suit your preference. Webcor Portables start at $37.95.*

**Prices slightly higher South and West.*



Holiday Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf has 2 stereo speakers—dual-channel stereo amplifier—automatic 4-speed Stereo-Diskchanger. "Sound Contact" hinges.





President Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf has 4 big speakers—dual-channel 18-watt amplifier—automatic 4-speed Stereo-Diskchanger. Big console sound in this outstanding portable fonograf.

Holiday Imperial Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf has 3 powerful speakers with BFD for superlative stereo—dual-channel 14-watt amplifier—automatic 4-speed Stereo-Diskchanger. "Sound Contact" speaker hinges.

ON A **WEBCOR**

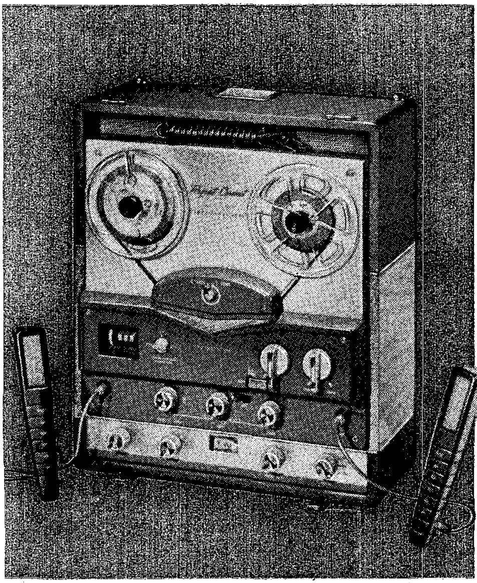
Free stereo demonstration record included. Selections from Somerset "Stereo-Fidelity" library.

SOMERSET
STEREO-FIDELITY

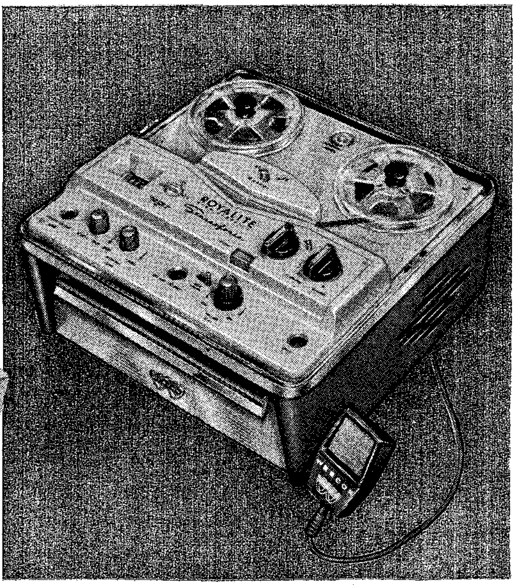
So many ways to enjoy a new 1960 Webcor Tape Recorder

How wonderful to make and play back tapes of your children's voices, of party and family fun, of your favorite music, radio and TV shows! The new Webcors are marvelous, too, for helping children with homework and music lessons . . . for many other uses. And they're so *easy* to operate! Prices from $159.95.* Ask your Webcor dealer for a demonstration!

**Prices slightly higher South and West*



Regent Coronet Self-Contained Stereo High-Fidelity Tape Recorder. Now you can record and play back your own stereo and monaural tapes—record stereo broadcasts or stereo fonograf records! 2- and 4-track operation—dual-channel 16-watt amplifier—2 big speakers. Regent also comes in a light-weight monaural model.



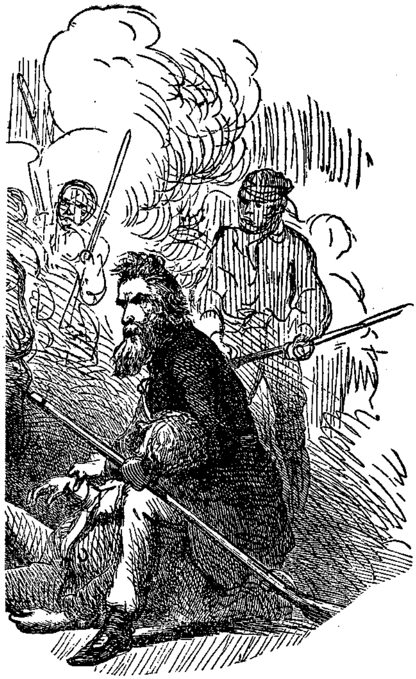
Royalite Stereo High-Fidelity Tape Recorder. Completely self-contained stereo. 2- and 4-track tape playback. Records monaurally at 3 speeds—has two high-fidelity elliptical speakers—dual-channel 16-watt amplifier. Royalite also available as 20 pound monaural tape recorder. Really portable—take it wherever you go!

WEBCOR—world's best-selling tape recorders

The martyrdom of John Brown

by Charles Boswell

The day he walked
to the gallows 100 years ago,
his name became both
an epithet
and a rallying cry



On the brisk, sunny morning of December 2, 1859, a gaunt, gray-bearded prisoner in the jail at Charlestown, Virginia (now Charles Town, West Virginia), wrote his last message. What John Brown, the fiery fighter against slavery, about to be hanged for attacking the U.S. arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, wrote would prove sadly prophetic:

> *I John Brown am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land: will never be purged away; but with Blood. I had as I now think: vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done.*

By "crimes of this guilty land," John Brown meant America's enslavement of Negroes. His prophecy lay in the word "Blood"—the vast quantity of blood that would be spilled in a great nation at war, divided against itself. His writing finished, John Brown knelt and prayed, silently. Rising, he walked along the jail corridor, bidding good-by to four other condemned prisoners, who had been his militant followers. "God bless you, my men," John Brown told them. "May we all meet in Heaven." Then, turning to John Avis, his jailer, he said:

"If you are ready, sir, I am at your service."

Avis escorted his unmanacled prisoner onto a porch overlooking Charlestown's main thoroughfare. The town, seat of Jefferson County, was an aristocratic community of about 2,000 population. Because they were going to hang John Brown, the streets overflowed with civilians and more than 1,500 soldiers.

John Brown watched. "I had no idea," he said, "that Governor Wise considered my execution so important." He had a dignified bearing, a great mane of gray hair, craggy brows, a proud beak of a nose, deep-set, burning eyes, firm lips and a strong, resonant voice. Many who saw 59-year-old John Brown on his last day on earth said he reminded them of some venerable patriarch out of the Old Testament.

Avis and the county sheriff each took an arm and helped their prisoner into a two-horse farm wagon, where he sat on a rough packing case containing his coffin. In the distance rose the Blue Ridge Mountains, and through the fertile valley below ran the graceful Shenandoah River. With death facing him, John Brown seemed preoccupied with other thoughts. Riding along on his coffin, he remarked feelingly to Avis: "This is a beautiful country. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before."

At the edge of the execution field to the southeast of the town, soldiers halted the throngs. Though the crowds were perfectly behaved, the soldiers had strict orders from Governor Henry Wise to allow no civilians, except a few with passes, to approach nearer than a quarter-mile of the gallows.

Governor Wise explained that he wanted to spare Virginia the inflammatory speech he feared John Brown might attempt from the gallows. But he had another reason as well. Since the capture of John Brown, the Governor feared a rescue attempt from the abolitionists.

However, John Brown himself had vetoed such plans. "I am worth now infinitely more to die than to live," he had told a conspiratorial visitor to his cell.

Perhaps he had had a vision even then of certain lines yet to be written about him and the stirring effect they would have on thousands of blue-uniformed men. The lines of the song, *John Brown's Body*, ("John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave; . . . but his soul goes marching on!") would soon be sung by Union troops as they marched to fight the South.

Perhaps, too, courage had been instilled in him by his mother's fight against mental illness. She was insane years before her death, when he was only eight. In addition, John Brown's maternal grandmother died insane, as did six other close relatives on his mother's side.

From his father, a member of an old New England family, John Brown inherited a streak of Puritan piety but not the Puritan virtues of thrift. As a boy and an adult, John Brown was a nomad. He married twice and fathered 20 children but he never ceased to roam. In a succession of ten Midwestern, Pennsylvania and New England communities, he engaged in tanning, farming, surveying, cattle-dealing, sheep-raising and wool-trading. But failing in each, he moved on, leaving a string of creditors.

John Brown's last move of any permanence was to a settlement principally for Negroes at North Elba, New York, on lands provided by a wealthy abolitionist. After his move there, he decided to concentrate on the destruction of slavery, by peaceful action or violence.

The wavering Kansas situation—whether the Territory would be admitted to the Union as a free state or slave state—converted John Brown from a law-abiding citizen to an outlaw with a price on his head.

When five of his sons, also fervid abolitionists, went out to Kansas early in 1855 and wrote him of the atrocities committed by slave-state adherents, Brown left North Elba and joined his sons at a colony of Kansas free-staters called Osawatomie. His boldness and vigor of speech immediately elevated him to the post of Osawatomie's anti-slavery chieftain. On a May night in 1856, he commanded a party which dragged five men from their homes in a neighboring pro-slavery community and hacked them to death with cutlasses.

A retaliatory raid on Osawatomie followed, in which his son Frederick was killed. On his return East, John Brown was hailed as a hero by New York and New England abolitionists.

In May of '58, at a convention in Canada, radical abolitionists made John Brown commander-in-chief of mythical armies to garrison forts

Now! Most complete sore throat relief...without prescription!

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throughout the South. In one raid into Missouri, a planter was killed and 11 slaves set free. With both state and Federal warrants issued for his arrest, Brown shepherded the slaves safely to Canada and then announced he was ready to proceed against the South.

John Brown was given $4,200, the bulk of which went for rifles, revolvers and 1,000 steel-headed pikes. Once he reached the South, slaves in droves were expected to flock to his banner.

Pretending he was interested in buying land, John Brown established an operational base on a rented farm near Sharpsburg, Maryland, with three of his sons—Watson, Owen and Oliver. More than 100 men from the North had promised to join him, but aside from his sons only 18 showed up. Five were Negroes, including one college graduate; four had fought in Kansas; two were spiritualists; two were renegade Quakers; two had studied law; one was the disgruntled son of a rich father; and two were brothers of Watson's wife. The average age of the 21 followers was 24½.

For over three months, John Brown vainly waited on the farm for additional recruits, and meanwhile spied upon the first target he had picked to hit—the U.S. arsenal at nearby Harper's Ferry, Virginia. Tactically, the arsenal was a trap.

Too plagued by zealotry and impatience to wait longer, John Brown struck at Harper's Ferry late on the rainy night of Sunday, October 16. To the lone, astonished watchman at the arsenal, he announced heroically: "I have come to free the Negroes of Virginia and soon thousands will join me."

A Baltimore & Ohio Railroad station stood near the arsenal. Its baggagemaster innocently approached at 1:30 A.M. and was shot and killed. The death, the first during a raid designed to free Negroes, was ironic, for the baggagemaster was a free and respected Negro.

As Washington received the news, 500 whites and countless Negroes were burning and pillaging Harper's Ferry. Col. Robert E. Lee and Lt. Jeb Stuart started for the scene of action with the only military detachment available in the capital, a company of marines. Meanwhile, the Jefferson Guards, followed by other Virginia and Maryland militia units, had already reached the Ferry. From the hilltops above the arsenal, they let loose with a hail of fire.

In the battle which raged all of Monday there were acts of both barbarism and chivalry on each side. One of John Brown's men killed the mayor of Harper's Ferry as he stood near the railroad station, unarmed. But a little later, a Harper's Ferry saloon-keeper killed a John Brown follower bearing a flag of truce. John Brown insisted that his prisoners occupy the safer areas of the engine house, and in return for this consideration one prisoner risked his life to drag back one of his fallen captors who lay exposed to the firing.

Lee, Stuart and the marines arrived at 11 P.M. Monday. At daybreak Tuesday, Stuart marched up to the door of the engine house and handed John Brown a note from Lee demanding surrender in the name of the United States. John Brown wanted terms—time to take his men and hostages across the Potomac, where he promised he would release the hostages. Lee had anticipated such haggling. When it began, Stuart, acting on Lee's instructions, swept off his plumed hat as a signal to Lt. Israel Green, who stood at a little distance with 12 marines.

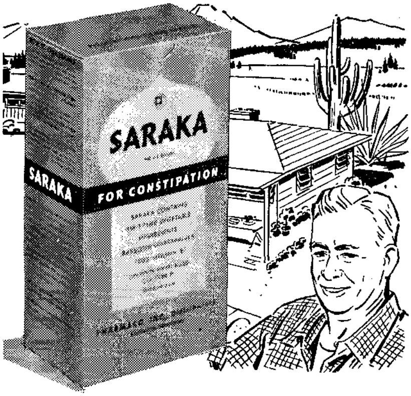
Green's men rushed forward, battering down the door. Bullets from within killed one marine. Two of John Brown's men were bayoneted and John Brown himself, trying to use his emptied rifle as a club, fell wounded, slashed by Green's sword.

During the night, seven of John Brown's men escaped, but two were captured in a matter of days, ultimately to die on the gallows. Four other John Brown men would follow suit. Ten had been killed or would soon die of their wounds, including Oliver and Watson.

Except for one man killed, the marines suffered no losses. Aside from the mayor and the baggage-master, two civilians of the area had been killed, both while armed and engaged in the fighting. None of John Brown's prisoners were in the least injured.

Shortly after the raid, John Brown told one Virginian: "I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity . . . you had better—all you people in the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement. . . . You may dispose of me easily . . . but this question is still to be settled—this Negro question I

From the new
Laboratories of Longer Living
comes news about
SARAKA



The modern bulk stimulant to help regularity
...for today's younger men and women over 45

From retirement "sunshine-colonies"—Laboratories of Longer Living—where every skill and service is available for health, recreation and comfort, word is spreading about the miracle of SARAKA.

Unlike harsh 'trigger' laxatives SARAKA's gentle *double action* helps maintain natural-like regularity. Only SARAKA contains Bassorin to add the bulk often lacking in the diet, plus Cortex Frangula for mild stimulant laxative action . . . and vitamin B1. No wonder many doctors who recommend SARAKA are themselves users!

Get SARAKA and take as directed. Middle-age constipation will be relieved and you'll be helped to the easy regularity of youth again.

mean. The end of that is not yet."

At his trial, in Charlestown at the end of October, John Brown made no admissible defense under Virginia law. But with ringing oratory, he reiterated his belief that his acts had been right and righteous under a "greater law." Found guilty of treason against Virginia, of conspiracy to commit treason, and of murder, he was sentenced to be hanged on December 2.

For 100 years, historians have debated the question of John Brown's sanity. The consensus is that his raid on Harper's Ferry was a lunatic act but that his subsequent behavior was quite rational, when he consciously demanded to be hanged, foreseeing the effect of his martyrdom. On the eve of his execution, John Brown wrote his family: "I am waiting the hour of my public *murder* with great composure of mind & cheerfulness: feeling the strongest assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advance the cause of God; & of humanity."

Just as John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry had provoked the South, so did his impending execution enrage the North. As the execution approached, abolitionists packed meetings in Cleveland, Rochester, Syracuse, New York City, Concord, New Bedford, Plymouth and elsewhere. At the largest gathering, in Boston, William Lloyd Garrison passionately shouted that he had once worked to abolish slavery by peaceful means, but now, rather than see Negroes "wearing chains in a cowed and servile spirit . . ." he would prefer that they break "the heads of their tyrant masters with their chains."

The South answered with bitter counter-threats. The North, announced a fiery Mississippi Senator, "has declared war on us and I am for fighting it out to the bitter end!"

The name of John Brown had become a rallying cry to the North, a hated epithet to the South.

Then came December 2, execution day. Chips of wood from the crude gallows would sell as souvenirs for 50 years. Among the soldiers present were at least two who would soon die in the Civil War—Turner Ashby and a professor of military tactics named Jackson, yet to be called Stonewall. Also among the soldiers was an ignoble man who had joined a company of Richmond militia just so he could boast of seeing John Brown hanged. He was a bombastic actor with little talent—John Wilkes Booth.

The gallows reached, John Brown jumped down from the wagon unaided. He mounted the last steps he would ever climb alone; no clergyman accompanied him, for he had rejected spiritual counsel from any residing in a slave state. Looking about him, shortly before he plummeted to his death, John Brown said quietly: "A man couldn't have asked for prettier weather."

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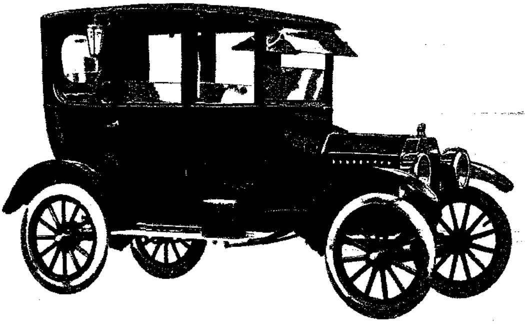


The immortal Model T

by Joseph Stocker

Ungainly, unchanging and indestructible, Henry Ford's
cantankerous "Tin Lizzie" ruled
the road for 19 colorful, trail-blazing years

IN THIS ERA of gaudy, expensive, annually obsolescent automobiles, it is hard to realize that a man once grew rich by manufacturing for 19 years the same car in the same model and the same color.

The man was Henry Ford and the car was his remarkable Model T.

It was an odd-looking contraption, seven feet tall from top to pavement, as ungraceful as a village pump, as eccentric as the village hermit. It went its way making a noise like the end of the world. But it wrought prodigious changes in our nation's living; it was a revolution on wheels.

The Model T Ford—more familiarly referred to as the "flivver," "Tin Lizzie," "Leaping Lena" and "The Spirit of St. Vitus"—made its debut in 1908. By 1927, when he finally discontinued it, Henry Ford had produced 15,458,781 Model T's. This was as many cars as were turned out by all other automobile companies put together.

Where Ford's competitors issued new models every year, the Model T remained unchanged, except for minor improvements. It kept its same strange, three-pedal floor board (clutch pedal on the left; reverse pedal in the center; brake on the right). And it was an unvarying black. ("Any customer can have a car painted any color he wants," said Ford, "so long as it is black.")

The Model T had other quaint characteristics. There was no left-front door—only the outline of one stamped into the metal. There was no water pump. When the engine over-heated, you lifted the sides of the hood and folded them under. This, as one eyewitness described it, gave the car the "appearance of a hen with her wings akimbo." There was no gas gauge, either. To find out how much fuel you had, you got out of the car, removed the front seat, unscrewed the gas cap beneath it and thrust in a stick or a ruler.

The lights of the Model T operated, not on a battery, but on a magneto (introduced after 1914), and glowed or faded according to the speed of the engine. If you became lost at night and stopped to get your bearings, you had to race your engine for enough light to read a sign or peer up the road ahead.

Starting a flivver was a massive test of patience, timing and strength. You turned the ignition switch, jerked the spark down, shoved the accelerator up (in early models both were levers under the steering wheel), set the emergency brake and walked resolutely to the front of the car. Pulling the choke wire which extended through the radiator, you grabbed the crank and gave it a hearty spin. If the engine caught, you raced back and jerked the accelerator down again before your snorting, quivering mount shook itself to pieces.

Yet with all its eccentricities, the Model T had three hugely endearing attributes. It was cheap (as low as $265 at one time). It was easy to drive. And it was durable. "She may not be pretty," flivver owners conceded, "but she gets you there and she brings you back."

A farmer wrote to the Ford factory that he had bought a second-hand Model T roadster two years old. He used it for 13 years as a farm truck, never had to overhaul it, put it in a repair shop only twice and spent just $40 on mechanical upkeep. "I do not know how many hundreds of thousands of miles it has run," the farmer wrote, "as the speedometer was worn out when I bought the car and I never bothered to put another one on."

HENRY FORD was in the automobile business five years before he started producing the Model T. He had begun, logically, with the Model A, a two-cylinder car generating eight horsepower. He went from that to the four-cylinder Model B and on through the alphabet, although some of the models got no further than the drawing board.

Model K, when it came along, almost broke the infant Ford Motor Co. To placate stockholders who thought cars were only for the rich, he priced the Model K at $2,750—and had to sell every one at a loss.

This experience stiffened Ford's determination to produce a cheap car. In due course, there emerged from his factory in the Highland Park suburb of Detroit, a Ford known as the Model T. As one student of the era has since observed, "That car had integrity. Perhaps nothing in it was beautiful—but nothing in it was false."

Standardized parts, mass-produced, were a prime reason for the cheapness of the Model T. You could buy a muffler for $2, a front fender for $6, a carburetor for $6. Model T parts were available almost everywhere—including five-and-ten-cent-stores—and in some of the world's most out-of-the-way places.

One astonished motorist told of having broken the drive-shaft pinion in his Model T's differential gear as he jounced across the wastes of Palestine soon after World War I. While he waited for a horse to tow him out, he sought something to eat in a nearby Arab mud hut village. A villager produced some parched beans and a crude scale, contrived of string and two pans. Into one pan he poured the beans. In the other he placed a weight. It was a Ford drive-shaft pinion. The Arab had picked it up at a British Army repair depot during the war.

But the marvel of the Model T was its planetary transmission. There was no gearshift to be jiggled until, with grinding and snarling, you slipped into gear. All you did was push the clutch pedal nearly to the floor, which put you in low gear, and give her the gas. When you were hurtling along at 20 miles per hour, you released the clutch to go into high. For reverse, you depressed the center pedal. A child could do it.

Attracted by their simplicity as well as their economy, people bought flivvers in droves. For a long time Ford couldn't make enough of them to supply the demand. From 1918 to 1923, although local Ford dealers advertised, Ford disdained to do so. He didn't have to. One of his top executives was heard to remark, with some satisfaction and pardonable pride, that the Model T wasn't sold—it was simply "handed over the counter."

And so the flivver proliferated. One wisecrack of the period was: "Two flies can manufacture 48,876,552,154 new flies in six months, but they haven't anything on two Ford factories." Model T's rattled through the towns and cities and along the country roads. Farmers installed tractor wheels and did their plowing with Model T's. They jacked up the rear end, removed a tire, attached a belt and ran buzz saws, pumped water, churned butter, ground feed and generated electricity. Railroads put flanged wheels on Model T's and used them as inspection cars. Movie companies made Model T's collapsible and used them in Keystone Cop comedies.

In the wake of its popularity there sprang up a whole school of Model T humor:

"Why is a Ford like a bathtub?"

"You hate to be seen in one."

"Didja know that Ford's going to paint his cars yellow so they can be hung outside of grocery stores and sold in bunches like bananas?"

The Devil (to a new arrival): "Help yourself to any of these cars and take a spin around Hades."

Motorist: "But these are all Fords."

Devil: "Sure, that's the Hell of it."

"Heard the one about the farmer? He stripped the tin roof off his barn, sent it to Ford and got back a letter saying, 'While your car was an exceptionally bad wreck, we will be able to complete repairs and return it by the end of the week!' "

These Model T jokes grew so plentiful that ultimately they were anthologized into books and hawked on railroad trains as, "Uncanny Stories About a Canny Car."

One of the few people who thought Ford jokes unfunny was James Couzens who variously served as treasurer and vice president of the company and later was a U.S. Senator. A Detroit newspaper reporter wrote a story about the epidemic of Model T jokes and included several samples. Couzens forthwith sent a tart note forbidding the paper ever to mention the name of the Ford Motor Co. again. This, of course, was a fairly meaningless injunction. More meaningful was the fact that Couzens also cancelled all of Ford's advertising in the paper.

The reporter went to see Ford.

"Jim has no sense of humor," chuckled Ford. "I'll cancel the cancellation." Then he told the reporter some new Ford stories he'd just heard himself.

Plainly, the Model T magnate recognized that Ford jokes—complimentary or otherwise—were fine free publicity. One of his own favorite stories concerned the time he was traveling in a Ford car, inspecting some Michigan lumber properties with several aides. They came onto a farmer who was having trouble with his automobile—a beaten-up Ford. Ford and his men stopped, went to work on the car and, after replacing some spark plugs, got it running again.

"How much do I owe you fellers?" asked the farmer.

"Nothing," said Ford, rolling down his sleeves.

The farmer looked at him dubiously "Can't make you out," he puzzled. "You talk as if money didn't mean anything to you, but if you've got so much money, why are you running around in a Ford?"

Henry Ford did indeed make a lot of money out of the Model T. He became, in fact, one of the two or three wealthiest men in the world. Moreover, the Model T brought fantastic returns to his original stockholders before he bought them all out. A young Detroit lawyer, John W. Anderson, invested $5,000 and got back $12,500,000. Jim Couzens' sister, who skeptically put up $100 (but refused to go as high as $200), collected $95,000 in dividends and was finally paid $260,000 for her $100 interest. In all, $28,000 was invested in the Ford Motor Co. by 12 people, and in ten years they made back a quarter-billion dollars.

Henry Ford castigated competitors who brought out new models every year. "It does not please us to have a buyer's car wear out or become obsolete," he said. "We want the man who buys one of our products never to have to buy another."

But in the mid-1920s, the flivver began to encounter sales resistance. Other makes, with their gearshifts, accessories, lively colors and annual model changes, were catching the fancy of the public. Ford blamed the Model T's loss of popularity on almost everything except the Model T. He said that the dealers' "mental attitude" was bad. He said that the American people had "fallen under the spell of salesmanship." But at last, reluctantly, Ford agreed that the Model T had to give way to mechanical progress.

The whole nation waited in tingling suspense for news of the new Ford. When the new Model A appeared with stylish lines and in different colors, it made the front page of practically every newspaper in the U.S. And with it came one final Ford joke: "Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie."

Not everybody greeted the changeover with great joy. When an elderly woman in New Jersey heard that the Model T's were being discontinued, she bought seven of them and stored them away so she would have Model T's the rest of her life and never have to change.

On May 26, 1927, the 15,000,000th Model T rolled off the assembly line. Shortly afterward production of the phenomenal flivvers stopped entirely. An era had ended.

EASING THE LOAD

A LITTLE GIRL listened to the reading of the text: "My yoke is easy . . ." in her Sunday School class.

The teacher asked, "Who can tell me what a yoke is?"

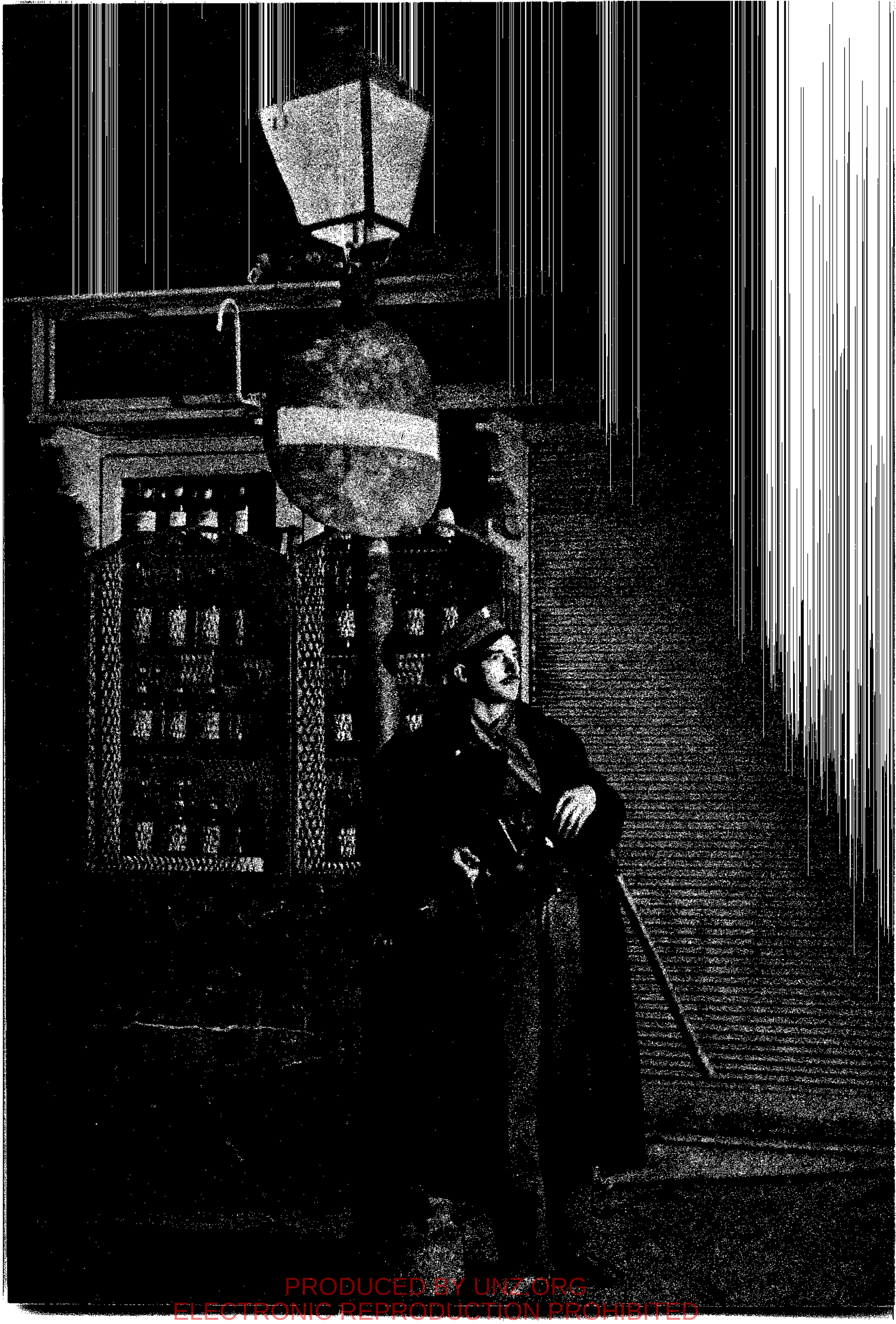
The youngster replied, "Something they put on the necks of animals."

"And do you know what is the meaning of God's yoke?" the teacher inquired.

The little girl thought for a moment, then said, "That's when God puts His arms around our neck!"

—REV. A.P. BAILEY *(Quote)*

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3,1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1959. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: Arthur Stein; Editor: Lewis W. Gillenson; Managing Editor: Bernard Glaser; Business Manager: A. L. Blinder, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of stock are: The Smart Family Foundation, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart Trust, c/o City National Bank & Trust Company, 208 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York; Edgar Richards, 9958 Durant Drive, Beverly Hills, California; Florence Richards, 9958 Durant Drive, Beverly Hills, California; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Northern Trust Company, John Smart and Edgar Richards as successor trustees (Sue Smart Trust, Joan Elden Trust and Richard Elden Trust), 50 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; A. L. Blinder, 5 Horseguard Lane, Scarsdale, New York; Arnold Gingrich, 273 West 12 Street, New York, New York. Stock to the extent of more than 1 percent is registered in the name of the following company, but the company is a nominee for a number of stockholders, no one of whom is known to own more than 1 percent: Wood Walker & Company, 63 Wall Street, New York, New York. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the cirrcumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. A. L. Blinder, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this eighteenth day of September, 1959 (Seal) Dorothy R. Rogich (My commission expires March 30, 1961.)



No one knows when a *sereno*—night watchman—first patrolled the dark streets of Madrid (left). Without him, you cannot get into your house after 11 P.M. Equipped with a night stick and a belt full of big iron keys to the city's ancient buildings, he hurries up one street and down another, answering the hand-clapped summonses of those who come home late. Working from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M., he may make less than 50 cents in tips—scant reward in view of the discretion required of a *sereno*. For the prime requirement of his calling is to see everything and remember nothing. Just as the *sereno* typifies Spanish life, so do people in certain curious occupations around the world symbolize the personalities of their countries. On these pages are some of those people who bear the unique stampings of their native lands.

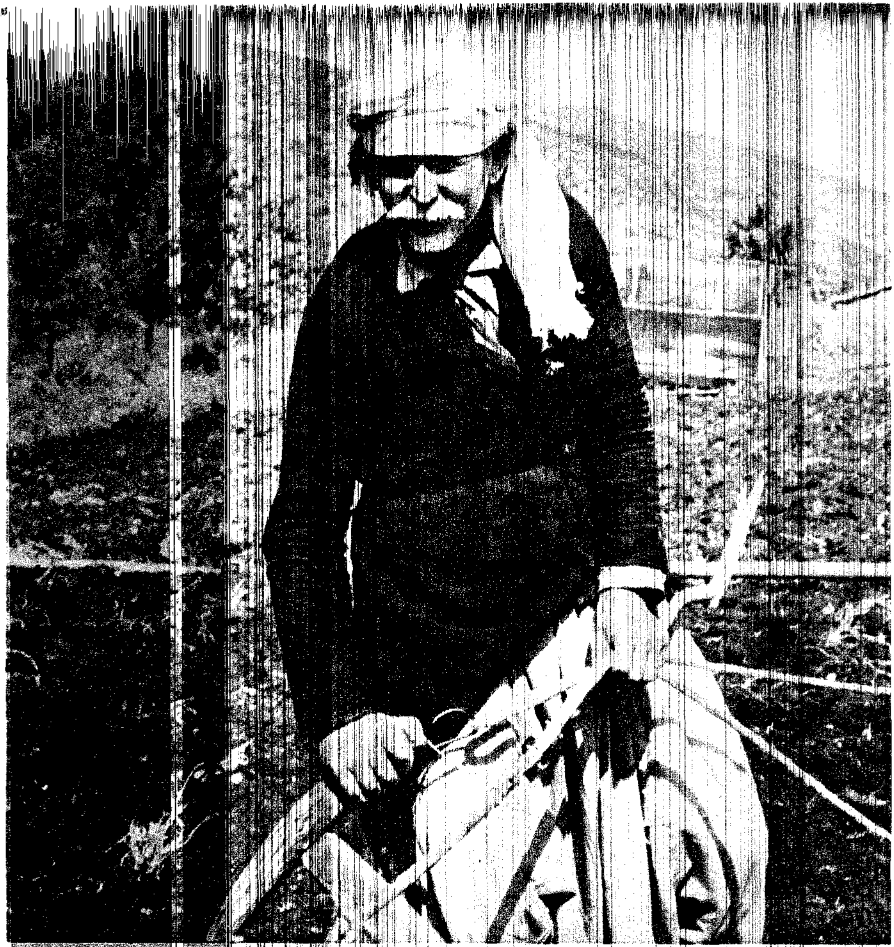
FOR 1,000 YEARS, Venetians have gone to their baptisms, their weddings and their funerals in a gondola. This preference for the graceful, arch-prowed craft—and for excursions on the Grand Canal for purely romantic reasons—produced the Venetian gondolier, a man of infinite pride and theatrical mien who can probably tick off at least four generations of canal pilots on his family tree. When Venice was queen of the Adriatic, its gondolas were studded with jewels and cushioned with silks. Today, little but the tradition remains: the magnificent fleet, once 10,000 strong, is down to 400 canal-worn vessels—far fewer in number than the noisy but swifter motorboats—most of whose business comes from sentimental American tourists. But despite all, Venetians firmly believe the gondola and its flamboyant helmsman are here to stay. "Venice is a picture," declared one. "Take away the gondola and you have taken away the frame."

HIGH IN THE SWISS ALPS, two climbers picked their wa
through a jagged ravine. Suddenly a dread sound came f
the roar preceding a stone slide. The lead climber raced bac
the man behind and, with his own body, shielded him fro
rocks. He was a guide and, in risking his life to protect his co
lived up to a century-old Alpine code. He came back bruised
but his fellow climber came back with him. In Switzerland,
guide is regarded with the same adulation that Americans best
heroes, and it is the dream of every adventuresome lad to lead
party into the mountains. Few callings are more hazardous;
may often earn more money; exhaustive training and an exami
ing three weeks precede required licensing by the gover
the guides, a breed apart, can hardly conceive of another

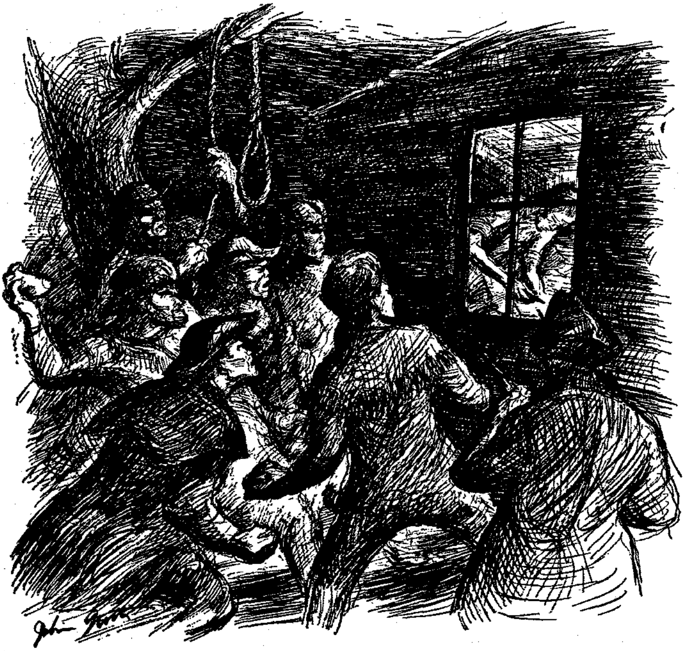
THOUGH A JAPANESE GEISHA's career may start at the
likely to be over before she is 30. In-between, like s
replaced Cinderella, she glides delicately through life,
women, admired by men. About her, there hangs an air (
art transforms Japan's geisha houses into places where gr
men and statesmen often come to discuss important m
decorously in the background or pouring *saké* with a light
in graceful dance or raising her voice in the sadness of s
sole aim is to please. To this end, she has undergone perha
intensive—and unique—training. She has studied dancir
a subtle, guitar-like instrument called a *samisen*. Ther
lacquered and her flowered silk kimono framing an image
ness, she takes her place in the geisha house, where romanti

THE AMERICAN JANITRESS h
cierge—except that Ameri
scrub floors, fix plumbing; re
tenants, mend shirts or sit with
must attest to his legal residen
When banks, credit houses or
where do they go? To his conc
sees all who enter, hears their c
ments, knows more about each
mother. Finally, she usually h
P.M. The logic (typically Fren
to open the front door becau
don't they have keys? Becaus

A BRITISH BOBBY, having arrested a housebreaker, was recording the incident in the precinct station: "I walked up to the accused and said, 'You are under arrest.' The accused said to me, 'You may go to the devil.' I declined and brought the accused in." Thus, in a few short sentences, the unvarying principles of the London police were again affirmed: persistence, dignity and a kind of grim politeness. The bobbies were named for their first chief, Sir Robert Peel, in 1829. Now 15,000 strong, and armed with brawn, wit and a night stick (no firearms), it is their imposing majesty—enhanced by bell-shaped helmets and a deliberate, pacing march on patrol—that is most reassuring to Londoners. Their two-year training covers all aspects of criminal investigation; the emphasis is on helpfulness and courtesy. One result: English mothers don't get very far by invoking the threat of a bobby as punishment for a misbehaving child.



HIS LEATHERY FACE burnished by the hot sun, this white mustached farmer tills the soil with a crude wooden plow that has not changed appreciably in generations. His home is a short distance from one of history's crossroads—the village of Nazareth where, nearly 20 centuries ago, the child Jesus was born in a manger. Today, he is one of 200,000 Arabs living and working in Israel; all around him farmers are changing to modern methods and equipment. But the old man clings to a dying tradition. His daily chores are like his implements: no different from those of his father and his father's father. The roots of Christianity and the churnings of current Middle Eastern politics are far removed from the ritual of working his land—insulated as he is by his ancient desert culture. "The government?" he shrugs. "They leave me alone. I leave them alone. It is different with the soil—that is what a man cannot leave alone."



He
took his life
in his
hands to save
her life...
if he failed,
he'd
be lynched

Dr. McDowell's Christmas gamble

by Herbert S. Benjamin, M.D.

IT WAS DECEMBER 25,1809, in the wilderness town of Danville, Kentucky. A silent, tense, ominous mob was gathered in the snow outside the home of frontier surgeon Ephraim McDowell. They had fashioned a hangman's noose for the doctor's neck, and the only noise that could be heard in the chill, windy clearing was the rhythmic thwacking of the rope against the gallows tree. With each swing of the rope the tension rose. The crowd began to murmur, then suddenly the mob charged the door. The sheriff pleaded for them to stay back.

From the primitive, log-timbered house came the sound of a woman's voice singing a Christmas hymn. Inside, a wondrous event was transpiring. For the first time in history, a surgeon was successfully opening the abdomen of a human patient and excising a deadly tumor. This was the birth of abdominal surgery, a science which has since saved untold millions of lives, and relieved millions more from prolonged suffering.

The very idea of cutting open a human abdomen—even to save a life—was abhorrent to those who learned the news of the operation.

Accordingly, they had decided that if the patient died, the surgeon must die, too—by lynching.

There was no anesthesia; instead, the patient, Mrs. Thomas Crawford, clenched her hands and sang a hymn. Antisepsis was not yet invented. McDowell and his assistants operated in ordinary clothes—but instinctively McDowell had ordered the water for washing boiled first.

This tall, red-faced, rawboned man was no ordinary surgeon. An expert anatomist, a man of incredible physical stamina, and the best-known surgeon along the frontier, McDowell had examined Mrs. Crawford on the kind of house call which was daily routine for him—a 120-mile, round-trip, horseback ride through the wilderness. Mrs. Crawford had thought she was ten months pregnant, but McDowell saw that her body was swollen with a deadly ovarian tumor.

Faced with certain death or the kind of operation never performed before, Mrs. Crawford agreed to accompany McDowell on horseback through the stormy wilds to Danville, where he had assistants to help perform major surgery.

In 25 minutes, McDowell removed the 22½-pound tumor, tipped his courageous patient's body over like a cup to empty excess blood, and sewed up the incisions. Mrs. Crawford recovered and lived on until the ripe age of 79. McDowell, who had risked his neck to save a life, was spared a hanging.

He performed this kind of operation successfully again and again in his Danville home, but most people were so horrified at the thought of cutting open human abdomens that McDowell was said to be in league with the devil. He was often stoned while galloping by on horseback on his way to some distant patients.

Other doctors were long reluctant to try such drastic surgery or even to assist McDowell. For one operation he could not get a capable medical assistant. Instead, he used the services of a kindred pioneer spirit, Andrew Jackson, later to become President of the U. S., after first instructing his friend on how to hold retractors and handle instruments.

For this operation, performed on the wife of one of the richest men in the U.S., McDowell presented a bill for $500. The grateful husband sent a check for $1,500 with a note saying the operation was worth at least that much, the highest medical fee ever paid in the U.S. up to the time. McDowell's fame spread to Europe, and three times he was called across the Atlantic to operate.

One day, 20 years after his first historical operation, McDowell, himself, came down with a crushing attack of abdominal pain. He died on June 25, 1830. If the world had not scorned him, but had recognized his pioneering surgery for what it was—one of medicine's greatest steps forward—abdominal surgery might have progressed enough in the meantime to have saved the life of its creator, America's frontier hero, Ephraim McDowell. ♛

The storm over Lady Chatterley's Lover

The "Lady" defeated our Postmaster General, dealt movie censorship a vital blow, set publishers at swords' points and sells by the millions

by **BERGEN EVANS**

ONE OF THE most important books published in the U.S. in 1959 was written and first published in Italy in 1928, set in type by compositors who couldn't understand a word of it, and had, for 31 years, been confiscated by our customs officers and banned from our mails: D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Like water pressure that has slowly built up behind a cracked dam, the suppressed book suddenly burst upon us; challenging the power of our Postmaster General; demanding reinterpretation of our Constitution by the U.S. Supreme Court, and, in its movie version—produced in France—dealing U.S. film censorship a vital blow.

On opening the book at random,

the casual reader might chance on passages that would make his hair stand on end. Most female readers have probably never seen—many never even heard—some of the words that would be spread before them. Most men are familiar with all of them but have probably never seen so many in print.

President Eisenhower, when Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield showed him a copy of the book in which these words were marked, exclaimed "Dreadful. . . . We can't have it!"

But Judge Frederick vanPelt Bryan, of the U.S. District Court, said that we can have it and that the Post Office must bring it to us if we send for it. And the U.S. Supreme Court said that we could see it represented on the screen; and that the banning of the picture by New York State was a denial of our Constitutional right to be exposed to ideas that do not necessarily support the conventions of our society.

Few works by established authors have had as much difficulty getting published in full, unexpurgated form as has the "shocking" version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Since D. H. Lawrence wrote the book in three versions, of which the "shocking" version is the third, it has been one of the most controversial books of all time.

Upon the private printing of this version in a limited edition of 1,000 copies, in Florence in 1928, the book was promptly pirated, parodied, confiscated, expurgated and bootlegged —all to the accompaniment of a violent attack in the press. The Manchester (England) *Sunday Chronicle* typically had no "hesitation in describing (it) as one of the most filthy and abominable (books) ever written," an outrage on decency "reeking with obscenity and lewdness." *John Bull,* an English magazine, found it "shameful . . . a landmark" in obscenity, "the most evil outpouring that has ever besmirched the literature of our country."

A few voices were raised in the novel's defense, but were scarcely heard in the uproar of condemnations. The customs and mails of Great Britain and the U.S. were at once closed to the book. This, of course, established a lively trade in smuggling, which couldn't meet the demand that the vociferous disapproval had created. Within a few years there were several pirated European editions which could be bought in France and elsewhere. For about 30 years, intellectuals were practically compelled to sneak copies past the customs inspectors in the U.S. or England exactly as a good hostess had to serve bootleg whisky during Prohibition.

When in the spring of 1959, a book club mailed circulars advertising an unexpurgated edition of this notorious work, and Grove Press of New York mailed out copies of the book, a challenge was hurled which Postmaster General Summerfield (charged by Congress with the duty of excluding obscenity from the mails) could hardly ignore.

Not that Summerfield was inclined to do so. He found the book "obscene" and denied it the mails.

The publisher—who could have

been ruined by this edict for, aside from financial loss, he would also be subject to criminal penalties—immediately sued in Federal District Court to have the ruling set aside. He called as witnesses some of this country's foremost literary critics. They insisted the book was "one of the most important works of fiction of the century" marked by "intense nobility of purpose." They even went so far as to stress its high "religious quality" and "consecrated vein."

Judge Bryan, after hearing both sides, decided that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was "an honest and sincere novel of literary merit." The scenes which affronted the Postmaster General he found "relevant to the plot and the development of the characters" and the language which Mr. Eisenhower regarded as "dreadful" seemed to him "not inconsistent with character, situation or theme." He therefore overruled the Postmaster General and ordered that the uncensored book be allowed the privileges of the mails. This ruling stands as of the present writing.

The publicity leading up to the decision gave the book an enormous sale. Not only did the Grove Press edition sell briskly (@ $6 a copy) but rival editions sprang up like mushrooms. Some were of the earlier (less spicy) versions and some were expurgated, so that many a reader must have been frustrated if he was searching for salacity.

The attitude of the public was one of puzzlement. People wondered: if the Postmaster General is ordered to exclude obscenity from the mails, must he not decide what is obscene? Or if not he, who is to decide? And most important of all, does such exclusion do any good? Before we can attempt to answer these questions we must examine the message of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

CONSTANCE, Lady Chatterley, is married to Sir Clifford Chatterley, who has been severely wounded in World War I and is paralyzed from the waist down and sexually impotent. He has become a successful writer and his house, in the coal district of the English Midlands, has become a meeting place for a group of intellectuals. Sir Clifford and his guests talk interminably (*Chatterley* is not without significance). Constance is their equal but she finds them utterly sterile. She has an unsatisfactory affair with one of the guests. The emptiness of her husband's world frightens and depresses her.

Sir Clifford is aware of her depression. He casually suggests that she have a child by some other man, a child he will treat as his heir. She is shocked more by the casualness of the suggestion than by the suggestion itself. His arrogant disregard of her as a person with dignity and feelings makes her resolve to leave her husband, rather than any mere breach of their marriage oath.

At this point she is drawn to Oliver Mellors, Sir Clifford's gamekeeper, a working man who had become an army officer (a much rarer occurrence in the British Army of World War I than it would be today). He has no intention of "creeping up into the middle classes." But he cannot return to his own class and prefers to live alone in the woods and moors, occupied with his guns, his dog and game birds.

Mellors, so different from her husband, fascinates Lady Chatterley. After several chance meetings they become lovers. He does not seduce her. But, once involved, his love is passionate and tender.

Their encounters are described at length, in great detail. In each of his two revisions of the novel, Lawrence elaborated the particulars of their love meetings. He felt the intimate details to be essential.

To Sir Clifford, the body was a repulsive nuisance which he felt would be eliminated in time ("by whatever God there is") as the race evolved into "a higher, more spiritual being." Constance, awakened by Mellors' intense love, has come to believe that the body can be spiritual. "I feel," she defiantly answers, "that whatever God there is has at last wakened up in my guts . . . and is rippling happily there."

The thought that God inhabits the guts, as well as the heart and brain, will be offensive to many people—as it was to Sir Clifford. But contempt for such a reaction was the very thing Lawrence was seeking to express; and his torrent of four-letter words was intended to defy his own generation just as Lady Chatterley defied Sir Clifford.

As Constance is drawn into love for Mellors, Sir Clifford sinks into an infantile sexual dependence on his nurse. In suggesting this relationship, Lawrence employs none of the four-letter words because to the author it isn't basically a healthy, four-letter relationship but a sick and complicated business. As Sir Clifford descends into perversion, he becomes a hard-driving and successful business man.

This is not intended as a coincidence. Lawrence, who believed passionately that the modern industrial, mechanized world was sterilizing and stultifying, leaves no doubt that in his mind there was some connection between business success and arrested sexual development.

At the end of the book, Constance is pregnant and is planning to obtain a divorce and marry the gamekeeper.

THAT SUCH IDEAS about love, marriage and success would be startling and repugnant to many people goes without saying. But the book would not have been forbidden had it not been for Lawrence's profuse use of six of the so-called "Anglo-Saxon four-letter words." (Actually, one of the six is debased Latin.)

Malcolm Cowley, in the *Lady Chatterley* Federal court hearing, called them "the secret language of men" and said that with the general decline of male superiority they had been appropriated by women. But this is not accurate. Most educated men still use them very little and most women not at all.

Up to and through the time of Shakespeare and the King James Bible, the four-letter words were not secret. But their suppression in the 17th century by the Puritans, who hated the body, created a linguistic problem not only for authors who write in English but for the hundreds of millions of people who read and speak it. We must face the extraordinary fact that, alone among the languages of the world, ours simply has *no* decent, respectable words to express the daily acts of excretion and procreation upon which all life rests. In France, one sees *"Defenser de pisser ici"* on official public signs but the equivalent in English would be unprintable.

In our everyday lives we have two sets of terms for sex and excretion, one scientific, the other vulgar. Most people, in desperation, develop a private family language to meet the necessities of communication. But that doesn't help the writer who must speak to a general audience.

To have employed the scientific terms would have defeated the central purpose of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Lawrence regarded them as dishonest evasions that endorsed the belief that sex is a dirty secret. And so he chose the common words which, he felt, had retained in the mouths and minds of the working class a sturdy, earthy reality and a noble frankness.

That, of course, was romantic nonsense. The modern reader is embarrassed by these words, and not so much by their indecency. They just don't ring true. The four-letter words (despite Lawrence's own belief) have little to do with the basic idea of the novel—that men and women allow their animal and emotional selves to save them from dehumanization in an industrial world.

And the theme of the book is not, as the Postmaster General saw it, "an approval of promiscuous sexual relationship. . . ." It is rather that sex without love is a sin against humanity.

This may or may not be so, but it is about as far from dirt for dirt's sake, as one can get.

As a teacher and a student, I believe that the censoring of books is an affront to every adult in the nation. It is the control of learning by ignorance, of wisdom by stupidity. "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book," John Milton wrote more than 300 years ago. "Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature . . . but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself."

Censorship always professes, of course, to be for our own good. Though scores of censors have insisted, in the past 30 years, that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* will corrupt anyone allowed to read it, no censor has ever admitted that *he* was corrupted by it. Today, in particular, it is the juvenile who will become delinquent if these self-appointed guardians do not intervene. But juvenile delinquents spend very little time with books, obscene or otherwise; they do not (alas!) live in the world of the printed word.

In the realm of sexual customs—the field in which censors are most industrious—the effect of books is very slight. Raping is a much older activity than reading and men are rarely incited to it by the printed page. If those who insist on censoring books are sincere, they should regulate all diversions—music and dancing and, above all, conversation; even advertising and beauty parlors; and no clothing but gunny sacks must be permitted to women. But

(*continued on page 150*)

"WHAT WAS MY DADDY LIKE?"

Little Demetra Kouropdos often asks her mother, "What was my daddy like?" She loves to hear about her father. He is part of Demetra's dream.

Mrs. Kouropdos tells the little girl about their happy life in Athens before the father died. Demetra can hardly believe it. Life was so different then from the desperate poverty she knows today.

The father's wages supported his wife and little son Nicholas adequately. When Demetra was expected they were overjoyed. Two months before Demetra was born the father died of pneumonia. Demetra thinks he might have recovered if she could have nursed him. She dreams of being a nurse and helping other people.

Mrs. Kouropdos encourages Demetra's dream. But deep in her heart she doubts that it can ever be. Since her husband's death, they have moved to a tiny room. Her own health will not permit her to work. Her small pension will not support 2 children. To send Demetra to school she had to place her son in an orphanage.

Demetra knows that without help she too may be separated from her mother. Still she holds to her dream . . . she will become a nurse and help someone in need like the father she never knew.

You can help a child like Demetra

Right now you can help a child like Demetra live a happier, more normal life. Through an SCF Sponsorship, your sponsored child receives supplementary food, warm clothing, household articles, and money. *And* the greatest gift of all —your friendship. Correspondence with a child through SCF gives hope and encouragement, not only to the child but to the child's family. Join the growing Save the Children Federation family of sponsors whose love and interest brings warmth and happiness to children in destitute areas of the free world.

Fill in the coupon below; begin an experience of "people-to-people" help, that can be one of the most gratifying experiences in your life.

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I want to sponsor a child at $150 a year in: Korea . . . Greece . . . France . . . West Germany (refugee children only) . . . Finland . . . Italy . . . Lebanon . . . or where need is greatest. . . . Enclosed is $150 for 1 year . . . $75 semi-annually . . . $37.50 for 1st quarter . . . $12.50 for 1st month . . . I cannot be a sponsor but enclosed is my gift of $..........................
Please send me my sponsored child's name, story and picture.

NAME..

ADDRESS...

CITY..................................ZONE.....STATE......................

Contributions are Deductible from Income Tax CO-12-9

(continued from page 148)

these restrictions won't work. Some civilizations have tried almost all of them and, strangely enough, have been most distinguished for their sexual excesses.

Today, many people sincerely believe that our society has a right to suppress the expression of repugnant ideas. But the men who established the United States of America thought otherwise.

Knowing that their own morality had recently been heresy and their own political ideals high treason, our forefathers wrote into the First Amendment to the Constitution, a guarantee of the citizen's right to advocate ideas—any ideas.

This has never been more forcefully stated than in the Supreme Court decision which set aside the New York State ban on the movie of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* a picture made in France and exhibited here with English subtitles, but without offensive language.

"It is contended," wrote Justice Potter Stewart, in the majority opinion, "that the State's action was justified because the motion picture attractively portrays a relationship contrary to the moral standards, the religious precepts and the legal code of its citizenry. This argument misconceives what it is that the Constitution protects. Its guarantee is not confined to the expression of ideas that are conventional or shared by a majority. It protects advocacy of the opinion that adultery may sometimes be proper, no less than advocacy of socialism or the single tax."

It is my personal belief that those who are bewildered by this principle are somewhat bewildered about the real meaning of America.

IN JANUARY CORONET

IS CAPITAL PUNISHMENT MURDER?

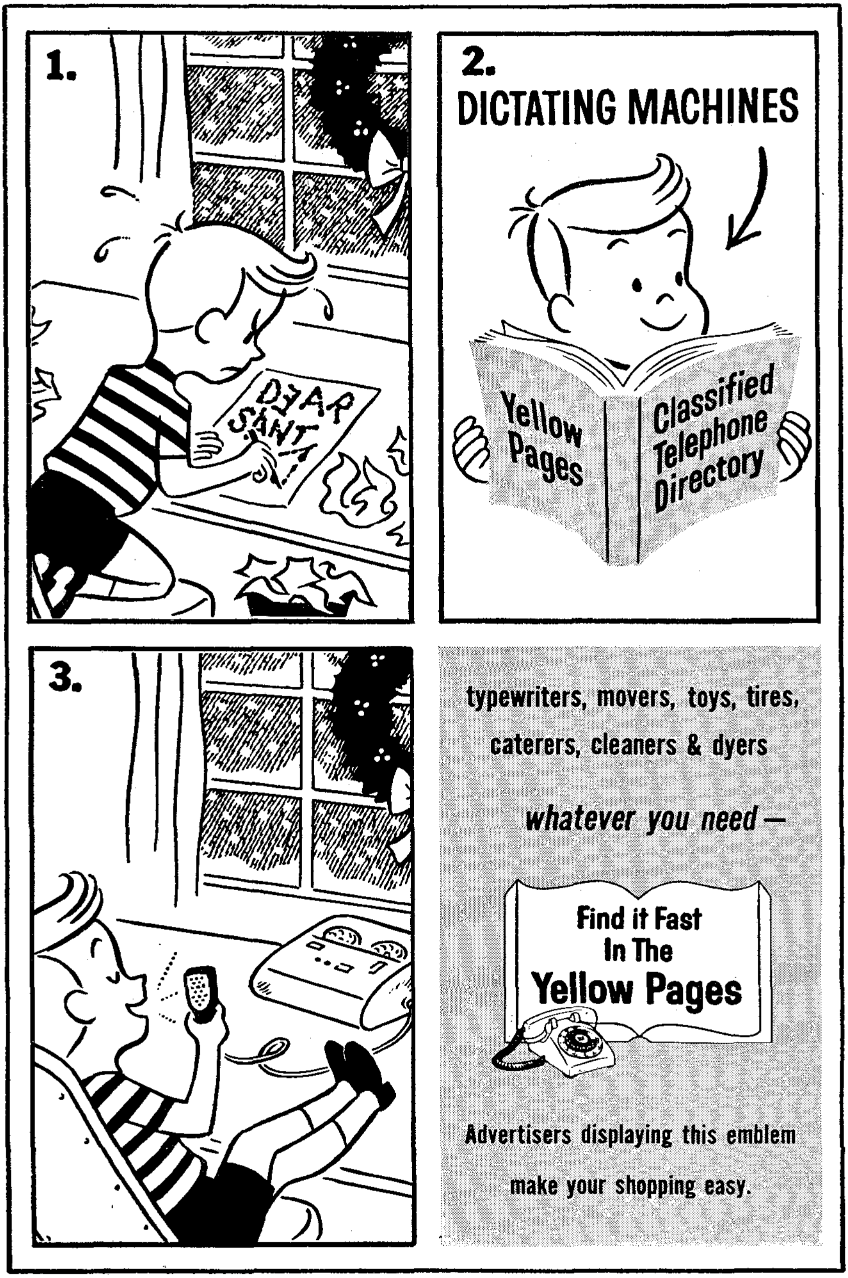
Many states are fiercely debating this great moral issue. Is the death penalty morally right—a deterrent to crime? How often are innocents executed? This timely, provocative article provides some surprising answers.

LET'S HAVE A CRASH PROGRAM TO BEAT CANCER!

Sen. Richard L. Neuberger, himself a cancer victim, calls for an all-out, half-billion dollar research effort like the crack-the-atom Manhattan Project, to beat a killer that takes the lives of 250,000 Americans each year.

A HILARIOUS BOOK CONDENSATION

Delightful and captivating adventures of the Danish family Jacobsen, from the rollicking book by Benjamin Jacobsen. By far the zaniest family to appear in print since *Life With Father.*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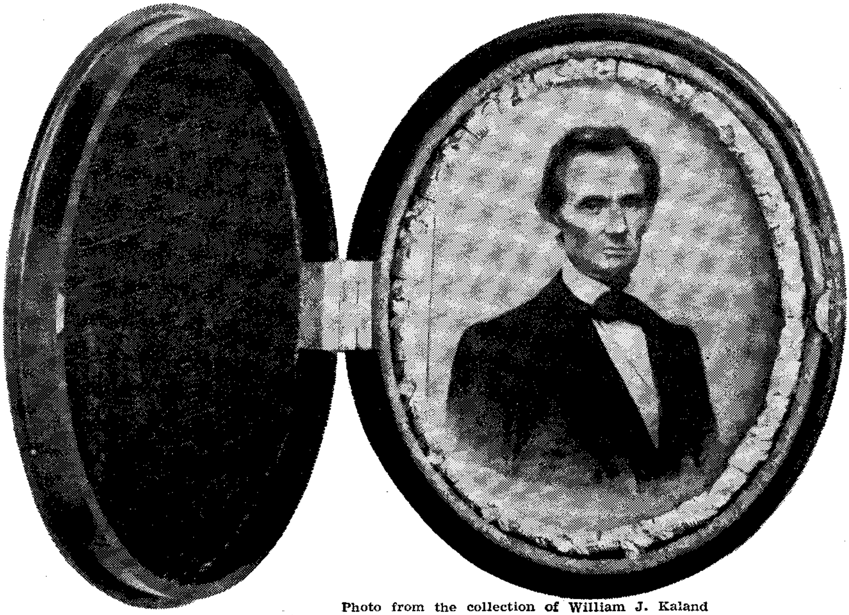

Photo from the collection of William J. Kaland

TV Finds Lincoln Treasure

In covering what Winston Churchill called "the war that had to be fought," Westinghouse Broadcasting Company producers used an entirely new kind of photo-detection to prove a hunch!

Television viewers across the country are now watching a new 13-part series on the American Civil War, produced and presented by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company . . . based on Mathew Brady's original photographs. The series is in itself very unusual, since TV has never before presented the whole story of the Civil War.

But during the production of the series, something else that was to be of great significance occurred. WBC's William Kaland, co-producer of the series, discovered a photographic portrait of Abraham Lincoln in a jewel case—which he bought on the spot.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

The similarity of this picture to the famous Brady photograph made at the time of Lincoln's celebrated Cooper Union speech was so striking, yet so different, that Kaland and his associate, Roy Meredith, determined to find out whether or not the newly found photograph was a different one from the Brady portrait made in 1860. Some Civil War historians claimed that only *one* picture was made at this Cooper Union sitting. To Kaland and Meredith this seemed invalid.

"It stands to reason," argued Meredith, "that a photographer as important as Brady wouldn't stop at one picture with a subject as eminent as Lincoln."

But just how could this newly found picture be proved to be an original Brady photograph? Ordinary photographic equipment used for detecting whether two photographs are identical was not exact enough to prove a very fine point. Precise scientific equipment was needed. Meredith, film expert, decided to use the most precise of all camera equipment—an optical printer.

After reproducing both photographs and running a short length of film on each negative, the pictures were overlapped and run through the optical printer simultaneously. From the negative an *optical* "fine grain" print was made.

When the results were flashed on the screen, the difference between the pictures was immediately apparent. *The eyes in the first did not match the eyes in the second; the hairline did not trace the hairline of the first; the left cheek of one dropped lower than its counterpart.*

The optical printer had proved their contention: the two pictures were different.

It is fitting that the discovery of a new Lincoln portrait by Brady should be made by Meredith and Kaland, for their entire television production is radically different from any ever before attempted on the Civil War.

For one thing, it is the first and only TV series ever to trace the conflicts and crises of the entire Civil War. But even more important, through an ingenious use of the same photographic techniques used to prove their hunch on the Lincoln "find", Westinghouse has revitalized the War.

In the *American Civil War Series,* the Civil War through Brady's photographs seems to move again in a pageant equal to the most dramatic and elaborate TV film productions ever undertaken. You see the actual faces of the soldiers bloodied in battle, the politicians, the women in their crinoline skirts, the many people who for good or bad carved a niche for themselves in history during that great conflict.

The series traces the conflicts and crises of the entire Civil War in 13 episodes that include "Storm Over Sumter," "Mr. Lincoln's Politics," "Gettysburg," "Grant and Lee," "Surrender at Appomattox," and "Night of the Assassins."

Nothing could be more authentic. No production more exciting.

The American Civil War Series is now being presented on the television stations of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company . . . in Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, San Francisco.

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There are baby sitters, ballroom dancers, barbers —even drunkards— in the feathered community

Arts and crafts of the birds

by Farrell Cross

"That's for the birds!" How many times have you said this of some job or activity you feel is beneath human dignity and intelligence? Actually, many birds have remarkable talents for the multitude of "occupations" they are equipped to handle.

Bills are one of their most interesting—and most noticeable—features. The Everglades kite has a bill hooked back in the opposite direction so he can dig tasty snails out of their shells, while the crossbill is equipped with tiny "pliers" for removing scales from the edible pine cones he likes to eat.

A great deal can be learned about birds by observing their feet. The heron needs portable stilts for wading in the shallows where he catches fish. The horned owl has stiletto-sharp claws for seizing and killing prey. The grebe can actually walk on water with his lobed feet and the ptarmigan sports heavily feathered "snowshoes" for trekking over the Arctic wastes.

Wings are even more specialized. The albatross, with a wingspan of up to 12 feet, knows how to take advantage of air currents set up by a ship in motion and can soar around the superstructure almost effortlessly for hours. In the mountains, the vulture exhibits his talents as a glider pilot; this bird of prey has been observed in flight for as long as three hours at a stretch without the slightest twitch of his wings. And the duck hawk has wings so streamlined he is said to have been clocked at more than 150 miles per hour in a dive.

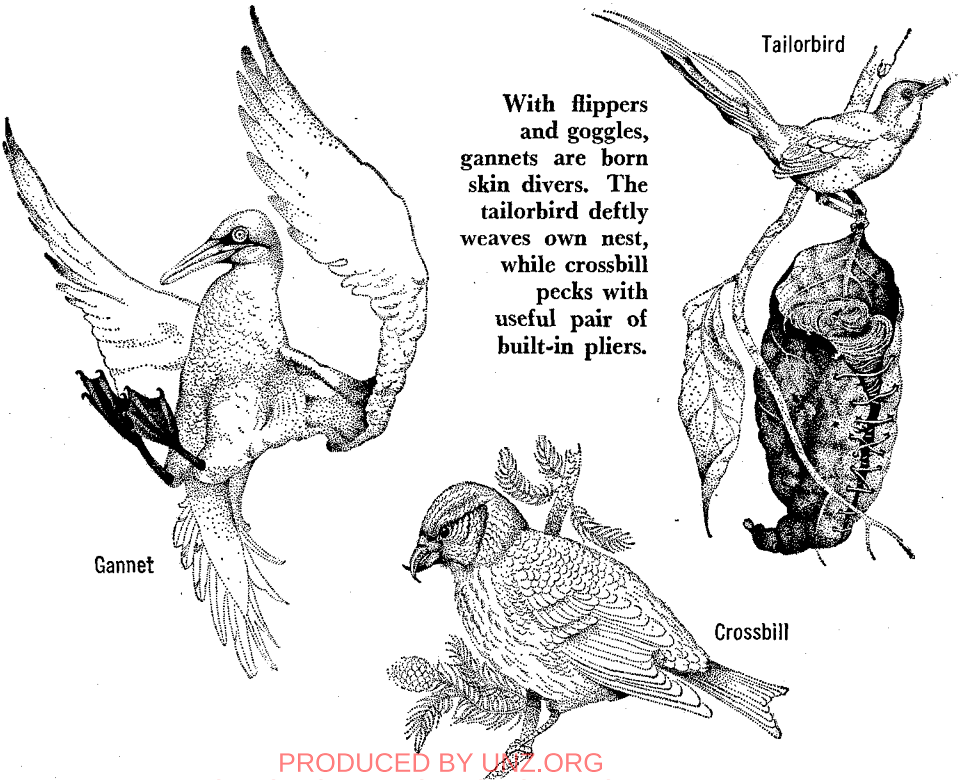
This kind of specialization leads to some remarkable, and often strangely human, occupations among birds. Long before man ever went in for skin diving, the gannet was enjoying the sport. His eyes, like those of other sea birds, are protected by extra eyelids which serve as natural goggles. His feet are shaped like our rubber flippers and his body is conditioned to depths as great as 60 to 100 feet. The buzzard is the prototype of the aerial cameraman; from hundreds of feet in the air his eyes can spot an object no larger than a field mouse.

Many of man's common professions are represented by birds and their activities. The shrike is known as the "butcher bird" because he has a habit of killing insects, mice, small birds and reptiles in quantities far too large for the meal at hand, then storing them in his natural "butcher shop"—a thorn tree or bush. And there is a less familiar barber bird—the motmot—which lives in South America. He is equipped with a notched bill that acts like a pair of scissors. With this he actually trims his central tail feathers to his taste.

A number of birds could qualify as masons or plasterers. The horned lark scoops a cup in clay soil as his home, and around the entrance he forms a kind of cement, into which he presses tiny pebbles for a "patio."

There are also a flock of feathered weavers and tailors. The Indian tailorbird punctures holes in the edges of leaves and pushes strands of cotton or other fibers through these, joining them together in a kind of funnel. Next, he pads this nest with soft materials, again making punctures with his bill and pulling tufts of the lining through here and there to fasten it securely to the outside leaf.

But among the most skilled of all the artisans is the baya of India. He uses his talents as a weaver to construct a strong, hanging nest with an opening at the bottom—somewhat like an inverted vase—and applies his plastering skills by using fibers, roots and mud to make the outside of the nest strong and dura-



With flippers and goggles, gannets are born skin divers. The tailorbird deftly weaves own nest, while crossbill pecks with useful pair of built-in pliers.

ble. Since the interior of this solidly built home is almost pitch dark, the baya shows what a fine electrician he is. He rounds up a dozen or so fireflies, affixes each one to the woven lining of the interior and enjoys one of the best-lighted homes in the animal world.

There are many actors in the bird world, too. Mockingbirds can mimic other birds, and can also imitate a cat mewing, a tiny baby crying or any number of other sounds native to their environment. Then there are the puffins, the large, red-nosed clowns of the North, which strut about with preposterous airs.

Among the professional dancers, the prairie chicken is perhaps the champion. He will pick a companion and go through the most elaborate steps. The trumpeter is an equally adept dancer. He and his neighbors gather together in the jungle and spend many hours making a dance floor. They scratch and peck until they have a kind of arena as smooth as a ballroom. Then they dance, a pair at a time.

The bird world even has its petty thieves. The sparrow thinks nothing of hopping up to a robin, who is yanking out a nice, fat worm, and snatching it from him. And the bald eagle is another notorious pirate. He circles above an unsuspecting victim, an osprey, for example, then, when the latter has picked up a fish in his bill, the eagle snatches it from him.

There are the scrappers and pugilists such as the kingbird. He carries on a running feud with crows, hawks and owls and will attack one without provocation. Far and away the best

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scrapper for his size, however, is the tiny hummingbird. If aroused, he will attack birds 20 or 30 times his own size and weight.

Some birds are antisocial, like the king vulture, who always eats alone. On the other hand, the weaver, found in Rhodesia, is so attuned to communal living that he and his neighbors have become apartment dwellers. Sometimes almost 100 "couples" will inhabit an arboreal apartment house whose cubic footage is as large as that of an average living room. Penguins are not only interested in social life—as their "formal" dress would indicate—but see to it that adult pursuits are not interrupted. They place their young in "nursery schools" of 20 or 30, supervised by two or three aged baby sitters.

And when bird life gets a little too rugged, there is always the outlet of getting intoxicated. The robin has been seen staggering from one too many after sipping quantities of the nectar of the Tartarian honeysuckle. And in the Philippines, the hanging parakeet, observing that the natives enjoy a fermented coconut drink, frequently imbibes uninvited when a cupful is left in the open—and becomes thoroughly plastered. Apparently humans do not have this predisposition copyrighted.

HALF THE QUESTIONS a woman asks a man are only to make him feel proud to be able to answer them.

—*Irish Digest*

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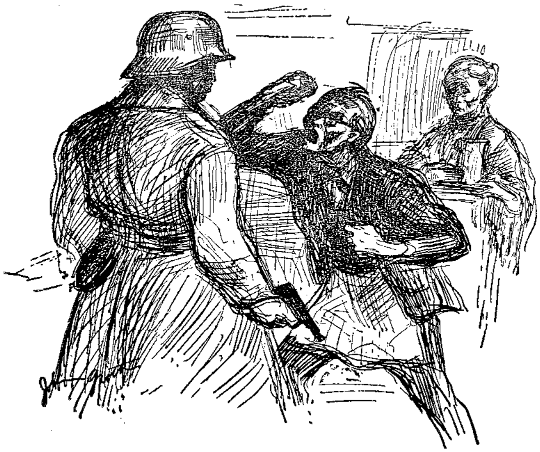


The brave innkeeper of "The Bulge"

by John Toland

By using wit, courage—and his choicest cognac—Peter Rupp saved 14 Americans from certain murder by the Nazis

On Sunday, the 17th of December, 1944, the day after the Battle of the Bulge erupted, war came roaring back into the tiny Belgian town of Ligneuville. Hotel owner Peter Rupp, who had been an active member of the anti-Nazi underground, knew that the dangerous game he'd played during the years of German occupation was not over.

From a kitchen window of his Hotel du Moulin, Rupp could see the American stragglers being rounded up. Then he noticed a German sergeant, pistol in hand, marching eight prisoners into the yard. The sergeant shoved one of the prisoners out of line, and, stepping close, drew his pistol. Rupp gasped and started for the back door.

From the back yard a shot sounded. Another followed. Rupp shouted at a German sergeant that American prisoners were being murdered. But the non-com paid no attention.

Despairing of getting help from the Germans, Rupp started for the back door again. He had lost count of the shots, but they were continuing at brief intervals, and the terrible thing was that no one cared.

When he finally got to the door and stepped into the back yard, the German sergeant with the automatic pistol was advancing on a single still-standing American. The American, who was not more than 18 or 19 years old, twisted away and started to run. But the German seized him and forcing the barrel of his weapon into the youngster's open mouth, he pulled the trigger.

The last of the eight Americans fell stiffly among his comrades, who were already frozen in the grotesque postures of death.

Horrified, Rupp clung weakly to the door jamb. Then the Nazi sergeant, his executions completed, spun stiffly on his heel and marched briskly from the yard.

This winter marks the 15th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, the greatest and bloodiest ever fought by Americans. At 5 A.M. on December 16, 1944, Adolf Hitler launched his final great offensive, as 250,000 Germans spearheaded by 1,000 tanks and assault guns, smashed deep into the Ardennes, defended only by battle-exhausted or green U.S. troops.

Before it was over, the Americans suffered 80,000 casualties, and Peter Rupp, the 69-year-old innkeeper who'd been outraged by the needless slaughter of eight captured Americans, became one of the battle's most unique and unsung heroes—whose only weapons had been his wits, his courage and several cases of very good cognac.

Twenty-five miles behind the "Ghost Front," the people of Ligneuville felt safe and secure on the Saturday evening of December 16. They had no idea the greatest offensive on the Western Front had been aimed in their direction all day. Neither did the men of the American 49th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade, bivouacked in the village.

The next morning as Rupp, his wife Balbina, their daughter Maria, and her two children headed for church, a line of American tanks and trucks roared down the hill from Malmédy, six miles to the north. An hour later, as he and his family slowly filed home, the last armored vehicle passed; the clouds of dust settled; the gas fumes dissipated. It was quiet again. Too quiet, thought Rupp. His suspicions were confirmed when he heard a faint, distant rumble. It sounded like thunder, but Rupp knew it was the storm of battle.

Panic in the village mounted as the 450 antiaircraft men hastily pulled out. Only a few Americans were left. These soldiers had arrived late the night before, driving the supply trucks of Combat Command B of the Ninth Armored Division.

Suddenly, a bulldozer roared down the hill from Baugney at twice its safe speed. "German tanks!" shouted the driver to Capt. Seymour Green, who stood near the Hotel du Moulin. "Get the outfit ready to move," Green called to first sergeant Page Shenk, of Luray, Virginia.

But as the first of Green's service trucks started rolling southward out of the village, a powerful tank spearhead of the First SS Panzer Division, Hitler's "Own," roared down upon Ligneuville from the north. Its leader, Lt. Col. Jochen Peiper, who had sliced 25 miles into Belgium that morning, ordered his armored cars to wipe out the Americans.

The lone Sherman tank beside the Hotel du Moulin held the Germans back for a while, then an 88 scored a direct hit on the single American defender, and Peiper's men raced through the town, destroying the last laggard trucks in Green's column.

Soon the rest of Peiper's Battle Group poured down the hill from Malmédy, a town whose name would soon be a synonym for massacre. Only moments before, almost 100 captured Americans standing helplessly in a field had been murdered by these young Nazi zealots. Incensed by the unexpected delay caused by the Sherman, the SS men impatiently dismounted from their tanks and armored cars and burst into the Hotel du Moulin. Once again the inn had changed flags.

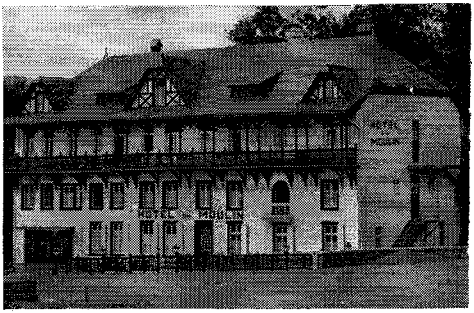
Rupp's tiny wife, Balbina, betrayed no outward emotion. She, being a Swiss, had little fear of the Germans. Their daughter, Maria, had even less fear. Since 1930, she had been married to a German. Rupp himself was the bland host; an innkeeper learns to be an internationalist. But unknown to his neighbors, unknown even to his family, he was actually an ardent member of the secret Belgian White Army. During the first Nazi occupation, the Hotel du Moulin had been a station in the underground railroad. Using the *nom de guerre* of "Monsieur Kramer" he hid Allied fliers in a vacant room and kept them until it was safe for them to pass on to the next station. In all, 22 American, British and French fliers owed their lives to "Monsieur Kramer."

Since Rupp was an exceptionally generous host to these secret guests, his narrowest escape during the occupation had come the day the budget-minded Balbina threatened to call in the Gestapo to solve the mystery of constantly disappearing food. It took all of Rupp's persuasion to call off the investigation without revealing he was the thief.

Rupp was still unsuspected when the American armies, sweeping across France in the fall of '44, liberated Ligneuville.

Now the war had come back to the Hotel du Moulin and eight murdered American prisoners lay in the back yard. Rupp could not let such

Today, Rupps are retired. For long time she never knew of his underground work.



Hotel du Moulin, destroyed by U. S. artillery, was rebuilt (above) after war.

an atrocity go unchallenged. There were other American prisoners, and they, too, would be in danger.

While Rupp tried to protest the butchery, 14 more American prisoners were herded into the lobby. Behind them was the same stocky SS sergeant who had killed the others. Rupp dropped his role of "good German" and, reckless of his own safety, ran up to the sergeant. "Murderer!" he shouted. "You killed eight of them! I saw you put the pistol in their mouths."

The sergeant punched Rupp in the jaw, knocking out two teeth.

"I know you mean to shoot these men, too," panted Rupp. "But you can't! They're prisoners!"

A staff officer approached. "Shoot them all," he said angrily. "And shoot this noisy Belgian swine first!"

"Leave them alone, Sergeant." A combat officer, wearing SS insignia, came out of the command post. He looked with distaste at the other officer. Then he said in a hard voice, "Sergeant, put these men in that room and treat them as you'd want the Amis to treat you."

The 14 Americans were crowded into a room on the main floor. Their leader, Captain Green, found the temper of the Germans hard to gauge. Some treated him diffidently some casually, others seemed ready to shoot at the first opportunity.

In the kitchen, Peter Rupp was worrying about "his 14 Sammies." The Germans were in a dangerous mood; if one thing went awry, the murdering might start again. It was a delicate situation requiring all the tact, diplomacy and firmness Rupp had learned as an innkeeper. Then an idea occurred to him. He had hundreds of bottles of the finest cognac and champagne in a secret wine cellar. He'd use them to keep the Boche happy. He crept down into the cellar, filled his arms with bottles and returned to the kitchen.

"Maria," he told his daughter, "give the guard a good cognac so I can talk to the prisoners."

Without question she left the room. A moment later, Rupp went to the prisoners' room and was admitted. He held out two bottles.

"Just a minute," Green said suspiciously. "Are you Belgian or German?"

"Belgian, of course!"

A GI hid the bottles.

"Thanks for the cognac," Green said, "but we're hungry."

Rupp left the room and returned with eight plates on a tray. On his way back with six more meals he was stopped by an angry SS officer.

"What's the idea?"

"Well, you're not feeding them, so I have to."

Rupp's wife, Balbina, had entered the hotel in time to hear the last exchange, and like her native Switzerland, she was small and independent.

"See here," she said, looking at the officer. "I'm from the Swiss Red Cross. I have orders to look after all prisoners. And they get that food!"

Rupp, his face beaming, hurried in to the prisoners, while his wife continued haranguing the SS officer.

The meals delivered, he then stood guard in the lobby, surreptitiously handing out bottle after bottle of cognac to Germans, regardless of rank. The atmosphere grew cordial, then jovial.

Midnight finally passed. But there was still no sleep at the Hotel du Moulin. The command post was in a constant turmoil as reinforcements from the east kept pouring into the village. Then a courier returned from Peiper's spearhead, now five miles deeper into Belgium. The news was electrifying: at dawn a strike would be made all the way to the Meuse River. Excitement rose. As the perfect host, Peter Rupp made trip after trip to the secret wine cellar; the Germans drank toasts to the Fuehrer, ate heartily, sang songs of the Homeland—and completely forgot about the prisoners.

At five A.M. Balbina walked into the hotel. Now there was quiet except for snores and the faint chatter of a radio in the command post. Peter Rupp stood in front of the prisoners' door, a benevolent guard, his head nodding from exhaustion. "Now it's your turn to look after the Americans," he told his wife. "I'm going to sleep a bit."

The crisis had passed. His 14 Americans would live.

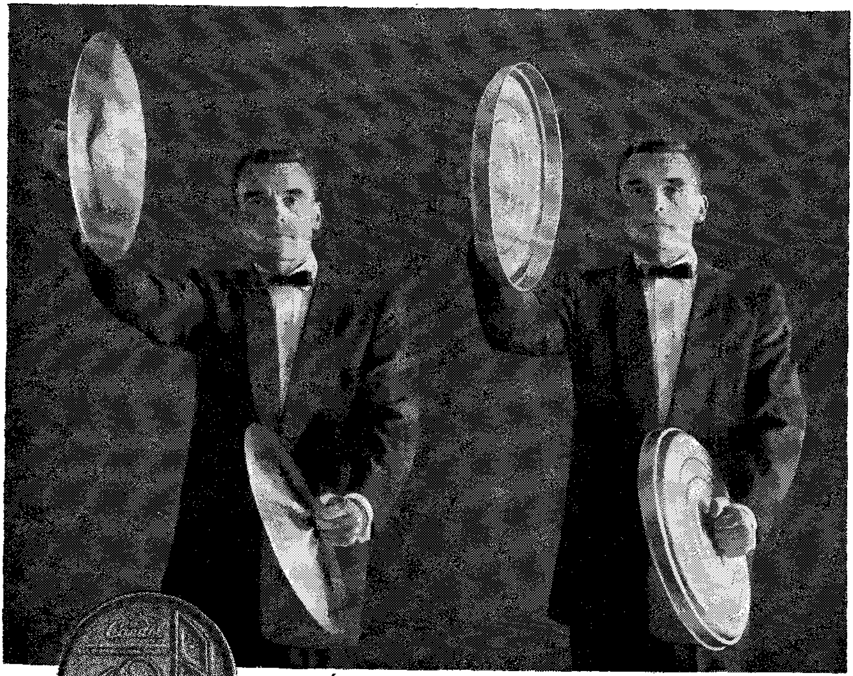
Several days later, on December 20, Captain Green and the others were moved to Germany and prison camp. Peter Rupp's responsibility was over. Ligneuville soon became the center of battle again as Americans, commanded by Field Marshal Montgomery, began to counterattack from the north, and Gen. George Patton's Third Army drove up from the south. During the overpowering American artillery barrage, Rupp was seriously wounded. By January 20, the triumphant Americans had arrived and the innkeeper was taken to an Army hospital in St. Hubert.

A week later, Balbina visited her husband. "What is this?" she asked, handing him a very official looking document that had been delivered to the now completely ruined inn.

He read the English inscription. It was a certificate from Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, honoring Rupp for helping save 22 Allied airmen. "What is this?" he repeated with a grin. "Why it's for me—the thief who kept stealing our food!"

When Rupp learned that the Americans, in addition to wounding him, had destroyed his hotel and "liberated" his secret wine cellar, he remarked sadly but with his usual good nature, "For freedom, was this so high a price?"

Today to the left of the Hotel du Moulin, which Rupp rebuilt, stands a simple but impressive monument to the eight Americans murdered there in the Battle of the Bulge. Rupp, now retired, raised the money from the people of Ligneuville, personally making up the large balance. But he himself needs no monument. This Christmas, like every Christmas the past 14 years, the Ligneuville post office will get a flow of cards from the U.S. Men like Seymour Green, now an attorney in Ardmore, Pennsylvania, can never forget the host of the Hotel du Moulin. Green and the others know they are living on borrowed time—borrowed for them by Peter and Balbina Rupp.



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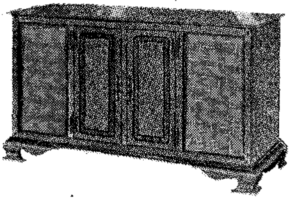

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BY TED HUSING written with Cy Rice

"My eyes are in my heart"

As America's top sportscaster, he lived high and fast. Then a brain tumor left him sightless, almost hopeless. Here is Ted Husing's own story of his great comeback fight

MY GOD!" I thought, "I'm dead." I tried to see. Only blackness. I tried to talk. No words came. I tried to move. Motion was impossible. I tried to hear. Silence.

Then the whirling started. Round and round I spun, dizzily, rapidly, into timeless space. Could this be my soul, I wondered, leaving a lifeless body, traveling on a journey into immortality? Suddenly, the spinning stopped, leaving me hanging in a state of suspended animation. And without warning the noises began

From *My Eyes Are In My Heart*, by Ted Husing, written with Cy Rice. Copyright ©1959, by Ted Husing and Jerry D. Lewis. Published by Bernard Geis Associates; distributed by Random House, Inc.

somewhere in the back of my head.

My senses were reeling, memory destroyed. Yet when I opened my mouth, struggling to speak, words came and I heard my voice, barely recognizable, like the first time you hear yourself played back over a tape recorder. "Who am I?" I asked.

"Edward Britt Husing," came the nearly inaudible reply.

"Where am I?"

"Room 1303, New York Hospital."

"What date is it?"

"April 15, 1956."

Summoning all my courage, I inquired in trembling tones, "Am I dead or alive?" Instead of answering, the voice queried, "What was the name of the priest who married you and mother?"

"Monsignor Belford of the Church of Nativity," I said mechanically.

"You're very much alive, Dad," the voice assured me, and I felt lips kissing me.

It was then that my memory came surging back and I recognized the voice as belonging to Peggemae, my daughter. Yes, I rejoiced, I was alive! "Thank you, God," I whispered. "Thank you very much."

Why, it wouldn't be long before I'd be facing the microphones again, broadcasting outstanding events, as I had so many times in the past.

My career in radio and, more recently, television had catapulted me toward the heights of success. Yet had I taken even a split second to pause and thank the Lord?

I felt ashamed. Ted Husing had been breezy, cocky and self-confident, going it alone and giving credit to no one. How had I been so forgetful of the presence of the Lord? I vowed I'd atone for my neglectfulness. I owed an unrepayable debt of gratitude to Him for the mercy He had bestowed upon me.

I could feel Peggemae bending low over the bed to hear my words.

"Don't try to move, Dad," she said. "Your head is held tightly by sandbags so that you can't move. You were on the operating table nine-and-a-half hours," Peggemae began telling me, filling in the gaps in my damaged memory. "The doctors removed a large tumor from your brain. They . . ."

"Malignant or nonmalignant tumor?" I interrupted.

"Nonmalignant."

I sighed with relief. She continued. "The chief surgeon told me that . . ." Her voice trailed away as I heard the door open and people enter.

"Good-by for now, Dad," she said quickly, kissing me again.

A hand grasped my arm. Something damp swabbed a patch of skin. A needle bit into me. These hypodermics were to be repeated countless times in the long months ahead.

The door opened again and a fragment of conversation drifted toward me (I later learned it came from two gossiping janitresses). ". . . and that poor man in room 1303—he's not a man any more. He's just a vegetable."

The door closed and the room grew silent.

So I was a vegetable was I? Well, a vegetable grew under the proper cultivation, didn't it? I was alive, and when they removed the bandages from my eyes, I'd see again. Nothing was wrong with my legs. If I had the use of my eyes and legs I could stand before a mike again and bring my voice into millions of homes throughout the U.S.

How wrong I was.

The next seven days I kept struggling for self-identification. During a short period of wakefulness, I half seriously considered ordering a giant dog tag with my name printed clearly upon it and then, should memory black out, I could pick it up and learn who I was.

Intermittently I was lucid. Quick to take advantage of this temporary condition, I'd start chanting like a school exercise: "My name is Ted Husing . . . I am 54 years old . . . I weigh 184 pounds . . . I am six feet, one inch tall . . . I have a red-haired son named Duke, a daughter, Peggemae, and a mother in her 80s. These statistics were tough to remember after a team of surgeons had drilled holes in your head. Memory runs out through the holes.

THERE CAME A DAY I will not forget. A window was open, and I could smell the sweet odor of spring. I felt pretty good.

"Is anybody here?" I called out.

"Yes, Mr. Husing."

"And who are you?"

"I'm Miss Allen, your 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. nurse."

"I hope you're not too beautiful, Miss Allen," I kidded, "because when they take these bandages off my eyes and I first see you, I might never want to leave the hospital."

There was no response. I said, "Are you still here, Miss Allen?"

"Mr. Husing . . ." Her voice became grave.

"Yes, nurse?"

"There are no bandages on your eyes."

I lay in shocked silence. Stunned. I tried to move my right hand from under the imprisonment of bedcovers. It wouldn't budge. I tried the left hand. Slowly I maneuvered it from under the covers, creeping toward my eyes. I touched my right eye and then my left, and with my fingers pried first one, then the other open. I could see nothing.

My heart sank. "I'm blind!" I shouted hoarsely. "I'm blind!"

Miss Allen came over and took my hand tenderly in hers. "Now, Mr. Husing, you must have faith." Her voice was gentle.

"Faith in whom?" I cried.

"In the Lord," she said.

"The Lord?" I scoffed. "You want me to have faith when I'm blind?" She patted my forehead as a mother would pat a child.

"I want my doctor!" I cried.

Miss Allen brought him. When I heard his footsteps I demanded, "Tell me why I'm blind and why I can't move part of my body."

The doctor came close to me. "I'll give you the truth, Mr. Husing, if that's the way you want it."

"That's the way it's got to be."

"Very well, then," he said. "When we successfully removed the tumor, it left part of your body paralyzed, and one of your optic tracts was unavoidably damaged, knocking out the nerves controlling vision in the left side of each eye."

"Left side?" I repeated. "Why, I can't see at all!"

"Yes," he agreed. "I know. This is different from looking through a pair of glasses that have been half painted out. If such were the case, you'd be able to see through the untouched half. With the eyes it's different. When half of each eye is blinded, you have to try to see all over again. Just as if somebody handed you a pair of strange eyes in place of the ones you've had all your life and said, 'Try these out.' "

I said, "Okay, okay. So what do I do now?"

"You work hard. It's going to be

mighty rough going. In time you can learn to distinguish letters of the alphabet."

"Save your breath," I bitterly advised. "I'm blind."

"Now, Mr. Husing," the doctor soothed, "this doesn't mean the end of everything. You have hundreds of friends . . ."

"I don't want to see—" I began, correcting it to: "I don't want to talk with any of them."

"You mustn't take that attitude," the doctor remonstrated.

"There's only one attitude that fits me," I stated.

"And what is that?"

I said it with finality: "I'd be better off dead."

After a long pause the doctor found the words he was seeking. "You have to have faith and courage. And there *is* a chance, if you work very hard, that you may regain part of your sight."

"I don't give a damn if I live or die," I said flatly. "I don't mean to be rude, but no sermons. Please!"

He didn't reply. "Do me one favor," I asked him.

"Gladly."

"Don't tell anyone where I am," I said, "or what's the matter with me. I just want to enjoy the misery of being alone."

"I'll respect your wishes," he agreed, adding, "only it isn't easy to be alone in the world."

"I'll manage."

I heard him whispering something to Miss Allen, and he said to me, "See you tomorrow—Ted."

I caught the warmth in his voice, along with his deliberate use of my first name. "It doesn't make much difference," I said. Then I added, "But if I'm still around, drop in."

Reminiscences seemed all I had left. My mind became a nostalgic screen and across it flashed a parade of familiar faces: Toots Shor, Jay C. Flippen, Paul Douglas, Bing Crosby, Guy Lombardo, Desi Arnaz, Bill Paley, Eddie Cantor, General Sarnoff, J. Edgar Hoover, Jimmy Durante, Pat O'Brien, Mary Pickford, Ethel Merman, Tom Harmon, Ed Murrow, Jim Farley, Herbert Brownell, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker . . . I had known the greats of a whole glittering generation.

And, of course, Bubs. My beautiful blonde Bubs. Those silly love poems came to mind that I used to write her when she lived in Brooklyn.

And Andy White who taught me all I knew and who became head of the great Columbia Broadcasting System. Andy's words drifted back to me: "Ted—your voice has an indescribable quality that makes everyone in the U.S. love you." Maybe it was vain of me to remember and cherish old compliments. But I needed anything that could shore up my sagging morale.

I WAS BORN over a saloon in the Bronx on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1901. This is not to say I started life handicapped by poverty. My father owned the saloon.

We were a migratory family, living in a variety of places on Manhattan Island, including the rough-and-tough Hell's Kitchen section where I learned to swing my fists, to duck and to run if outnumbered. Often I

"I don't give a damn if I live or die," I said flatly. "And no sermons, please!"

was outnumbered. We also dwelt in several up-state towns. I had a brother, Albert, who lived only one year, and a sister, Elsie, who died of double pneumonia at eight.

An unforgettable lesson that I learned from Dad was to be friendly with people. I watched him at Lüchow's on East Fourteenth Street, where he was headwaiter. He knew everybody. He was affable but never subservient, and he had dignity.

"Make up your mind to be pleasant to people," Dad used to say.

Unfortunately, I didn't adopt this credo in my early years. If I had, school authorities wouldn't have thrown me off various athletic teams at Stuyvesant and Commerce High School for bad deportment.

When we moved to Gloversville, New York, I developed a passion for lighting wax candles. On one occasion I thought I'd set fire to the City Hall. Gathering an armful of hay I sneaked into City Hall and ignited it. Then I ran to the fire station, lit some matches and shoved them under the back door. The town's mayor pointed the finger of suspicion at me and Dad tanned my hide till I could hardly sit down.

I suppose I could have been called a disturbed youngster. But in those days, in the face of such shenanigans, a razor strap or the palm of a hand was the first thing a distraught parent thought of. And a child psychiatrist would have been the last thing.

During these years my reactions to girls were quite normal. Dancing was my forte. Tall and thin, I could glide gracefully, keeping perfect tempo. It was at a dance that I first met Bubs. Her real name was Helen Gelderman, and she was part Indian—a blonde Indian!

I crossed to where she was sitting at the edge of the dance floor.

"May I have this dance?" I asked.

Tilting her head back, she scanned my face. She half rose, and then settled back into her chair again. "Well . . ." she hesitated.

"I'm a good dancer," I pressed.

"I don't doubt that," she said, flashing a smile, "but we haven't been introduced."

"Don't let that triviality bother you. I know just the fellow who can do it. He has reliability, integrity and can vouch for my character."

"What's his name?" Bubs asked.

"Ted Husing."

"Are you going to bring him over?"

"Won't be necessary," I said. "He's already here. I'm Ted Husing and I'm prepared to furnish any references you want."

She looked at me doubtfully. "You're rather sure of yourself, aren't you?"

I said, "I'm sure of myself. You've got to have confidence in this world if . . ."

"Come on," she said, halting my words and rising to her feet. "They're playing my favorite number."

We danced. I hummed a line of the lyric. "There are smiles that make me happy . . ."

"Are you?" she asked me.

I held her still closer. I didn't even know her name. Yes, come to think of it, I did feel happy. Very, very happy. In fact, maybe just a little happier than I'd ever felt before in my life. And that was the way it began. Nearly every other night found me in Brooklyn, calling upon Bubs. So the payroll clerk for a hosiery manufacturer and the pretty blonde became engaged and eventually married. The year was 1924, and I was approaching my 23rd birthday.

THE SPORTS PAGES were always my favorite part of the newspaper. Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones were going stronger than ever. I read every word about them. Then I'd turn to the want ads, searching for a more stimulating existence than that of a payroll clerk.

Suddenly one day, a particular advertisement held my attention, the print standing out like raised letters.

RADIO ANNOUNCER—Must be young, married, conscientious, social by nature, college graduate, have knowledge of the terminology of music, and ability to say the right thing at the right time. Box X611.

I tore out the ad and a wave of excitement rippled through me. Studying the requirements, I paused for self-appraisal. I was young, married, conscientious (or at least I believed so), and there was no doubt that I was social by nature.

But the college graduate part, knowledge of music terminology, ability to say the right thing at the right time—these requirements might be barbed-wire barriers. They failed to mention anything about voice. I had no idea how my voice sounded. My boy soprano had long since deepened—but into what?

I got up, heading for the telegraph office to send a wire to Box X611. Once my pen started dripping with my own praises, the words multiplied, centering immodestly around one person—Ted Husing. I even bestowed upon myself a B.S. degree from Harvard, which I'm certain was the speediest ever acquired.

I sent the telegram. "Any comment?" I asked Bubs.

"Only one," she said. "I wish good luck to a very nervy fellow."

A couple of days later, there was a message in answer to my telegram. I was to report to the Radio Corporation of America, stations WJZ and WJY, Forty-second Street, early the next morning.

Far into the night, long after Bubs had gone to sleep, I practiced pronouncing the names of famed composers phonetically, and brushed up on their works in the encyclopedia.

I rolled the names around on my tongue until they slid off easily. Realizing the importance of extemporizing, I picked up a newspaper, seeking a lead story to memorize. I found it—the *Shenandoah* disaster, the story of the Navy dirigible that had cracked up in a thunderstorm over Ohio. After an hour of reading and rereading, I could practically render a factual eyewitness account.

I felt that I was ready for the audition and rewarded myself with a few hours of sleep. But soon after dawn broke, I was up rehearsing and then left for the studio nearly an hour early. At the broadcasting station, I was told to go to a certain room—a spacious studio packed with over 600 people. A loud-speaker began calling out names for the audition. Three hours crept by before I heard the public address system crackle: "Ted Husing."

By this time I was tired, hungry and restless.

I stood alone on the stage with only a microphone for company. The judges sat in a glass-enclosed control room. Someone instructed me to discuss music and then ad-lib, warning me not to use prepared notes. I started talking, carefully avoiding the judges' faces.

I discoursed on music, exhausting my knowledge in ten minutes, careful not to use the personal pronoun "I." Then I launched into a running account of the *Shenandoah.* My words flowed on and on, and I even remembered and listed the names of the casualties and the home town of each man. Finished, I mopped my perspiring brow and glanced at my watch. I had been going full blast for 35 minutes. I squinted at the judges' booth. Empty! The control room was a glass-enclosed void.

Some pretty uncomplimentary thoughts about that absentee jury rushed into my mind as, groggy and bitter, I went home to find one person who would listen to me.

The one person took an appraising look at my face and sympathized, "Don't let it get you down, darling. There'll be other opportunities."

"I doubt it," I said resignedly.

The telephone rang. Bubs answered it. Someone from the broadcasting station wanted to speak to me. I listened while my spirits soared. Nobody had walked out on me bored. The judges had merely adjourned to another office, huddled and declared me in. The job was mine—all mine—pending the approval of the big boss, David Sarnoff. And I was to drop in tomorrow afternoon—and wear a dinner jacket.

Rushing up to Bubs, I lifted her high into the air. When I brought her down, I started kissing her. Finally, weak with emotion, I began babbling, "I got it . . . I got it . . . I got it—at 45 bucks a week."

EARLY-DAY RADIO PROGRAMS were often sorry, unplanned, unrehearsed affairs. They had little continuity, no scripts and too often the principals failed to show up at air time. But with the discovery of radio as a far-reaching advertising medium, many top companies hopped onto the bandwagon. This stepped up the demand for better programs. A program needed more than a man telling seedy jokes or reading poetry. Music, jazz and classical, made its bow; situation comedies developed; sportscasts gained headway. Programming was established.

Newspapers had their cub reporters; radio stations had their cub announcers. I was it. I practically unlocked the station doors at 9 A.M. and closed them up again at 11:30 P.M. But I loved every moment of it. I handled the morning programs, which were either half-hour or full-hour broadcasts. Often I had simultaneous programs over WJZ and WJY. Fast talking did it. And both stations were in the same studio, which helped the footwork.

I frequently crossed paths with Major J. Andrew White, who handled our sports work. Alone with him one day, I broached the subject of my chief ambition. "I'd like to take a fling at sports."

"Any qualifications?" he asked.

"Very few," I answered honestly, "except that I love sports."

"I have a suggestion," the major said. "Go out and play some football. Try to join some team. Your face will be ground into the turf, your head stepped on by cleated shoes. Then I think you'll be able to work some real emotion into your voice."

I studied his face carefully to see if he was serious. He was.

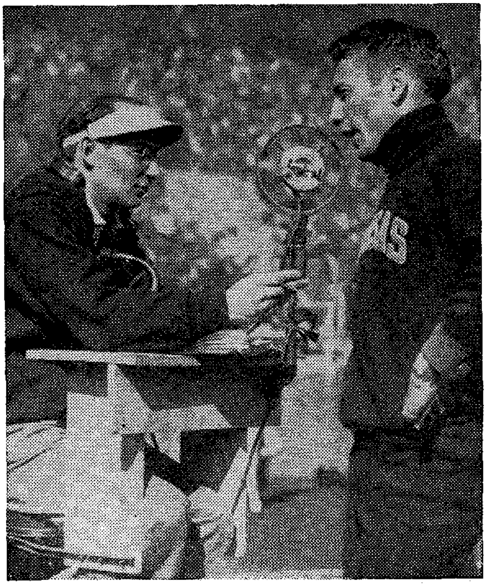
So I played for a team called The Prescotts and spent at least half the game in a reclining position on the hard ground. Then I told Major White I was ready. He had another suggestion, and I wondered if I had heard him correctly. He wanted me to have my nose broken.

Crazy as it may sound, the major had consulted with some of our acoustic engineers, and they believed that my voice would have more resonance if my antrums were widened.

The following day, a small mallet expertly shattered my nose—and I had my antrums widened. My voice sounded better, and my nose didn't lose its sensitivity. Of that I was certain when I sniffed Bubs' perfume The new voice, I speculated, might some day be the means to buy her a bathtub full of the stuff.

Around the studio I became a one-man listening post. Object: a quest for knowledge. My chief worry was acquiring an ample vocabulary so that never again would I hesitate a fleeting second before finding a word. How could I achieve this? There were only three ways: listening to others, studying and talking. The dictionary and *Roget's Thesaurus* became my bibles.

Bubs gave birth to Peggemae in 1925, between the broadcast of a dance band and the coming on of a comedian. Events were now moving swiftly. The 1920s, recorded historically as a roaring period, hadn't appeared that way to me in the beginning. The years had crept along haltingly. Suddenly—or so it seemed



—I had a wife, a daughter, an exciting career. The tempo quickened. The roars were closer to my ears.

I was assigned to Washington, where I broadcast many events of paramount importance. Twice in one day, for example, I introduced President Calvin Coolidge, and when Vice President Dawes pressed a key opening an Elks' carnival in Honolulu, I handled all the arrangements.

With all the triumphs and excitement, there was one terrible catch. While I was establishing myself in the world of radio, I was becoming a failure in my domestic life at precisely the same rate of speed. Days and nights sped along when I hardly had the opportunity to say a word to Bubs. It was an unhealthy situation, and I blamed it on radio. Radio was like a spider web, and squarely in the middle was Ted Husing, helplessly caught in the toils.

Could I have escaped? Yes, why fool myself.

Did I want to? No.

After serving my apprenticeship in Washington, D. C., I backtracked to New York in 1926 to discover that both WJZ and Ted Husing had made vast gains.

When a man is struggling toward a goal and feels that he is progressing—even if he is only inching forward—a glow of inward satisfaction develops, spurring his drive. That's how I felt upon returning to WJZ. Then when your fellow announcers and bosses laud you, the feeling becomes doubly convincing, banishing all traces of doubt.

Not that Ted Husing, on the sur-

Husing was familiar figure at most big sports events. At 1934 Penn Relays he interviewed star miler Glenn Cunningham (left).

As King of Broadcasters, velvet-voiced Ted won kudos from public as well as from cordon of Michigan's top bathing beauties.

face at least, showed much evidence of self-doubt. But it was there, hiding behind the cocky self-assurance I affected in those days. And the higher I climbed, the more I hid those doubts behind a screen of irresponsible activity. Only I didn't know it. I learned all that later.

I'd worked hard. In announcing, the mind, ear and tongue must merge into a single unit. After a full year of broadcasting, this coordination had become reflex. Rapidity of speech was no problem. When necessary, I could speak slightly over 300 words per minute!

Working football with Andy White was the same as hitching myself to a shooting star. I rode high, wide and handsome on his coattails. Andy didn't have a jealous bone in his body. Again and again he lent me a helping hand, even allowing my name to be bracketed with his.

You toil like a Trojan to please a man you respect. I did this with Andy. I learned the plays of the teams and the personalities and habits of the players so well in advance of each game, that my knowledge of the squad and its abilities was almost on a par with the coaches'. From a couple of apartment-house doorbell boards I devised a mechanical identification machine to expedite broadcasting, designed for use by two people.

Meanwhile, I began hitting the New York entertainment belt as hard as my limited bank roll allowed. In addition to Billy LaHiff's Tavern, my haunts were the Hollywood Restaurant, the Stork Club and "21." Later I added Toots Shor's to the list when he took over the Tavern after the death of Billy LaHiff. Prohibition was in full force, and gaining admission to speakeasies required carrying a card issued by the management or, for the chosen few, simply calling out a name.

I called out a name—Ted Husing. It was an open-sesame.

Sometimes I squired Bubs to my favorite places. More often, I didn't.

EARLY-DAY radio announcers were not the fabulous money-makers the general public believed them to be, although they were adequately paid. Income taxes weren't taking a large bite in those days, so the average announcer could, if he saw fit, save some money. I didn't see fit.

A friend of mine, seeing me make all the expensive night spots, asked, "Ted, how is your money invested?"

"In life," I told him.

"Oh, you mean life insurance is where you put it?"

"No," I said. "In enjoying life."

"Aren't you interested in the future?" he queried.

"Not a bit," I said quickly. "Only the moment. Why should I worry? The future isn't foreseeable. I've got my health, and what's more important, I'm in good voice. My tonsils are my fortune."

"Just the same," advised this spreader of gloom, "you'd better put something aside for a rainy day."

"There aren't any for me," I said.

"Dark clouds form, you know."

"I know," I said. "But I blow them aside until the sun shines through." Which I did, night after night. Manhattan was becoming my first love. Every light on Broadway was burning just for Ted Husing.

I thrived on the big, exciting assignments. I was there broadcasting when the popular American pilot, Floyd Bennett, was buried at Arlington National Cemetery, after he lost his life in a plane crash. I covered the political conventions, too. On Election night in 1928, I announced the election of Herbert Hoover to the Presidency of the U.S.

My salary check from CBS would vanish each week like the American buffalo. I'd give Bubs what she needed, and the rest—no magician could have made it disappear faster.

Even many well-wishers have characterized me as improvident; I suppose this is so. I always tried to pay for everybody's fun. The motivation was simple: it gave me pleasure. But beneath this simple motivation was the deeper one—I was covering my doubts and insecurities with a 14-carat gold-plating job. When I overtipped, it was obviously because I wanted attention (although I didn't know the real reason for it at the time), to be a big shot even with waiters, and because I was insecure as a bug on a can of Flit.

During 1929, I had my finger—or better still, my voice—in every major sports event.

For the first time I launched the social sport of international polo on the network; I had an exclusive hold on tennis; I called the important football games, including two that CBS donated to charity—the East-West and the Army-Navy contests; I covered my first World Series—alone—and the 55th annual Kentucky Derby. My tonsils were in fine fettle.

Beginning in the 1930s, I was, metaphorically speaking, bound hand and foot to a revolving wheel that never ceased spinning. And I couldn't slow the pace. From morning until night, from day to week, from month to year, it was go-go-go and drive-drive-drive.

After Prohibition, the "21" became my second home anytime I had money. Or was it really my first home? I pushed through the swinging gate leading into the refurbished brownstone house with more regularity than I did my own apartment door. The fulfillment of all my requirements seemed to be here. John, the barber, cut my hair; Sven, the muscular Swede, massaged me; Tony, the bootblack, shined my shoes; the steam baths sweated the impurities from my body; the club's conviviality lifted my spirits.

Cornering me at my table one night, Charlie Berns, one of the owners, said, "Ted, you're a swell guy. You help everybody. You never let a friend down. And you ask nothing from anyone. But . . ."

"But what, Charlie?" I prompted.

"Slow down," he cautioned.

It was certainly sound advice. But I was long past the point of relaxation, miles past the intangible point of no return.

Charlie continued in a serious mood by questioning, "What do you want from life?"

Drawing a deep breath, I fiddled with my drink. It wasn't alcohol I wanted. It wasn't money. It wasn't women. I had a woman.

"Well, Charlie," I said, "I guess I

just want excitement—to be where something is happening."

The merry-go-round just wouldn't run down.

Bill Paley of CBS once said of me, after I had announced a thrilling Kentucky Derby, "My boy Ted's the greatest." But there were days when I wasn't. One fall afternoon, when I was doing the traditional Harvard-Dartmouth football game at the Harvard stadium, I used a single descriptive word that, borne on the speedy wings of radio, reverberated like thunder, eventually reaching the office of my boss, Bill Paley. The storm revolved around the word "putrid"—a word I have long since eliminated from my vocabulary.

Throughout most of that afternoon, Harvard was making mistake after mistake, and underdog Dartmouth, quick to pounce upon every advantage, had taken the lead. Barry Wood, the Harvard quarterback, was throwing passes that wobbled like a wounded dove, and the team was playing in similarly poor style.

Then, quick as a flash, the word popped out of my mouth. I didn't want to use "lousy," so I said, in summation: "Barry Wood is playing putrid football today compared to his performance last week."

As if to make me eat the sentence, Wood arched a beautiful forward pass that floated into the arms of a Crimson receiver and Fair Harvard tied the game.

But the damage was done.

The avalanche started. A steady procession of Western Union boys carried yellow envelopes into CBS headquarters. Editorializing newspaper writers ripped me with such ferocity that the black type almost turned blood-red. If I'd remained in Boston, they might have tarred and feathered me. Harvard retaliated by banning me from their stadium forever, and Bill Bingham, the university's athletic director, telephoned Paley. A memo from his desk advised a quick flight to Boston to see if I couldn't smooth things over. No formal apology was made. I merely said it was entirely unpremeditated, that there was no desire to criticize Harvard or any of its players.

Not until years later did I gain a bitter insight into myself and learn that I suffered from a terrible hidden insecurity, especially about my lack of a college background. And what was the college with the greatest background? Fair Harvard, of course. Hadn't I chosen it myself, when I had had to phony up my first job application? So, of all colleges, Harvard made me feel my inadequacies the most. And when I felt inadequate I did not shrink. That is when I grew bold—sometimes too bold. Sometimes to the point of insult.

After each radio show I'd go out with a big gang, making the rounds. Sometimes I'd bump into Mayor Jimmy Walker, a good friend. The red carpet rolled out for Jimmy was always a little redder than when he wasn't along. The attention made me feel important. From a menial job in a hosiery company I had climbed to the honored niche of a celebrity. And here I reposed, play-

"When I felt inadequate I did not shrink; I grew bold, sometimes to the point of insult."

ing the role to the hilt and picking up as many food and liquor checks as my ten fingers could hold.

I was being mentioned in all the columns. My voice was mimicked, my mannerisms copied. Half the nation identified me when I said, "Good afternoon, everyone everywhere." Knowing I had achieved fame should have left a deep taste of satisfaction. It didn't. I couldn't apply the brakes to my living. It had to be fast. Fast as hell. Something was wrong. I didn't know what.

ONE EVENING in 1934, Mark Hellinger and I were sitting in the Club Richman. Something was whirling around in my mind. Grindout my cigarette, I said. "I'm a lousy husband."

"That's not news," Mark said.

"Bubs is a wonderful girl."

"That's not news either."

"I'm unfair to her."

I groped for my cigarettes, and lit one. It never tasted worse. Leaning toward Mark, I said, "Let's put it this way. Bubs needs more than a husband in name. Pedge needs a father. As things stand, Bubs is the wife of a phantom. Home is not where I hang my hat."

Mark replied, "At the risk of having you mad at me, I'll agree wholeheartedly and without reservations."

"I won't get mad at you," I said, "only at myself. I'm not treating her right. She deserves better."

Mark asked, "Do you intend doing something about it?"

"Yes," I said earnestly. "I'm going to give her a divorce."

Just so that this doesn't sound as if I were being too gallant, let me add that I'd had plenty of evidence of Bub's growing dissatisfaction. I wasn't magnanimously granting her a freedom she didn't want. She had given me more chances than I deserved. She hadn't quite run out of patience, but that night I realized I'd run out of excuses.

Mark picked up a spoon and seemed to be examining it. Then he asked, "Do you love her?"

"Very much."

"Still you're going to give her a divorce?"

"I am."

He said, "Have you gone noble?"

"Gone sensible," I answered.

Mark stared at me. I went out the door and into a taxi. I was going to do something that had to be done. It wouldn't be easy. My head felt cold. I had forgotten my hat.

Bubs was surprised to see me home so early.

I tried to organize my thoughts, but it was difficult. So there I stood, the rapid-fire announcer with an inexhaustible vocabulary, and I was groping for words. I started talking in halting fragments of hurried sentences, telling Bubs what she already knew but had never heard spoken.

She listened as if she didn't know

me. Then distress signals, tears, crept into her eyes. And her tears were beamed right at mine. When in my ramblings I finally told her that I loved her, but I wanted a divorce—for her, and only for her—the words were hollow. They seemed the prattling of an immature schoolboy.

Bubs forced a sad little smile to her face. "Oh, Ted," she said softly.

I knew that what she really meant was "Why, Ted? Why?"

I looked away. It was easier. If I looked her full in the face, I might capitulate. Time and its passage, I fervently hoped, would provide a sort of therapy.

"No tears," I implored.

"No tears," she repeated, her lips quivering.

I didn't kiss Bubs. The kiss might have broken me emotionally.

"Be seeing you," I said casually, waving in a good-by gesture.

"Any time," she said. I left.

AT THE STORK CLUB I was greeted by Sherman Billingsley. "Sherm, how's business?" I inquired.

"Fair."

"I'll see that it gets better," I said. "Give everybody in the house a drink on me."

"Celebrating something?" he asked.

"Hardly."

"But I don't understand, Ted."

"Neither do I. But let's all drink up and be happy."

A woman came over to me. Her evening gown was startlingly low. Her hair was dark and lustrous, and she was undeniably beautiful. "Teddy, boy," she said in a sultry manner, kissing me lingeringly. "Where have you been all my life?"

"Join me at the bar, baby, and I'll tell you in about 10,000 words," I said, calling to Sherm as we moved, "Don't forget, drinks for everybody."

She led the way and I followed her undulating hips. Who the hell was she? I wondered. On the other hand, what the hell did it matter? She was to be the first of a hundred substitutes for Bubs. But I was to find there would be no substitute for Bubs. No one ever took her place.

Bubs divorced me in Reno and returned to New York. A year passed and she remarried. It was what I wanted. I felt better and, at the same time, worse—if that's possible. The torch I carried was unextinguishable.

I must confess that the news of her marriage put me into a foul humor. It made me mad at myself for not filling the bill as husband, and I wondered about my replacement. Well, one thing was certain: he had to be an improvement.

Sometimes hard work can help you forget. I did some big shows—*The Eddie Cantor Show* and the *Camel Caravan* among them. And I gambled big, too. When Lawrin won the Kentucky Derby in 1938, I won $43,000. But none of it really helped me forget Bubs.

When she died in the early 1940s, I was crushed. I refused to talk to anyone about Bubs' death. I didn't even know what killed her—and to me, it seemed pointless to ask. Death is final. Bubs would be perpetuated in my memories. I did not want to probe into the matter.

A few weeks afterward, Pedge

visited me in Miami and told me in one direct sentence: "Mother died of a cerebral hemorrhage."

There was no discussion.

I began playing harder and working harder. I gambled excessively and paid plenty of attention to women. But I was miserably unhappy.

One night I sat down at a favorite bar. Several people came up, greeting me. A lot of drinks sped by. As I mentioned earlier, I wasn't too much of a drinker. Only a social one. Except on occasion. This seemed to be one of those occasions.

There was a man sitting alongside me who had spoken my name earlier, but I couldn't think of his. Touching his arm, I said suddenly, "Watch the door."

He asked why.

"Because I'm going to marry the next girl who walks through it." We both sat staring at the door.

"But," my friend asked, "suppose she's already married?"

I waved aside the remark. "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it."

The door swung wide and a woman entered. She was a blonde in a tight, short skirt.

She said she was an actress.

I said I was a radio announcer.

She said I had a nice voice.

I said, "I love you. Do you love me?"

She said, "I certainly do."

I said, "I think I'll take you out and buy you a mink coat and drive you to Greenwich and marry you."

She said, "Why don't you?"

To make a short romance shorter, I bought her the mink coat, then drove to Connecticut, married her and we returned to my apartment.

We woke up simultaneously in the morning and looked at each other. We both had splitting headaches. We talked a little and came to the same conclusion: the whole business was a mistake. We decided on an immediate annulment.

"Keep the coat as a memento," I said to her.

THERE WAS ANOTHER day I couldn't find a match, so I asked the CBS receptionist for one. I had an opportunity to assess her looks. The desk failed to conceal certain physical attributes. She was slim, petite, attractive, red-headed.

Although I tarried a trifle longer the following day, I didn't need a match. She had crept into my thoughts, and this warranted additional conversation. Her name was Iris Lemerise, and she came from Burlington, Vermont.

Iris and Ted also seemed harmonious, so in 1944, after a four months' courtship, we went to Newark, where a justice of the peace pronounced us man and wife. This time, I told myself, it's going to work, I'd profited by experience. I wanted another chance.

But even with a different wife I was still the same Ted Husing. As a family man I was a total bust.

Duke, my son, was born in 1945. He was a healthy, red-haired baby. I was devoted to him—that is, when I saw him. And I was devoted to Iris—that is, when I saw her. I began falling into the same old pattern.

One morning, I strode into Bill Paley's office to threaten quitting unless I got a raise. I was surprised to find another executive occupying the throne. Paley was away on a trip. I specified the increase I expected and awaited official sanction. I received a flat no.

Incensed, I waved my hand dramatically, crying, "After 19 years with this organization, I hereby submit my resignation."

It was accepted. I was out on my red ear.

Over at "21," Charlie Berns' face became grave as he said, "I hope you know what you're doing, Ted."

"My pride won't let me go crawling back," I stated.

"You can't eat pride," Charlie reminded me.

"I'll get along," I said with conviction. Actually I had no plans.

Then a Philadelphia radio station offered me the job of broadcasting the feature race every day from a New Jersey race track. I accepted, although I felt I was marking time.

THE FIRST DIZZY SPELL hit me in front of "21." It didn't really amount to much. I felt a trifle wobbly, leaned against the iron gate for a few seconds, and it went away. Six nights later, it returned. This time it lasted a few seconds longer.

The next time it happened I was at the race track with Pedge, leading her to the broadcasting booth atop the grandstand. The bird's eye view from a couple of hundred feet in the air was a broadcaster's dream. The roof slanted sharply down an incline toward the booth. Across it ran a low railing for protection. We were walking down the incline when, just as I was going to glance back at Pedge to find out if she had any height phobias, it hit me again!

I staggered and began to see double. Clutching the rail for support, I nearly toppled over it.

The following day I saw an eye specialist, informing him of the attacks and the double vision. He tested my eyes for two hours. Finished, he reported, "I can discover nothing wrong with your eyes. In my opinion, it is simply a case of your being overtired, Mr. Crawford."

I had given him a false name. No one—if I had any control over it—would ever find out something was wrong with Ted Husing. And nothing was. The doctor had just established that reassuring fact.

AN OLD FRIEND of mine, Bert Lee, managing director of New York radio station WHN, telephoned to make an appointment. He wanted me to become a disk jockey. The idea didn't particularly appeal to me, but I finally told Bert I'd give it a whirl. So, in 1947, *Ted Husing's Bandstand* went on the air. I never thought it could mean big money—but it did—$250,000 a year. I guess you could say my health was going bad, but my luck was still good.

I awoke one morning in 1949, yawned and stretched. The beginning of this particular day seemed to differ little from any other. Swinging my legs from the bed, I took a step. Suddenly I knew that there was going to be a marked difference about this day. My right leg buckled. I tried to stand and ended sitting down on the bed. My leg felt asleep.

"The first dizzy spell hit me in front of "21." It didn't really amount to much."

Touching, pinching, lightly striking it, produced no feeling. Forcing myself out of bed again, I hobbled around until some sense of aliveness returned to the limb.

I was willing to forget about it, until another morning when something caught my attention as I dressed. This time it had nothing to do with my leg's numbness. It was a shoe—my right shoe. I had a new pair that several friends had admired. They hadn't been worn over five times yet the right sole was worn through nearly to the toe.

What had caused it, I wondered, refusing to admit the obvious answer to myself: I must be dragging my right foot. A doctor could tell me why, but I wasn't seeing any doctor. It was probably something psychosomatic. Yes, that was surely it; the same as my dizzy spells and a few pains must have been. All mental. I was worried . . . that was all.

One night, not long afterward, I went to a private club upstairs at Madison Square Garden, where I planned on having a couple of nightcaps before going home to bed. I was beginning to feel dizzy, though. Boy, I thought, they're making the beer more powerful, and I headed for the men's room. Cold water on my face would fix me up. I saw the white-coated attendant moving toward me, but he was fast becoming a blur. The next thing I knew something cold was pressing against the back of my head, and I heard the low buzz of incoherent voices. They sounded like a swarm of locusts. I opened my eyes. I was lying flat on the tile floor.

When I finally got home I didn't go right to bed. Instead, I sat in a leather easy chair, trying not to think of the issue I knew had to be faced eventually. But at last, I decided to consult a doctor. I had to.

When the neurologist I went to had finished his examination, he said, "Mr. Husing, I advise you to go to a hospital. Not tomorrow or next week, but now!"

I asked fearfully, "Have you discovered something?"

He shrugged. "I haven't much to go on, so it's impossible to reach a conclusive diagnosis. Judging from your case history, and the little I've seen, I would say—it isn't infallible—that something may be exerting pressure on your brain."

Making a bad joke, I cracked, "Well, that proves I've got one."

"It really isn't a laughing matter," the doctor replied. "I'll arrange for you to go to Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D. C."

The first step at Georgetown was a spinal tap. The next, and the really painful one, was a pneumoencephalograph. A shortened definition would be: pumping of air into the brain to balloon it in size so a clearer X-ray picture can be obtained.

The worst part was waiting for

the verdict. I began to understand the feelings of a man on trial for his life. After a lengthy consultation, one doctor explained in layman's language that, in all likelihood, I had suffered a series of minor strokes.

"Your case history shows you rarely suffer from headaches and never slur words," he said.

"That's correct," I said. "If I slurred words in my business, I'd have been unemployed years ago."

Then he said again that I must have had some slight strokes. Headaches and slurring of words were often symptoms of a brain tumor.

I asked what condition my heart was in. "Good," was the reply. "Electrocardiograms reveal that no damage has occurred." This was encouraging. I was advised to taper off my work and take life easier.

My response was to drop all broadcasting with the exception of my bread-and-butter disk jockey job. (I had been carrying a heavy schedule of outside commitments, including fights from the Eastern Parkway Rink in Brooklyn, Army football games and the Baltimore Colts pro football games.) This cutting down on activities would afford me the chance for a fuller family life. With my new freedom I took five-year-old Duke to the zoo, the theater, the park, for walks. I enjoyed the role of father for the first time in my life.

I rarely discussed my apprehensions or troubles with Iris. The gulf separating us was widening from day to day. The signs were all too obvious—lack of affection, the difficulty of spoken communication, sharing nothing together plus a host of intangibles that I couldn't put my finger on. I blamed myself.

I kept procrastinating about my health. I let months slip by, relying on the diagnosis of the Georgetown doctors that it was a series of minor strokes. Wishful thinking kept cramming my mind. Perhaps my troubles lay behind me. Certainly I had done my best to push them there.

In 1955, something happened—and with it came a change of mind.

I bought a pair of shoes. In those days I seemed to be constantly buying shoes because I was wearing out the right soles so fast. Tucking the purchase under my arm, I walked down Fifth Avenue.

Suddenly, the buildings on each side of the street started shaking. The next thing I knew I was falling, going down, down into a long, black, bottomless pit.

When I regained consciousness I was home in my own bed. Iris explained it all: blacking out in the middle of Fifth Avenue; how I was brought home in an ambulance; and that a policeman had reported my glasses shattered, but luckily no glass had lodged in my eyes.

THE MAYO CLINIC had, it seemed, timed their new method of taking X-ray pictures of the brain with my arrival. The brain-bloating method previously used on me was now becoming obsolete, and in its place the skull was flooded with a colored liquid. Against this liquid backdrop X rays revealed a large tumor on the meninges, the covering of the sac encasing the brain. The position was so well-concealed that it had eluded detection by X ray at Georgetown.

"Immediate surgery," advised Dr. Mayo. I thanked him and flew back to Manhattan. Early the next morning, I entered New York Hospital. No friends knew about it. Only my mother, Pedge, Iris and Duke.

That evening they operated.

I WAS BLIND. I was paralyzed. Sure, I was still Ted Husing. But in name only. Any physical resemblance to the old Ted Husing was nonexistent. I was the vegetable I had heard the janitresses discussing.

Now a new calamity had hit me. I had been speaking well enough before but something had happened. I couldn't talk. This was the most dreadful loss of all. Ted Husing without a voice was the same as Ted Husing dead.

When the doctor visited me he said optimistically, "You'll speak again, Ted. Just keep trying. This is only a temporary relapse."

I tried. All the time. I never let up. I would count to 100 and, though no number was audible, I knew my lips were assuming the proper position. If I tired of counting, I'd switch to naming days of the week and months of the year.

Then, after weeks of trying, I felt I was improving. And I couldn't resist showing off a little because I knew that Miss Allen was listening.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . testing," I managed to say, one day.

Miss Allen applauded. "God has been good to you," she murmured. But my triumph was short-lived. There were too many inactive hours that weighed heavily upon me, allowing me time to dwell on the hopelessness of my plight. Instead of engaging in constructive discussions with my newly found voice, I used it repeatedly to tell the doctor: "I don't care whether I live or die."

It was many months later that I learned my tumor had lain in an awkward fold of the sac covering the brain. For inexplicable reasons, many people who undergo removal of a tumor from that section of the brain lose their will to live.

Mother, Duke, Iris and Pedge were regular visitors at the hospital. I made them swear they wouldn't get in touch with any of my friends to tell them where I was. I meant it. I was to remain top-secret with no security leaks. I was losing weight daily. No one had to tell me. All I had to do was feel the sharpness of my ribs and the rest of my body that was rapidly becoming skeletonized.

"Son," Mother said one day, "have you started to pray yet?"

"No, Mother."

"It might help."

"Nothing will help me," I said.

She entreated. "Please pray, son."

"To whom?"

"Why, to God."

"There's no God for me."

THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL released me after five weeks, and I was moved into a room at the famous rehabilitation clinic headed by Dr. Howard Rusk. It was at this clinic that Roy Campanella, a few years later, was retrained to use his body after he was crippled in an auto accident. I occupied the room Roy was to use. My first move was to issue irrevocable orders: no visitors, no publicity—and no exceptions.

I promised I was going to do a lot of things to help myself. They never materialized.

The darkness and the loneliness of the night beat me. Sleep wouldn't come. I smashed my fist into the pillows and twisted into varied positions. Exhaustion conquered restlessness, sleep finally coming, and with it, the terrible dream. There was a roulette wheel. It wasn't a standard one. The numbers one to 36 conformed to convention, but the zero and double zero were missing. In their places were B and Double B.

B was for blindness in one eye. Double B was for blindness in both eyes. I'd spin the wheel, and the little white ball would whirl around and descend into a slot. And always, no matter how many times I spun the wheel, the ball dropped into the same slot.

Double B. Always Double B.

I woke up, staring at the ceiling with my sightless eyes. My confidence was completely gone leaving me trapped in a quagmire of self-pity. A single thought dominated: once you're blind you stay blind. Nothing was ever going to part the curtain of blackness.

But there was an escape route—a coward's way, perhaps, but an exemption from torture. Suicide. I smiled. Funny, I used to be loaded with guts. I'd slam into a football player twice my weight. I fought toughs on the sidewalks. Where were my guts now? What was making me a quitter? Mental blocks were there, and I couldn't bypass them.

I transferred to the Westchester Division of the New York Hospital for psychiatric care. But it didn't seem to do much good.

THE NEXT STEP on the way was the Burke Foundation Convalescent Home located on the outskirts of White Plains, New York. It stood on a beautifully landscaped plot of 60 acres with a broad expanse of lawn, a wooded section and a large garden. Although I couldn't see the layout, the Home would have been a reminder of college campuses I had visited. In a way, it was the college I'd never attended.

They worked long and patiently with me at Burke. They tried to teach me to walk, to talk better, to see—and I resisted every effort. Dr. Jack Linden would say, "Ted, we want to get you back into the world. But you've got to help yourself."

"Why?" I would ask, behaving as if I were one of the living dead. They could have stuck knives into me and I don't think I'd have cared. That's how little anything mattered to me.

Psychiatrists had failed to make me understand myself. I resented and resisted their efforts. I thought I was the only one who knew myself. But I wondered if I really did. Why shouldn't I try self-analysis?

I started to make the effort. I peeled the protective lies from my mind the way you'd remove a banana skin, and I laid it bare to examination. This is what I saw: insecurity, thy name is Ted Husing.

That was the pattern of my life.

My extroverted attitude had, I discovered, always been a cover-up

"They tried to teach me to walk, to talk better, to see—and I resisted every effort."

for my deep feelings of insecurity. From the very start of my broadcasting career I had them, from the time I gained the job over all other applicants and faked the application by filling in: "Harvard University graduate."

But the feelings had taken root long before this, beginning when I was a skinny child living in the Bronx, where the streets rang with the accents of the immigrants struggling to master English. I kept waiting for my parents to lose their German accent, and after it became apparent they never would, it stirred a feeling of shame and resentment in me. After hearing flawless diction and realizing Mother and Dad would never speak English this way, I felt I'd never be on equal footing with real American kids.

When Mother abandoned her Judaism and was converted into the Lutheran Church, I failed to appreciate this as a loyalty move, a sacrifice by a woman for the love of a man. I felt relieved, for inside me there was a drop of intolerance—only a drop, but poison can come in infinitesimal doses.

Lack of formal education was a hidden stone in my craw. I secretly envied graduates from schools such as Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Brown. To me they seemed superior beings, sophisticated, intelligent.

And what of the evenings when I had to appear in restaurants and night clubs all over the city to be seen and be heard? The answer was clear now. Insecurity raising its head again. I was fearful the public would forget me if I didn't keep reminding them I existed.

Andy White, after he became a West Coast psychologist, told me: "Millions knew and admired you. Yours was the finest voice in America—in a business of voices. None could touch you. But still you possessed that haunting fear that you might use a word improperly, that some troublesome irregular verb would throw you—all because you didn't go to college. You were a self-made man with confidence and self-assurance on the surface, but not inside. No college-bred announcer was good enough to hold your script. Yet you couldn't realize this."

Yes, I knew Andy was right. Long before he told me, I had worked it all out for myself. He simply verified what I already knew and should have known years before.

I WAS ACHING with the dull pains of solitude that come from the absence of loved ones or friends. Then, one afternoon, an attendant told me that Walter Kennedy, the man with whom I used to broadcast Army football games, was waiting in the reception room. He put his arm around me. Great big tears cascaded down my cold cheeks. "Let yourself go, Ted," he encouraged. "You're not the only one crying, you know."

We talked. Walter did most of it. The right side of my face and body were badly paralyzed and it was painful to speak. Two hours later, Walter said, "You know, Ted, this is the first time I ever outtalked you."

"It'll be the only time," I said stubbornly, feeling a sudden urge to live. Then the feeling vanished, and I made Walter promise not to tell anybody where I was. He never told me how he found out where I was.

The days dragged by. Then one morning I heard Frank, my personal attendant, ask, "Where should I put this crate, Mr. Husing?"

"Crate?" I asked. "What crate?"

"A crate of letters."

"Letters don't come in crates, Frank," I reproached.

"Yours do."

He said that hundreds of letters had come from all over the country.

"There's been some mistake," I said. "Only a few people know where I am."

"Beats me, then," Frank said, "because they're all addressed to you."

He began ripping them open and reading. One was from Jim Farley, another from A. Craig Smith, director of advertising for Gillette Safety Razor. Others came from Eddie Rickenbacker, head of Eastern Air Lines; Freeman Gosden, the "Amos" of *Amos 'n' Andy;* J. Edgar Hoover; Bing Crosby; Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox; Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr.; ball player Ralph Kiner and his tennis-playing wife, Nancy.

And then there were letters from people I had never met; still others came from priests, ministers, rabbis who said they were praying for my recovery; nuns in convents who were offering daily prayers. The entire class of a theological seminary had asked God to make me well.

Some of the letters were from those who had performed a service for me—barbers, stewardesses, shoeshine boys, porters on trains, taxi drivers and waitresses. There were letters from lonely souls, dying people, hopeless invalids—the shut-ins of the world—people to whom my voice over a loud-speaker had brought laughter, warmth and friendship. The very people I had once helped were now reciprocating.

Most of them mentioned God.

After a while I really didn't care how these people had discovered my condition and whereabouts. (I learned later that a newspaper story had appeared about me in *The New York World Telegram and The Sun.*) The main thing was that they cared about me. I was overjoyed, but at the same time humble.

That night I prayed for the first time since my compulsory boyhood prayers. I asked for no miracle. All I wanted was enough courage to keep me from again plunging into a morass of self-pity. And I prayed for my friends who had prayed for me.

Unpracticed as I was, I think God heard me.

From the day the deluge of mail started, my health improved. I slowly gained weight. I took the prescribed exercises for ambulation and sight. Inside of me I felt the first, faint stirrings of hope. I had been convalescing for a long, long year. But I had only just begun to fight.

I put my shoulder to the wheel in the rehabilitation classes. Other convalescents would approach me and say: "Keep it up." I knew they meant it, and I knew the world was filled with some unselfish and wonderful people who were pulling for me. I'd be a spineless weakling if I let one of them down.

Frequently now I left my bed and, with Frank's help, sat in a chair. Once, as evening set in, Frank draped a blanket over my lap. It felt warm and comforting, and I tilted my head down toward its softness.

"Frank!" I cried excitedly, stroking the blanket. "It's red! Red! The blanket's red!"

Emotion choked off Frank's answers. Yes, I saw the red—not distinctly, only a faint blur. But that was enough to want to make me shout with joy and turn cart wheels.

Throngs of my friends came trooping to see me, and those unable to make the trip jammed the Burke switchboard with telephone inquiries.

My steady improvement permitted me to leave Burke whenever I cared to, and I desperately wanted to be with someone for Christmas. I prayed, and the following day I had a visitor. He was Jack Martin, an old friend and the proprietor of the Bear Mountain Inn, located near the United States Military Academy at West Point. Jack's voice boomed, "I've come to take you home with me for Christmas!"

I called to Frank who started selecting my clothes. Then I heard a loud whistle of surprise come from Frank, followed by, "Mr. Husing! Do you know what you're doing?"

No, I guess that I didn't, because I was so happy, but I soon realized what had excited Frank.

I was buttoning my own shirt!

For the first time since the removal of the brain tumor, the fingers of my half-dead right hand were working. Frank let me complete the triumph. For months he had bullied me into molding pieces of clay to simulate ash trays, and now the results were in evidence. Why, I could even tie my own shoe laces.

It was a wonderful Christmas. I couldn't see the happy faces of the children, but I felt them with my heart. I don't know how I looked as Santa Claus, but I do remember my false whiskers had trouble sticking. Tears and glue don't mix very well.

I WELCOMED Father Benedict Dudley when he arrived at Burke on January 31, He was a great friend of the late Tim Mara, owner of the New York Giants professional football team, and he conducted a prayer for the team before each game.

"We're going in to attend the Tenth Annual Dinner of the Sports Broadcasters Association," Father Dudley said. "The affair is in your honor. You're going to receive the Graham McNamee Memorial Award. It will be a night that will live long in your memory."

It has. Edward R. Murrow acted as toastmaster. He called on Robert Sarnoff, president of NBC and the son of General David Sarnoff, who had given me my first job in radio, for the introduction. When Bob finished, the applause was ear-splitting. When it finally subsided I struggled to my feet from my chair on the dais and I managed it unaided.

What I recall of my speech is fragmentary. I do remember saying:

> I no longer see—but I can hear, and sometimes I can feel, and what I hear and feel today in the world of sports broadcasting by television or radio thrills me . . . gives me one of the greatest feelings I've ever had. Tonight, my eyes are in my heart.

The crowd sang as Father Dudley and I left. The good Father then drove me back to Burke. Not a single word was spoken during that 30-mile drive. He respected my silence.

I DECIDED TO GO to Pasadena, California, to live with Mother. Many months had been snatched from my life. They were practically a complete blackout. I was told I underwent a serious operation. I only remember being prepared for it and regaining consciousness afterward, nine-and-one-half hours later. Two years of sickness, an expensive operation, two hospitals, a rehabilitation center and a convalescent home, added up to lots of money.

Where had the money come from? Sure, I had made a fortune—probably $2,500,000 in my lifetime—but with Uncle Sam's hungry bite combined with my living it up high, two years of expensive sickness would have drained far more than my personal resources.

Friends, who demanded to remain anonymous, had cheerfully stepped in to bear the financial burden by contributing to the Kriendler Foundation, which was taking care of my expenses. (The Foundation, named after the late Jack Kriendler, co-founder of "21," supports various types of medical research.) Later, doing amateur detective work, I discovered that my old friend Walter Kennedy, my agent Mark Hanna, and Max Kase, sports editor of the *New York Journal-American*, were among them. There are many others whose identities I cannot uncover.

To each and every one of those unknowns who helped, I wish to say: God bless you all!

And it didn't end there. The Kriendler Foundation distributes sums to Joseph Ross, a Los Angeles attorney, who doles out the money to me for maintenance and medical care. Whenever I have been able to earn money I have sent it to the Foundation.

Before Mark Hanna died, he acquainted me with the generosity of Bill Paley. Bill had advanced Iris $5,000 to tide the Husings over while she was negotiating for the sale of our Gramercy Park home. At the time, Bill made it clear to Iris that in no way was she obligated to pay back this sum until such time as she felt financially able to do so.

In Southern California, loneliness settled upon me again. I would pick up the telephone during a seizure of depression and call friends back in New York. While I couldn't see the dial I memorized the letters and numbers in the ten holes until my manual operation was perfect.

Iris, I learned, had gone to Mexico and obtained a divorce. I wasn't too surprised. Unfortunately I had never made much of an emotional investment in her, so how could I expect that there would be anything for me to draw on now? I haven't seen our son, Duke, but he writes to me, and we have weekly phone talks. He's 14 now and quite a boy!

One day in early 1957, Tom Harmon, director of sports for the CBS Pacific Radio Network, came to see me. I was overjoyed. Tom was one of the all-time great football halfbacks. When he wore the number 98 jersey for the University of Michigan, I had the pleasure of describing many of his exciting runs.

Tom was in a serious mood as he said, "I owe my broadcasting career to you. After the Michigan games you and Jimmy Dolan would take me out and talk the kind of shop talk I loved—broadcasting. You taught me all the tricks, inspired me."

Tom went on, "I've got something in my car I want to bring into the house. Be back in a minute."

He went out and returned. I was curious. I heard him set an object down on the table next to me.

"It's a tape recorder," he informed me.

I was puzzled. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Record."

"Record what?"

"Tape a guest shot for my show."

"Who's the guest?"

Tom said, "You. Who else?"

I was jittery, but before I could protest, Tom put the mike in my hand. It was like shaking hands with an old friend again. We worked out a routine and Tom said, "Now," and turned the switch on.

Uninterrupted, the words tumbled from me. I held back the tears and finished the broadcast. It was hard to believe my voice was going to be heard on the air again.

Tom telephoned shortly after and requested I have dinner with him and his wife, the former Elyse Knox of motion pictures. On the way, Tom asked if I minded if he stopped by NBC for a moment to see a friend.

"It's a rival network," I said lightly, "but I guess you know what you're doing."

Tom stopped the car and got out. I waited with Elyse. A familiar voice broke into our conversation.

"Hello, Elyse. Who's that with you? As if I didn't know."

"It's Ted Husing, Ralph," Elyse responded.

"And by now, Ted," the voice added, "You must know that this is our way of getting you here so that

Show-business pals Desi Arnaz, Jimmy Durante rallied around Ted when he went to California to recuperate.

we could say, 'Tonight, Ted Husing, whom the athletes themselves call *the greatest sportscaster of all time*—THIS IS YOUR LIFE!' "

I recognized the voice of Ralph Edwards.

Ralph said, "And now, Ted Husing, will you please accompany me to our studio, where we'll reconstruct the life story of a man who has become an idol and a legend."

Pleasant shock waves hit me and left me dumfounded. They led me onto a stage. Mother was there, Pedge, my doctor, Dr. Ramon Spritzler, Jimmy Dolan, Les Quailey, Andy White as well as many famous male and female athletes. It was truly Old Home Week.

Ralph recalled, "When I was getting started in radio, Husing was my idol. Why, if Husing said 'hello' to you in the hall, you went home and told your friends about it."

Everyone was wonderful. It was a chapter out of *The Arabian Nights* for me.

At the Del Mar race track a few weeks later, I occupied a table with Elyse Harmon. Neither of us had cashed a winning ticket yet. Then Elyse broke the ice. She had $2 across the board on a winner.

"How much did I win?" Elyse asked.

Without thinking, I swung my head so that the right side of my eyes was facing the tote board, read the payoff prices, and announced, "You win $16.40, Elyse."

Elyse didn't answer for a moment. Finally, her voice throbbing, she said, "Ted—you can read."

"Thank God!" I gasped.

What happened during the remaining races I'll never know. All I wanted to do was reach a telephone. In a previous conversation, Bill Paley had mentioned that he wanted me to sign a CBS contract. I had refused. Of course I wanted to work. Badly. But I was pretty well acquainted with Bill and his many subtle, charitable gestures. I wanted no charity. I wanted to help pull the load, not accept money like a pensioner. I had told him, "When I'm ready, Bill, I'll call you."

I telephoned him. It was an abbreviated conversation.

"Bill—this is Ted Husing, and I'm ready," I said.

"Welcome back to the team," was all he said. But that was enough.

I felt I was ready to work and CBS had proffered a contract. Tom Harmon took me under his wing. I became part of a program called *Winner's Circle*. Telecasts originated from the studio before and after the feature race each Saturday at Del Mar. My job was to interview celebrities and sports stars.

Tom altered the introduction to, "Ted Husing and Tom Harmon in '*Winner's Circle*'." For the first few weeks I had my troubles. I'd sometimes bite off a word the way some English actors do at the end of a sentence. My eyes couldn't be depended on. People were still a blur to me. Most of the time my seeing range wasn't over two feet, and my sight came out of the side, never straight forward. The miracle at Del Mar was inconstant, and now seemed a fleeting mirage.

Suddenly, when about half the

Tribute on "This Is Your Life" TV show, from Ralph Edwards, tennis star Alice Marble, track immortal Jesse Owens, Olympic swimmer Eleanor Holm, gave Ted his greatest thrill.

shows I'd been signed to do were completed, I started correcting former errors and apparently had my troubles whipped. My blackouts had vanished. I felt better. Still, I wondered if I could finish the commitments without a setback. I was going to find out. Maybe I had this thing licked. And then again . . .?

In the midst of a seemingly new and hopeful life, I had another of my blackout spells and my health worsened. On TV I felt shaky, unsure. I barely stuck it out until the completion of the series.

I couldn't have made it without Tom's encouragement and prodding.

Mother and Pedge watched over me more closely than ever. Early in January of 1958, my doctor proposed a trip to New York. I jumped at the chance, and we went together. He didn't tell me why he was taking me, but I sensed he thought the change would prove therapeutic.

I stayed in New York surrounded by friends. They tried to restore my declining spirits, but despite strong efforts the effect was negligible. I despaired of ever working again.

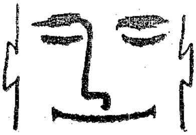
Over at CBS I sat in our old offices. The chair even felt the same. It was I who was different. I came straight to the point, talking with executives of the company.

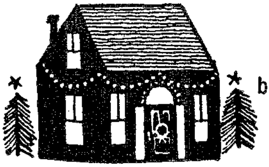
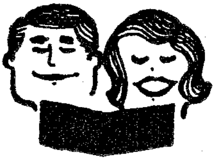
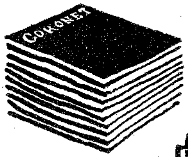
"Boys, I'm too sick to work; and thanks, but no charity."

Back in Pasadena I became a re-

(continued on page 194)

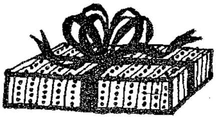
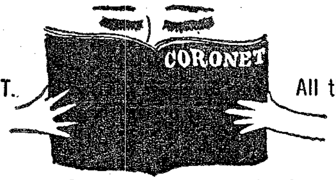
PICTURE THE SCENE



Hustle and bustle! Your friends aglow with holiday mirth...their homes decked in tinsel and lights,  bright and gay for the joyous season. Now add to the merry picture. Your gift card comes, singing its greeting, cheering them with happy news:  A whole year of CORONET 

is on its way, thanks to you! Soon after, the first gift copy of *CORONET arrives*

CORONET
JONES

and under the tree it goes— its picture cover sparkling with color, blending beautifully with the festive array of paper, ribbons and light. A perfect gift  all 'round! Bright words, brilliant pictures, stories and articles of wit and wisdom to delight your friends as they delight you. That's the spirit of Christmas—giving a gift you'd enjoy receiving, a gift that continues to glow long after Christmas is past. Such a gift is CORONET. 

All through the coming year, month on end, CORONET reminds your friends of the warmth, the spirit, the joy of Christmas. And of you!

WHEN YOU GIVE CORONET FOR CHRISTMAS

The cost? Much less than anyone would suppose, considering the gift. Just $2.50 for a one-year gift, $5 for two and only $2 for each additional gift. Why not order now? With shopping out of the way you can afford to relax and treat yourself to the fun of the coming season. Fill out the postage-paid card bound between these pages, or use the coupon below. You needn't pay a penny until January. There's no more convenient way to give a fine Christmas gift, no gift that will bring your friends so much enjoyment. This Christmas give a gift of CORONET.

REDUCED GIFT RATES

1 one-year gift $2.50

2 one-year gifts $5

EACH extra gift $2. For additional gifts, attach names and addresses and send to CORONET, Boulder, Colorado

$_____ enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Send CORONET as my gift to: 1067

name

address

city zone state

sign gift card FROM:

name

address

city zone state

(continued from page 191)

cluse again. Blindness, whether partial or total, dooms you to a dark world. I was having one of my bad days when a knock sounded on the door. Mother admitted a cheerful-sounding man who announced that he was Alex Victor, sales promotion manager of FM station KMLA. I had no way of knowing it, but he was an angel sent from heaven.

He said that, using the recording facilities of station KMLA, he wanted me to do a series of 52 tapes—each 15 minutes long—for a radio series, assisted by George R. Sanders, a Hollywood radio-TV personality. It was to be called *Ted Husing Reminisces*.

To appear with me on the programs, he had lined up Tom Harmon, Frank Leahy, Joe Louis, Joe E. Brown, Leo Durocher, George Jessel, Paul Douglas and dozens of others. I was surprised at his corralling that great flood of talent, and I said, "Vic, you must represent a wealthy station to be able to afford these outstanding personalities."

He laughed and said, "They all want to contribute their services free. They believe in you."

I said doubtingly, "But—but, Vic, I—I don't know if I can."

"You just believe it yourself, and and you'll come through fine."

I WENT TO KMLA and back to my first love—radio. I settled into a working routine.

Tom Harmon made the first tape with me, and Paul Douglas made the second. In it Paul commented, "It's a great feeling, Ted, to be good in your business, but to be absolutely tops must be incomparable."

Around the studio they made no special concessions to me. No one babied me because I was partially crippled and partially blind. They treated me like any other working stiff. It was good medicine.

Each day upon returning home I'd do my eye exercises with increased vigor. The doctor had given me a flat tongue-depressor type of stick, and imprinted upon it was the impish face of a kangaroo. For a nose, the kangaroo had a bright, shiny red piece of glass. The idea was to hold the stick at arm's length, moving it back and forth toward my eyes. Right now all I can see is the red glass, but some day I hope to see the entire face.

And some day I hope actually to see human faces again. There are so many of those wonderful faces I crave to see—to refresh my memory of all who have helped me.

I'd especially like to see the face of Jack Kessler of Post Office Box 17014, Houston, Texas. I've never seen his face, but I'm sure it's a good one. After studying my picture in a newspaper he wrote, "Your face has dignity and courage."

Then he quoted from that wise Greek gentleman, Aristotle, sending me a bit of his philosophy: "He bears the accidents of life with dignity and grace, making the best of his circumstances." And he closed with: "I know that millions are with you in your courageous fight."

How can I let this stranger down—and all the other strangers who have written, and all my friends?

I can't! I won't!

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

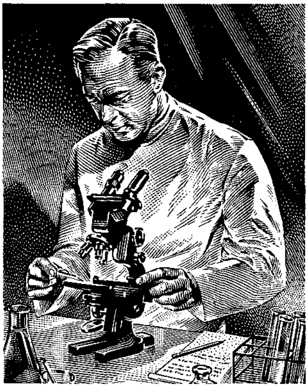
By JAMES HENRY WESTON

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain, Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

FOR the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.



And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

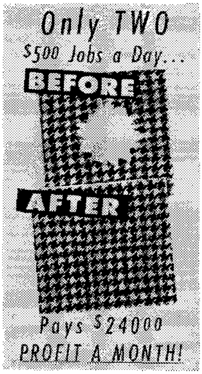
(*Advertisement*)

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

Christmas Gift Issue

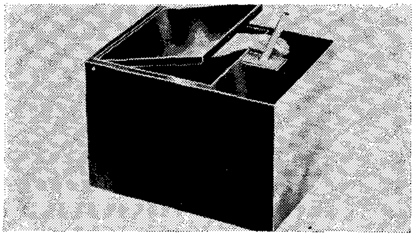
MAKE $ $ $ AT HOME—FREE DETAILS



Invisible mending pays up to $10.00 profit in an hour. Be the invisible reweaver in your community and make big money at home! Make cuts, burns, tears, moth holes in suits, coats—all garments, all fabrics—*disappear like magic.* Big demand from tailors, cleaners, department stores, individuals, bring steady profits. Do only two $5.00 jobs per day at home in your spare time, and take in $240.00 cash per month. Learn how to do this work, *turn spare time into cash.* Invisible Reweavers are scarce in most communities. Write now for free details of this thrilling all profit opportunity. No obligation, no salesman will ever call. Fabricon, Dept. 3912, 6238 N. Broadway, *Chicago 40, Illinois.*

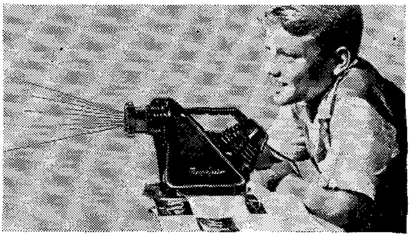
LIFE-SIZE SANTA DOORMAN—$1

What a wonderful find for your home for the holidays! A jolly old Santa who's big as life, to wish all your friends and neighbors a cheerful "Merry Christmas"! Huge and naturally colorful, this chubby, smiling St. Nick will cover your front door with his personal welcome! 5 feet high, 21″ wide. Of heavy lacquered paperboard to resist all kinds of weather. Comes with special tape for easy mounting. Only $1 plus 15¢ for postage. We have only a limited quantity. They're bound to be snapped up fast at this low, low price! Order now. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Available only by mail from Spencer Gifts, Z-6 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



SLOWLY A PALE HAND EMERGES!

Sinister little black box *just sits* there—quietly waiting for someone to throw on the switch. Then suddenly, it comes to life, with a whir of power—twitching and jumping as if a demented genie were locked in. Slo-o-o-wly the lid rises. A pale, clutching hand emerges, grabs the switch, shuts it off, disappears back in box. Lid slams shut. Once again all is quiet—except your friends! $4.98 plus 25¢ postage. Satisfaction guar. Order by mail now. Spencer Gifts, Z-4 Spencer Bldg., *Atlantic City, N. J.*



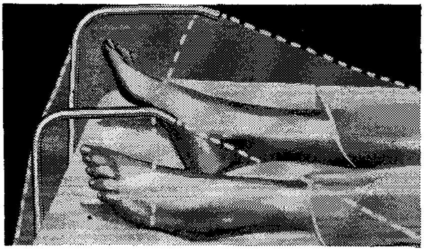
PROJECTS, MAGNIFIES TO 4 FT. WIDE!

Projects snapshots, texts, illus., stamps, etc. in their original color! Magnifies all up to 4′ wide. No films, slides, negatives needed. Photos "come alive"! Great for charts, diagrams, "fine print" contracts, etc. For students, teacher, doctors, stamp collectors. U.L. approved, insulated socket housing, adj. twin lenses, on-off switch. AC. Works on ordinary light bulb (not incl.) 12″ x 8″ x 4½″. With carrying case, $7.98 ppd. Order by mail now. Satis. guaranteed. *Spencer Gifts, Z-5 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.*

Silver Linings

MY SISTER is one of those thoughtful people who never seems to forget a birthday. She has surprised many kids in her home town with her "lamb cakes," baked in a special sheep-shaped mold, then decorated with flashy coconut and a bright ribbon. Three years ago while baking one for the little boy next door, she got to thinking how much the children in the "Room for the Mentally Retarded" in the nearby town where she teaches would enjoy such a cake.

(*Continued on page* 203)

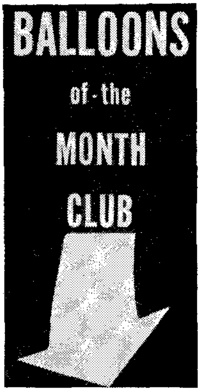


SLEEP COMFORT—PRICELESS GIFT

Blanket Support relaxes feet, gives tranquilizing sleep. Soothingly lifts bedding. Makes cozy foot pocket. Lets you stretch and turn. Relieves tensions, improves circulation, lessens leg and foot cramps. Fits any bed, regular or electric blankets. Arms fold flat. Ideal gift for tense executives, light sleepers, convalescents and arthritics. Sent immediately for only $4.75 ppd. Two day air mail $1 extra, if desired. Money back guarantee. Better Sleep, Inc., Dept. 385, New Providence, N. J.

ARE YOU LOOKING . . .

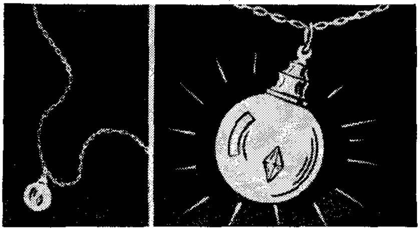
. . . for the happiest, gayest, longest lasting of all children's gifts? This is it . . . a membership in the Balloons - of - the - Month Club that gives a youngster fun, happiness and a pleasant surprise by mail 14, yes, 14 times per year, once each month plus a special birthday selection and a super Santa selection at Christmas. Altogether, over 100 sensational balloons, with a retail value of about ten dollars. Now don't expect ordinary balloons . . . the 14 packages of balloons, that are mailed to the youngster of your choice, are unusual, gay and festive, extra quality toy balloons. This fabulous assortment is enough to make any child jump for joy. Dolls, animals and snowmen that stand on their own feet.



. . . PLUS HOLIDAY BALLOONS . . .

including the world's largest stand-up Santa Claus balloon and many other unusual balloons are sent throughout the year. To make your youngster happy as a member of the Club . . . and to give you a gift-value that is Unequalled, is the aim of the Balloons-of-the-Month Club. If we don't meet that aim to your satisfaction . . . you get your money-back. Remember. Balloons are fun for everyone. The price of this happy-year-'round-gift is only $5.00. Order now for Christmas gift giving and please that lucky youngster. Do it today. Send child's name, address and birthdate along with check or money order to the Balloons-Of-The-Month-Club, 543-545 Eastern SE, Grand Rapids 6, Michigan.

14 TIMES A YEAR
BIRTHDAY
The BALLOONS of the MONTH CLUB
543-545 EASTERN S E GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN



GENUINE DIAMOND-IN-THE-ROUGH—$1

Diamonds are a girl's best friend—and here's a genuine diamond in the rough floating in a dainty "crystal" that magnifies the stone. A most unusual and eye-catching pendant. Attached to a 16" fine 18K gold-plated chain. (Removable if you'd rather wear it as a charm.) Own a diamond yourself at this astoundingly low price. Give them lavishly. Now you can afford to be generous with genuine diamonds! Be sure to order enough for Christmas gifts! Empire, Dept .C129, 4 N. 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

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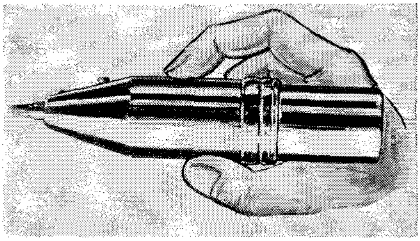


ELECTRIC ERASER ONLY $1.95

Push the button on this little power eraser and remove pencil, ink or typing errors. No holes through paper—it works by rotation, not pressure. Leaves a clean, smooth erasure without smudging adjacent work. Single flashlight battery (not incl.) does the job. Stenographers, artists, students, accountants, engineers all love this 5" metal tool. Gives better results with less work. 4 erasers and 2 brushes included. Just $1.95 postpaid from Greenland Studios, 5858-CO-122 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

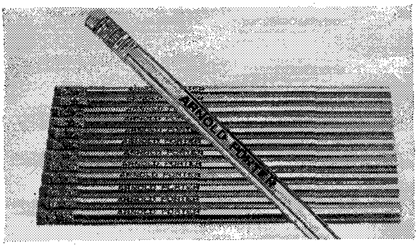
TERRY MOPPER—WHOPPER OF A GIFT!

Mopper is the original "one size fits all" terry after-bath robe—the great big personalized "terry bear" robe that towels you dry instantly, cozily after tub, shower or swim! Thick, thirsty, luxurious, snow-white *Cannon terry*, with yards of comfortable fullness, raglan sleeves, huge draft-screen collar, two big carry-all pockets, wrap-around belt, tassel tie. Personalized with 3" press-on initial! A whopper of a Mopper, fits men, women perfectly. Order for yourself, for gifts, for guests! Gift-ready in clear plastic bag. $6.95 (king size for 6-footers, $7.95). Add 35¢ postage each Mopper. No COD's. Satisfaction guaranteed! Free catalog on request. Woodmere Mills, Dept. A34, Bennington, Vt.

DIAMOND
(enlarged)
1 Carat
Brilliant White
Diamond Ring
$395

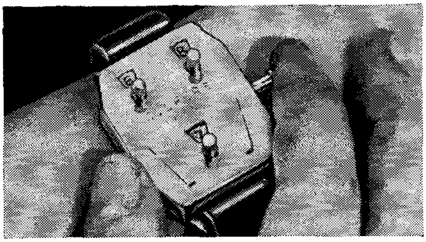
BUY DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY . . .

"The Talk of the Country." Buy real diamonds after appraisal by your own expert. You'll save $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ by buying direct from one of America's well known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Diamond Jewelry sent to you free 10 day inspection. We guarantee to refund double appraisal cost unless your own jeweler appraises 50% above our price. Credit terms available. Write for Free Catalog C-12. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, New York.



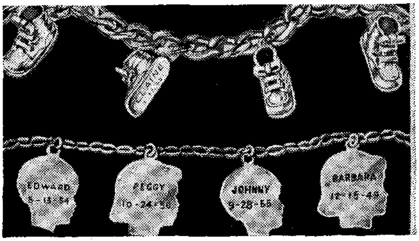
NAME IN GOLD ON 24 PENCILS

A feather in anyone's cap to give . . . and a sure way to foil pencil snatchers! We'll stamp any name in brilliant gold on 24 colorful pencils. Wonderful as gifts, for grab-bags, for office or school. Fine quality pencils feature number 2 lead plus pure rubber erasers. A thrill for the lucky recipient to see his or her name in gold! (Give name desired). No C.O.D.'s please. For complete set of 24, send only $1.00 plus 15¢ handling to Bancroft's, 2170 S. Canalport Avenue, Dept. CM-827, Chicago 8, Illinois.



GOLF SCORE COUNTER . . . $3.98

Perfect gift for all men and women golfers! Worn like a wrist watch, it keeps score automatically! Merely press the plunger for each stroke—lower window shows total for each hole and upper windows register total for complete course. No need for score card or pencil. Gold metal case; leather strap; gift boxed. Every golfer needs one! Add 35¢ for air mail delivery. *Write for free Gift 'N Gadget catalog.* Mastercraft, 275-C Congress, Boston 10, Mass.

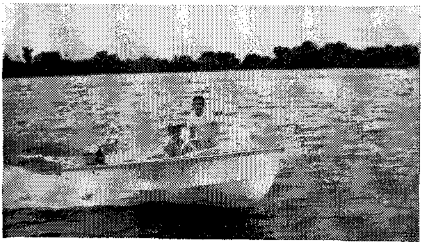


FOR PROUD MOTHERS & GRANDMOTHERS

She'll wear her heart on her wrist when she encircles it with an heirloom bracelet of our Solid Sterling Silver or 12K gold-filled Baby Shoes or Silhouettes. Each $\frac{3}{4}$" charm is engraved with a child's first name and birthdate. Adorably crafted, of excellent weight and quality. Add more as the family grows. Baby Shoes $1.95 each; Bracelet $1.95. Silhouettes $1.10 each; Bracelet $1.10, including postage, tax, engraving. Immediate Delivery. Nancy Norman, 92 P. O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.

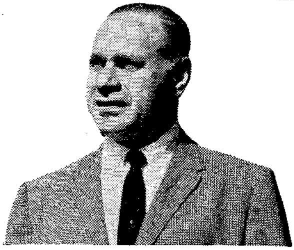
RETIRE IN SUNNY FLORIDA

Nearly 4,000 persons are now moving to Sunny Florida Every Single Week Of The Year to enjoy the wonderful climate and the easy living. Retired folks find that the weather is truly a God-send . . . with no harsh winters or searing hot summers. Life is more pleasant, more liesurely and more healthful in Florida. That's why many people have already bought lots for their retirement home at lovely Leisure Lakes, a new Florida community in South-Central Florida.



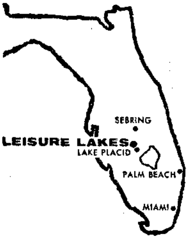
FOLLOW THE SUN TO LEISURE LAKES

Leisure Lakes, a new 3,000 acre community in Florida's beautiful Highlands County is now in its second year of development. Miles of winding streets embrace four crystal-clear spring-fed lakes, while a network of graceful canals make this one of the most attractive communities in the State. The land has a gentle roll and is generously dotted with stately southern pines. A large Country Club is the focal point for many activities, while swimming, boating & fishing are available right on the property.



BUILT BY OUTSTANDING DEVELOPER

Leisure Lakes is a community built and developed by Mitchel P. Miller, prominent in Florida development since 1946. Miller has built more than 3,000 homes, many hotels, motels, office buildings, schools and hospitals in South Florida. You Trade With Confidence. Highlands County Land & Title Co. 4479 N.W. 36th St., Miami Springs 66, Florida. Member: Miami-Dade Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Miller's reputation for quality construction is your assurance that you will be living in a community you can be proud of.



INVEST IN BOOMING FLORIDA

The many thousands of people now moving to Florida are creating unprecedented demands for more houses, more shopping centers, more schools and churches . . . more of everything! That's why land values continue to rise . . . and the future of Florida promises even greater growth. Land bought today should take on added value in the short years ahead. And that's why you should Invest Today In Florida's Precious Land. Don't be left in the cold. Send coupon below for full details at once.

A NEW COMMUNITY WAITING FOR YOU

Leisure Lakes is dedicated to the promise that "to feel young is to stay young." Our new residents, from as far away as the State of Washington, take on added vigor and health as they live the leisurely life under the wonderful Florida sun. It does cost less for a retired couple to live in contentment and good health at Leisure Lakes. Find out Now how you too can Take Your Place In The Sun at lovely Leisure Lakes, where big residental lots are priced today at just $895, terms of only $10 monthly.

RUSH COUPON TODAY

Highlands County Land & Title Co.
4479 N. W. 36th St.
Miami Springs, 66, Florida

Please send me complete details about how I can purchase a homesite at Leisure Lakes for investment or retirement.

Name ....

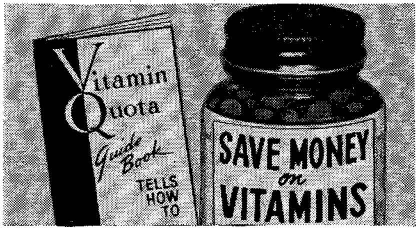
Address ....

City.................. Zone.... State......

(Continued on next page)

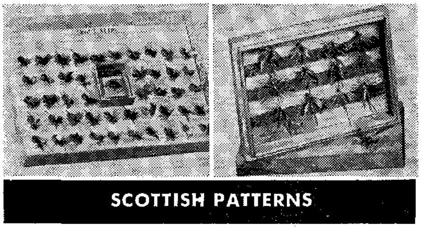
NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECES BY FEDER

This realistic hairpiece developed by Louis Feder is made in many styles, including new Ivy League crew cut. It looks, feels like your own hair. Comb it, *sleep in it! Secure in* wind, rain or hurricane! Worn by leaders of all ages. Priced as low as $85 for bald spot cover; about $170 average. Write for free illustrated 16 page booklet M, "The only Solution to Baldness." . . . For Ladies, Feder makes a wonderful new hairpiece! Custom fitted, styled to your taste. Completely secure! Set it, comb it as you like. Sleep in it, swim in it! Write now for free style guide C3. It's helpful, illustrated! . . . House of Louis Feder, 545 5th Avenue, New York 17, New York. Murray Hill 7-8325.



STOP BUYING VITAMINS BLINDLY!

100 capsules Vitamin A (25,000 units) not $1.75, but only 75¢. 100 tablets Vitamin C (250 mg.) not $2.00, but only 85¢. 100 capsules Vitamin E (100 Int'l units) not $4.65, but now reduced to only $2.50. These are examples of over 150 Freshly-Packed, guaranteed-potency vitamins & health aids, available at savings of 50% & more! Send for free catalog & Vitamin guide book today! Vitamin-Quota. Dept. T-723, 880 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. or Dept. T-723, 1125 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 19, Calif.



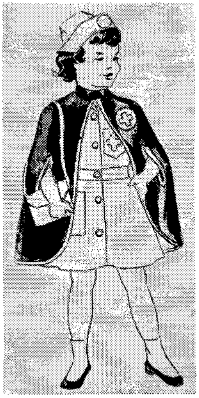
FISHERMAN'S DREAM

You won't have to fish for compliments from him with either of these gifts. Set of 46 hand tied fishing flies with cork retainers comes together with a matching automatic cigarette lighter, or set of 60 flies with no cigarette lighter. The magnificent colors make them ideal for framing as decorator's item in den, study, etc. $5.00 ppd. . . Pocket carrying case of 12 fishing flies (same as above) only $1.00 ppd. Panther International, 21 W. 47th St., New York City.

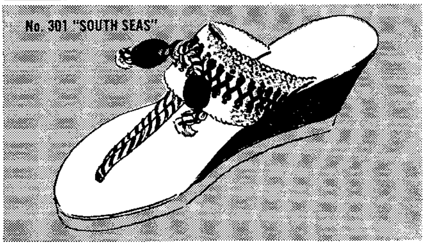
PATIO, PARTY, OR TV LAMP

Glowing milk-white "Yesteryear" kerosene lamp will start your friends talking. It's "pretty" and useful, too! Practical during emergency or when a fuse blows. About 10 inches high with fluted chimney and elegant floral design. It will brighten and enhance any room in your home, on your mantel, knick-knack shelf, or party room. Only $1.50 postage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Write today for free catalog containing hundreds of new gift ideas from all over America and the world! Toys, ceramics, collectors' gifts, housewares, men's gift ideas, decorations. Adriane, Inc., 9-946, Finch Building, Saint Paul 1, Minnesota.

NURSE'S UNIFORM FOR LITTLE GIRLS



Little girls dream of being nurses. This Christmas in*troduce them to an excit*ing new group activity with Playnurse, a beautifully designed replica of a professional nurse's outfit. There's a white poplin uniform with real metal caduceus on the collar, 2 large pockets & buttons down the front. The flowing cape is navy poplin trimmed in red and features 2 full size pocket slits. A real highlight is the trim white nurse's cap with insignia and a smart red plastic shoulder bag. Sold on a money-back basis by Bencone, one of America's largest professional uniform companies. Sizes 4-12. Price $4.98. Sorry no C.O.D. Send check or M.O. to—Bencone Uniforms, Inc., Dept. C-3, 47 Martine Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

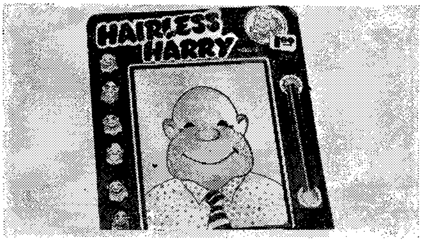


SLIPPERS FROM POLYNESIA

Add an exotic touch to her wardrobe by giving her Polynesian slippers direct from Hawaii with your card enclosed. Slippers illustrated come with black or white insoles, gold or silver elasticized bands. State size and color. Shipped P.P. anywhere in USA for $5.45. One of hundreds of distinctive gifts in Stewart's new 28 page illustrated catalog of Hawaiian things. Send 25¢ (refunded on first purchase) for catalog. Order from Stewarts' Hawaii, Dept. E, 1140 Kona St., Honolulu 14, Hawaii.

"SLEEP-TEACHING" MACHINE

Called the "Electronic Educator," this amazing new device is designed to train & teach at both conscious & subconscious levels. A self-contained tape recorder, it uses special endless tape cartridges holding up to 2 hours tape that repeats your material endlessly till memorized. Will record, playback & erase. Has timer & slumber speaker for sleep-study and hypnosis experiments. Full details & unusual 200-items catalog free to experimenters. Write Sleep-Learning Research Ass'n, Box 24-P, Olympia, Washington.



DRAW WITH MAGNETISM

New, different, unusual. You actually draw with magnetism forming iron filings into hair, mustache, sideburns or a beard for Hairless Harry. Thousands of beard and hair combinations possible. It's the mystery of magnetism turned into fun. Gives you a chance to test your artistic skill. Comes with generous supply of iron filings, under sealed plastic dome, and magnetic pencil. King size 16½"x13". $1.00 each, ppd. Money back guar. The Electric Game Co., 111 Lyman Street, Holyoke, Mass.

GERMAN MOUNTAIN SKI CAP!

New U.S. Sportswear hit! Bought in Western Germany: a limited supply of the original high-front "mountain" style (for fall and winter) of last summer's popular "Africa Desert Cap." All new, made of soft wool-felt, fully lined. Caps have unique two position pull-down earflaps to cover either (a) your ears alone or (b) both neck and ears. Available in colors of: Mountain green, navy blue, field gray. $5.95 plus 35¢ postage. State size & color. (Genuine Edelweiss mountaineers' cap-insignia, in gold and silver toned metal, $2.50. Order now for Christmas gift giving. Ainsworth Company, Dept. CO-10, 158 East 38 St., New York 16, New York.

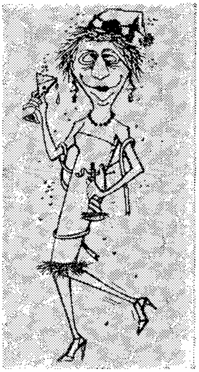
Frieda Schroeder's
BUTTER
COOKIES

CHRISTMAS TIME IS COOKIE TIME!

Delightfully different! Homemade Christmas cookies with "old world" goodness. Made from recipes of home kitchens in Sweden, Denmark & Germany in Grandmother's day and handed down through the years. Made from the highest quality ingredients & pure butter. Ideal for Gifts. Gaily decorated 1½ lb. bucket, only $3.50 postpaid. Send check or money order to Frieda Schroeder, 6324 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 48, California. No C.O.D.'s please.

HANGOVER PIN-UP BEAUTIES—$1

Are you tired of gorgeous gal calendars? Are you weary of dolls with classic dimensions and come-hither allure? You can relax now. Here are a dozen downhill dames who shun tape measures and form-fitting dresses. They give your female a cuddly superiority complex! Order our Hangover Pin-Up Beauties. Makes wonderful, different gifts for your discriminating friends, too. This is the Unbewitching 1960 calendar that features big week-ends and absolutely no Mondays in the whole year. Sent in plain wrapper (like our models) for just $1 postpaid. Order Hangover Pin-Up Beauties today from Greenland Studios, Department CO-12 5858 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania.



FOLDING BACK REST

Ingeniously improved Folding Back Rest gives you the joy of sitting-up support when you read, eat, doze or watch T.V. Provides 3 positions, especially selected for maximum comfort. Anchored by non-skid pads. Elastic strap holds your own pillow where you want it. Folds "tuck-away" flat. Conveniently light. Wood grain finish. Gifts mailed direct. We ship immediately for only $3.98 postpaid. Money back guarantee. Better Sleep, Inc, Inc., Dept. 387, New Providence, N.J.

(Continued on next page)

GIVES YOU $300.00 EVERY YEAR

automatically. Get a set of 3 Perpetual Date & Amount banks and you'll never be "broke"! Forces you to save 25¢ every day, or Calendar bank won't change date. Also records total amount saved. Save for 3 goals simultaneously, like home, car and college, or Christmas, vacations and retirement, etc., and save thrice as fast. Give a Date bank to each member of your family and friends, and build up greater savings. Automatic mechanism with key. Use year after year. Start saving right away. Pays for itself in 8 days. Reg. $3.50, now only $1.99 each; 3 for $5.75; 6 for $11; 12 for $20. Add 25¢ per bank for postage and handling. Sold by mail only—prompt delivery. Mail to Leecraft, Dept. 3CR, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y. Order today.

GUARD SAFETY WITH GOLDEN GLAMOUR

Clearly, the gift this year! See-Brella—the new "picture window" umbrella you look through, not under, when rainy winds blow! Strong, heavy-gauge crystal-clear vinyl shakes dry, no soggy drip! Brilliant styling "dresses up" any outfit. Has 10 rib golden-finish steel frame, gold-color binding, gleaming golden-flecked plastic handle. Plus handy rain bonnet in plastic pouch on chain. Choice of gold personalizing initial. $4.95, ppd. No CODs. Bradford's, Box 535-B7, Englewood, N. J. Catalog.

WELCOME LIGHT

For 9¢ per year you can have illuminated house numbers that can always be seen. Welcome Light adds a touch of dignity and style to your home yet serves the function for which it was designed. Welcome Light not only can be seen but gives a soft night light. Its light is soft & relaxing. Welcome Light utilizes low voltage, just like your doorbell. Easy to install, anybody can do it. All parts furnished. $7.95 postpaid. Indicate numbers desired. John Surrey Ltd., 11 W. 32 St., Dept. C-12, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

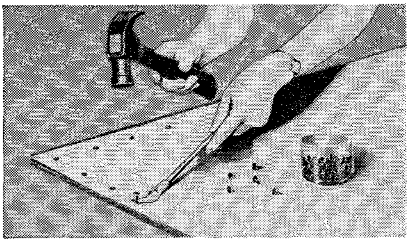
THIS CAR MADE ESPECIALLY FOR
AL BLAINE

SNOOTY CAR PLAQUE—$1.49

If he takes special pride in his car . . . get him this custom-made Car Plaque with his or her very own name engraved on it! Shiny, 3" x 1" jewel-like nickel Plaque is deeply etched with an official looking: This Car Made Especially For (any name you want). Self adhesive back attaches to dashboard. . . . just press it on. Easily removed. Guaranteed to please! Specify name desired when ordering Car Plaque. Only $1.49, postage paid from Sunset House, 252 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

THE GIFT SUPREME FOR ALL GOLFERS

Are you puzzled about a gift for Christmas? Now here's the perfect gift for golfers. Here is is a real must for all golfing enthusiasts. A golf bag stand that opens with the flip of your finger and automatically closes to the bag when lifted for carrying. Your golfing friends and relatives will really appreciate this wonderful convenience. Attached in a minute and fits all golf bags. Clubs always ready for quick selection. No stooping for carrying or club pick up. Priced at only $3.95 postpaid in the United States. Money back guarantee. Send order with remittance to Kota Krafts, Box 2044, Commerce Station, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. No COD's please.



MAGNETIC NAIL HOLDER $1.00

Avoid smashed fingers. This amazing new Magnetic Nail Holder gives you added reach, gets into tight spots and magnetically picks up things fingers *cannot grasp. Great for hobbies, too; has lifetime* magnet; acts almost in human fashion; 101 uses; something you have often needed and didn't have. An ideal gift or prize for any occasion. Something new, original and useful. *Why not order several now? Immediate delivery; $1.00 each.* Magnetic Holder Co., P. O. Box 715, San Antonio, Texas.

Silver Linings continued

So she baked a second cake and brought it to them. They seemed pleased. Just last week came a letter painstakingly written on ruled, schoolroom paper.

"Dear Mrs. Geist,

Thank you for the lamb cake that you gave us three years ago.

We are sorry that we never wrote to you sooner. We did not know how to write letters then.

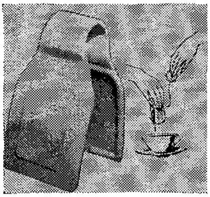
Your friends,
The Special Education Class"

—DR. DUGAN LAIRD

ALOHA FROM HAWAII

Five exotic essences from Hawaii, in the "Aloha Set." Exquisite whispering fragrances of the pikake, white ginger, orchid, plumeria, and heavenly lani. Smartly wrapped! $4.95 prepaid surface mail, or $5.90 airmail ppd. Write today for other exciting and authentic products of Hawaii and the South seas. Address: Gifts Of Hawaii, P. O. Box 8084, Waikiki, Hawaii.

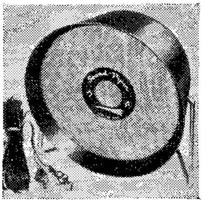
NEW! TEA BAG SQUEEZERS



For the perfect hostess, a tea bag squeezer with many uses; as a Napkin Holder, Lemon Squeezer, etc. Of durable pastel plastic, which will withstand distortion even from boiling water. Available in Pink, Yellow, Tangerine, or Turquoise. Packed 6 to a box. Send $1 (per box) ppd. Cash, check, or M.O. to Delta Products Co., Inc., P. O. Box 308, Salem, Mass.

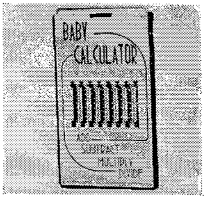
NEW PORTABLE HI-FI SPEAKER

For your listening pleasure wherever you are—(waterproof). A quality electronic product—finest reproduction—for Hi-fi, stereo, radio or tv. Diameter 6" Black or turquoise. Brass plated stand and speaker face. 20' extension cord. Money-back guar. $6.95 ppd. Modern American Products, P. O. Box 3302, Merchandise Mart Station, Chicago 54, Ill.

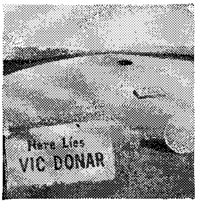


ADDING MACHINE $2.95 (2 FOR $5.39)

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home students, tax work. Send name, address, $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. of M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. D-95, Huntington Valley, Pa.



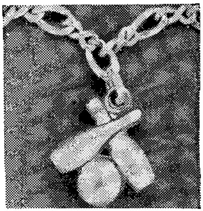
"ON-THE-GREEN" MARKER—$1



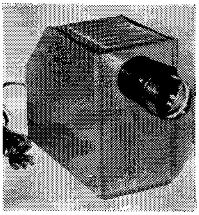
Golfers need this personalized stymie marker! Of bright silver color metal inscribed "Here Lies" followed by golfer's name. Eliminates looking for elusive coins to spot your ball. Lies flat on green. Order for his foursome, too. Print names. $1.00 (4 for $3.75)-(12 for $10.50) Elron Inc., 352 W. Ontario St. Dept. 503, Chicago 10, Ill.

A GIFT FOR EVERYONE WHO BOWLS

For a "strike" at a price all can "spare." Bowling charm & bracelet $3.70. Matching earrings $4.95. Neck chains $3.70, Key Chains $3.45, ea. incl. one charm. Extra charms $1.95 ea. tax incl. & ppd. All finest sterling silver. Order this lovely gift now for Christmas. Send Check or M.O. to Art Sterling Co., Box 7118, Waverly Station, Baltimore 18, Md.



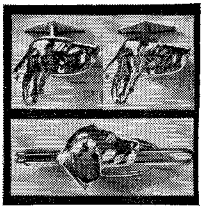
LOOK MAGNIFYING PROJECTOR



New Magna-Vue Optical Instrument! Enlarges pictures, copy, sketches, objects in full color on wall, screen, table, etc. Hundreds of uses & fun at home, office, school, studio. Enlarges copy 3¼ x 4" to 32 x 40". Steel, 10 x 7½". 2" focusing lens. Electric. 110 volt. $4.98 postpaid. Johnson-Smith Company, Dept. 842, Detroit 7, Michigan.

"DOG" CUFF LINKS & TIE CLASP

Own a pair of these handsome cuff links & matching tie clasp. Your favorite dog's head sculptured true to life! Heavy 24K gold plated. Specify "breed"...Boxer, German Shepherd, Setter, Collie, Great Dane, Terrier, Spaniel, Scotty, Poodle & many others. Links $7.50 pr. Clasp $5, tax included, ppd. Hano, 1598-C Third Ave., N. Y. 28, N. Y.



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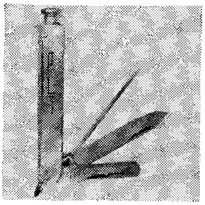
YOU CAN BE ALMOST 2 INCHES TALLER

It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-129 Brockton 68, Mass.

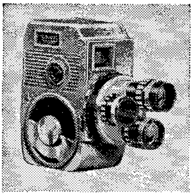
INITIALED PIPE SMOKER'S KNIFE

A choice gift for the pipe smoker. Combination knife to keep a pipe in top condition. *Tamper, cleaning pick*, carbon scraper, & blade fold into a sturdy Sheffield steel frame (made in Eng.). Free monogram & leather case. $3.50 ppd. Orders shipped same day received. Free catalog. David P. Ehrlich Co., Dept. C, 207 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.



BRUMBERGER 8MM MOVIE CAMERA $49.95

#1618 Easy to use, triple-turret, 3-lens f/1.8 movie-making masterpiece. Takes telephoto, wide-angle and regular shots in color and b/w. 4 operating speeds and single frame for titles. Powerful motor. Built-in range finder, exposure guide. Only $49.95. Brumberger 8mm movie projector, 300-watt, blower cooled, #1503, only $39.95. Brumberger, Dept. C, 34 34th St., Bklyn 32, N. Y.



100% WOOL U.S. NAVY TOQUE DICKEY

Now only $1 Ppd. Real $3.50 value. Guaranteed new, never used. A real comfort in cold & damp weather. Fits everyone—men, women & children. Keeps ears, neck & chest warm. Soft, durable, flexible, comfortable. Converts any jacket to a parka. Send $1 today (sorry no COD) special 6 for $5 ppd. A. L. Robbins, 36 Bowery, Dept. C, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

1,000,000 SATISFIED USERS

One of the easiest, least expensive ways to recondition your car's engine is to drop a few of these Motaloy tabs in your fuel tank. You'll get increased compression and a ring and valve job as Motaloy replates worn engine parts. Increases mileage, cuts oil-burning. $6 ppd., Motaloy Company, Dept. C, 1003 Military Dr., N. E., San Antonio, Texas.

MOTALOY
6
GUARANTEED!

Silver Linings continued

OFTENTIMES, in passing down the hospital corridor, going from one department to another in performing my secretarial duties, I like to scatter a few "hello's" to the patients who seem to welcome them.

One little elderly gentleman looked especially effervescent on this particular morning, so I remarked, "I can see by your face that you are feeling better today."

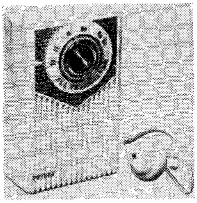
"Oh, it isn't my face," he said, "it's my *faith*!" —HELEN DAVIS

GENUINE HERALDRY IS FLATTERING

Many families from Britain and Europe were once identified by their own Coat of Arms, still recorded in England. Immaculate oak 12" wall shields individually emblazoned in true colour & relief cost only $15.00 ppd. Checks returned with brochure by Airmail if Arms un-traceable. Print surnames. Allow two months. Hunter & Smallpage (1875). York, England.

LISTEN TO RADIO . . . WHEREVER YOU GO

For only $10.95 enjoy big radio performance with this Futura all transistor pocket size beauty. Hi-Fi earphone, lets you listen at home, away or on go. Excellent local station reception, not recommended for remote rural areas. Volume control. No ground nec. Money back guar. Ppd. $10.95 with 500 hr. battery. King Distributors, 814 Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.



A TOUCH OF THE OLD WEST

Now we are privileged to offer a limited edition of exact facsimiles of authentic original rare "Reward Posters." Unique collectors' items, they make picturesque decorations to display in den & recapture the exciting adventure & raw violence of the Old West. 12 posters, all diff. at 50¢ ea. or entire set of 12 for only $2. Pioneer Press, Dept. CT, Harriman, Tenn.

OLD
REWARD
POSTERS

HAVING AN overly-energetic Dalmatian puppy in a New York apartment proved more of a problem than I could handle alone. So early one morning I told the building superintendent's 14-year-old son that if he walked my dog, Elby, 15 minutes every day while I was at work I would pay him $2 a week. The boy speedily accepted my offer. To encourage his help, I paid him for the first week in advance.

When I returned home that evening I found a note on my kitchen table. "I walked Elby," it said.

DRAW CARTOONS FOR PROFIT & FUN

Earnings are excellent for successful Cartoonists. You don't need previous training or art ability with the "Famous System of Manual Training." Learn Cartooning rapidly, easily! 1000's of successful grads. Continental supplies all incl. 15-pc. professional kit. Write for free catalog. Dept. CT-12. Continental Schools, Inc., 4201 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 37, Calif.

Draw CARTOONS

NORWEGIAN SPORTS CAR SLED

American ingenuity and Norwegian craftsmanship produced this sturdy and unusual sled, with steering wheel, hand & foot brakes. Room for 2 & fun for all. Also coasting may be enjoyed without snow by just adding our optional wheel unit. Sled $15.95 + 80¢ postage. Wheel unit $9.95 + 25¢ postage. No C.O.D. Edward Co., Dept. 8, P. O. Box 294, Southboro, Mass.

SAVE YOUR BABY

Keep baby safe and content with Baby Bottle Butler. Bottle stays in front of baby, just like mother's arms. Completely safe—eliminates smothering. Fastens to crib in seconds, holds fast. Made of durable metal, lifetime construction with sanitary white rubber clamps. Guaranteed. $4.95, postpaid. Baby Bottle Butler, Box 1154, Omaha, Nebraska.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

WHITEN DULL DISCOLORED TEETH

A dental cosmetic used by most of your favorite stars Leichner, for over 4 generations makers of fine theatrical makeup have released this wonderful aid to a sparkling smile. Guar. to cover & hide any dental blemish, regardless of cause, & to make teeth sparkling white. Safe, easy to apply. Satis. guar. $2. Gla-min Prod. Inc., Dept. K1, 11 E. 47 St., N..Y.C 17.

COME-APART KEYCHAIN

Cleverly divides your personal keys from car key. Put the ignition key on the small ring—take the large ring with you when car is left at parking lot or service station! Handsomely polished and plated in 24K gold or silvery rhodium. Engraved with 2 or 3 initials. $1.00 ppd. and engraved. Immediate delivery Zenith Gifts, 2253 P. O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-EX, Lynn, Massachusetts.

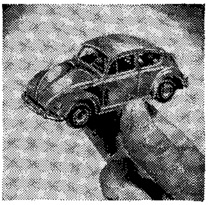
HOW TO WRITE STORIES, ARTICLES

Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week at home learning to make money writing stories, articles? Adam Aretz sold two stories for $255 before completing course. Learn how you, too, may succeed. Send for Free lesson and 40-page book. No obligation. Write Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CFS-129, 1080 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, Calif.

(Continued on next page)

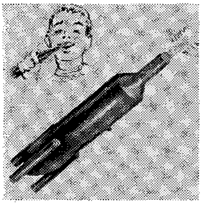
TINY VOLKSWAGEN GOES 20 MPH

Volkswagen imported scale model is only 4″ long, yet goes 20 mph (almost as fast as the real thing) on a straightaway. They even race these in California. Beautifully detailed, has micro-sensitive adjustment & differential for precision steering, brake, free-wheeling, crash absorber, rubber tires. $2.95 ppd. Lee Products, Dept. CR, 103 Park Ave., N Y. 17.



NEW! PUSH-BUTTON TOOTHBRUSH

"Whirlee," the first Safe improvement in tooth-brushing in 60 yrs. Battery operated. Recommended by Dentists to clean teeth & massage gums 5 times faster! Polishes & removes stains with whirling Tender-Tuft bristles using any dentifrice. In colorful plastic, $2.98 ppd. Spare brushes 3 for 95¢. Whirlee, Dept. W, 30-92 Steinway St., L. I. C. 3, N. Y.

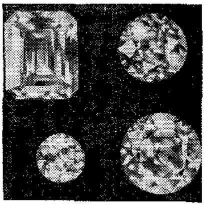


SIZE-FAMOUS 1 to 13, AAAAAA to EEEEE

Girls, buy our Good shoes by mail! Our vast range of styles 'n sizes insures perfect fit! Smart casual shown in black, red, grey, maple-tan, desert sand or white softest baby calf. All in AAAA to C widths for sizes 3 to 10, $13.95 and for 10½ to 12, $14.95. Add 35¢ per pair postage. Write for free catalog today to Solby Bayes, 45T Winter St., Boston 8, Mass.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS!

What could be finer than the new, man-made miracle gemstone? Here's Titania. Only $12 the carat. 1-carat in masculine 14K mounting $32. For the lady 1 carat in 14K mounting $25. Ideal for setting in mountings of your choice. Prices plus 10% F. T. Free ring size chart and brochure. Regent Lapidary Co., Dept. Ct-84, 511 E. 12 St., N. Y. 9, N. Y.



BORROW BY MAIL, $100 TO $600

Get the cash you want now, pay later, with a confidential Loan-by-Mail. Get any amount, $100 to $600. Pay back in small monthly installments to fit your paycheck. Everything private. No agent will call. Order blank mailed free in plain envelope. No obligation. Write to Dial Finance Co., Dept. K-3, 11 E 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

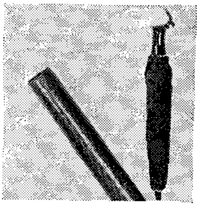
Silver Linings continued

"Then I brought him home and played with him for an hour. I'll be back tomorrow. We had fun." I was both surprised and touched to find, next to the note, two crumpled one dollar bills.

—RON BUTLER

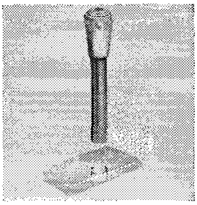
MEN'S FOLDING UMBRELLA

Full sized, 22″ diameter quality nickel plated rib umbrella folds down to 15″ long to fit into briefcase. Lifetime plastic handle. In black acetate—matching carrying case. $6.95. Ladies red folding umbrella with carrying case—$4.95. Both umbrellas—$10.50. Scott Mitchell, Department SS-12, 415 South Broadway, Yonkers, New York.



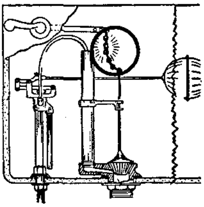
KIT REPAIRS HOLES IN CLOTHES

Reweaving too expensive? Do-it-yourself with Weave-Matcher in a matter of min. 3 simple steps. Hole repaired lasts life of garment & defies detection! Suitable any cloth, especially fine men & women's suits. Kit lasts indefinitely! Think of savings! Kit (⅜″ & less hole) $2.49 pp Weave-Matcher Co., 2710 Richmond Ave., Houston 6, Texas.



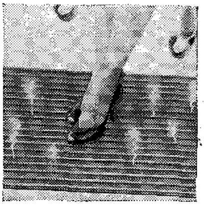
49¢ STOPS THAT RUNNING TOILET

At last! A simple, logical, inexpensive way to finally and positively stop that running toilet. Never-Fail Swivel Adaptor instantly stops flow of water after each flushing. Keeps toilet silent when not in use. Cuts water and plumbing bills. Fits all toilets—easy to install. 49¢ ea. ppd. Never-Fail Mfg. Company, P. O. Box 986, Portland 7, Oregon.



ELECTRIC FOOT WARMER

No more cold feet, keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm. Portable, lightweight (5 lbs.) all-rubber mat. Operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts, 14″ x 21″. Can be used by anyone in office, store, factory, or home. 12-mo. guar. $7.95 ppd. Interstate Rubber Products Corp., 908 Avila Street, Los Angeles 12, Calif.



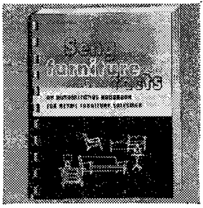
Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

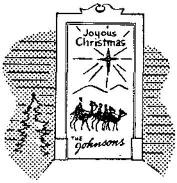
For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

FURNITURE HANDBOOK

Well illustrated 192-page pocket book tells all about period and modern styles; woods and upholstery; carpets and fabrics: Home decorating hints, color combinations, care of furniture, dictionary of terms. Your guide to better furnishings and a lovelier home. Send 25¢ in coin to The Seng Co., 1470 N. Dayton St., Chicago 22, Ill.



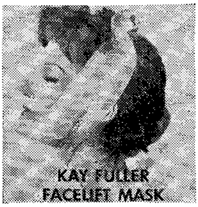
GIANT CHRISTMAS CARD!



Door Greeting! This pine-scented Christmas card covers your entire front door. 6' high, 3' wide. Silk-screened in glowing colors. *Trims to fit. Your family* name hand-painted at bottom. $3.95 each, postpaid. Order for gifts. 3 for $10.95. Free: Order by December 8, get 60 matching Christmas package seals. White Pass Displays, Billings 22, Montana.

TONE & TIGHTEN VITAL MUSCLES . . .

Kay Fuller Facelift System softens skin lines, firms muscles along neck & throat to keep a youthful look. Made of flesh-colored scientific material, washable & easy to wear. Stops snoring. Used by head & plastic surgeons, hospitals. Free system of Salon Treatment for home use $4.95 Postage 10¢. Send check or money order. Fuller, Dept. C-2, 135 E. 50 St., N. Y. 22.



IF YOU ARE UNDER 80 . . .

. . . and over 50 years, a $500.00 life insurance policy can help pay last expenses without burdening family or friends. Low rates . . . money-back guarantee . . . non-assessable . . . handled entirely by mail. Men or women in good health send name, address and age to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-M East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

FOR BIG OR TALL MEN ONLY

We specialize in large sizes only! Sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, jackets. Also dress and sport shirts with bodies cut full 4" longer than usual. Sold by mail only, satisfaction fully guaranteed! Write for your free style book today! King-Size, 496 Brockton, Massachusetts.

FREE BOOKLET FOR OVERWEIGHTS

Overweight can contribute to diseases of the heart, liver, diabetes, nephritis. For free literature on Sunmagic, nutrient aid while reducing, write today! No drugs, diet fads, or gadgets! As pure as nature itself. Mailed in a plain envelope, your confidence respected. Write today! Healthway Co., 915 Broadway, Dep't. A-1, New York 10, New York.

REDUCE SAFELY

PUT PERSONALITY INTO YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. *No music required. Tested* method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., MR-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

FINE U. S. STAMPS ONLY $1.00

The elusive $2.00 Harding and $5.00 Coolidge stamps of the 1938 Presidential series, both for only $1.00. Offer limited to one set to a customer. A fine selection of United States stamps for your inspection included with each order. Write for your set today. Willett Company, Post Office Box 338, Department 24, Yorktown Heights, New York.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
$2
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
$5 $5

(Continued on next page)

NEW HEALTH TAN SUN LAMP CAN'T BURN

DuPont polyester filters out harmful burning rays and passes only safe long tanning rays which will not burn. Sleep under it! All night! Clamp Model FBH shown $19.95. Deluxe floor stand Model FBS adjustable height to 61" and folds for travel, only $29.95. Send check or m.o. to American Atlas Corp., Dept. 12-C, 312 Tarrytown, Richmond 29, Va. New Dealerships available.

STRETCH-TO-HEALTH

Perfected in Hollywood and used by men and women who know value of keeping trim. Ingenious rubber device is combination rowing machine and exerciser. Comes with chart and instructions for pulling in tummy, reducing excess weight, firming flabby leg muscles. Guar. Only $3.98 ppd. Cash, check, or m.o. Evelyn Hull, 1923 Berkley Ave., Dallas 24, Texas.

RARE & LOVELY MUSIC FROM HAWAII

Featuring St. Catherine's Choir of the Island of Kauai. Ernie Ford: "Fill your home with this great music and be inspired as I have been". Aloha Oe E Malia 12" LP, Young Hawaii Sings, Reg. $4.50, Stereo $5.50; Hawaiian Christmas 45 EP $1.50 Hawaii State song & Wedding Song 45 sgl. $1.50. Ppd., Checks, M.O. Dept. C-3, P.O. Box 78 Kapaa, Kauai, Hawaii.

Aloha oe Malia

FREE KODAK FILM FOREVER!

With every roll of black & white, color or movie film sent for processing you receive free a fresh roll of Kodak film! Black & white 8 exp. roll 89¢; 12 exp. $1.09; Kodacolor 8 exp. $3.50; 12 exp. $4.25. 8 mm movie rolls $3.50. Prices incl. quality processing plus roll of Kodak film. Write for free mailers, Film-Craft, Box 2CD, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y. 10.

NEW 5-FT. LONG BALLOONS

Delight Kiddies-Grown-Ups, too! Made of live latex, almost 5-Ft. long inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25c ea. Send only $1 now, plus 25c pstg. and hdlg. for 200 in variety of gay colors! Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets Now. Money Back Guar. Balloons Unlimited, Dept. B.U.-94-B. P. O. Box 264, Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

Twist into a Thousand Shapes

200 for $1.00

Giraffes — Dachshunds

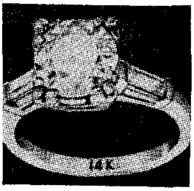
Pets of All Kinds

MINISTERIAL TOPICS

MY MINISTER FATHER liked to tell about the seedy-looking circuit rider who always made his rounds on a superbly groomed horse.

Riding up to his country church one Sunday morning, he found several of the members waiting in the yard. After greeting him cordially,

MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS



Jarra Gems surpass all other gems in fiery brilliance. Hard to distinguish this man-made stone from a diamond, handcut & polished by expert craftsmen. Send for free booklet! Tells amaz. story of Jarra Gems. Shows variety of Ladies' & Men's rings. Unset Jarra Gems (1-5 carats) $27 a carat, tax incl. Dept. CR4 Jarra Gem Corp., 489 Fifth Ave. NYC.

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR ANYONE

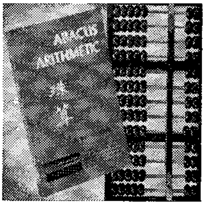
New cordless Swiss-made Edwards battery powered Shaver for men, women. Runs on flashlight battery. Self-sharpening rotary blades give fast, close, comfortable shaves. Only $12.50 ppd. Fully guar. Service, parts available here. Order for Christmas giving. Shaver, Dept. CT, The Bon Marche, Seattle 11, Wash. (Dealer inquiries invited.

GLASSES REPAIR KIT $1.00 PPD.

The Glasses Repair Kit is a lifesaver when the screws in your glasses get lost or work loose. Invaluable at home, at work or when traveling. Consists of a professional optical screwdriver and an assortment of standard frame screws and nuts. Helpful hints included. $1.00 ppd. Columbia Co., 404-FC Security Bldg., 234 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Calif.

EASY TO LEARN—FUN TO USE

Learn to add, subtract, multiply, divide, do square and cube root on this oldest calculating machine. Genuine imported 13-column brass bound Chinese abacus, $3.50. Completely illus. instruction book, Abacus Arithmetic, shows how to perform all operations, $1.50. Money back guar. Department C, Pacific Books, Box 558, Palo Alto, California.



one of the elders asked, "Parson, no offense meant, but why does your horse's coat always look so much better than yours?"

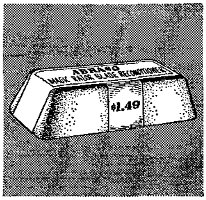
The circuit rider looked his congregation over carefully before replying, "Well, it's like this—*I* take care of my horse; my congregation takes care of *me*."
—MRS. J. D. TURNER

FLORIDA—ALL IMPROVEMENTS IN!

At Apollo Beach on Tampa Bay and U.S. 41. A modern 5000-acre waterfront community with paved streets, water, sewers, underground storm drainage. Complete shopping center, post office, 5-mile beach, golf course, 80 miles of seawalled canals. Full size waterfront building lots $4500 including seawall. $90 down—$90 month. Write Box 335, Apollo Beach, Florida.

MAGIC RAZOR BLADE RECONDITIONER

Men! Here's a brand new item—Abraso Magic Razor Blade Reconditioner—that will give you 100 or more clean, easy, painless shaves per blade. Abraso is guaranteed to do all we claim for it or your money back. Simple to use. Full instructions included. Lasts a lifetime. $1.49 ppd. Order today. Raysol Products, Dept. C, 103 So. Broadway, Poplar Bluff, Mo.



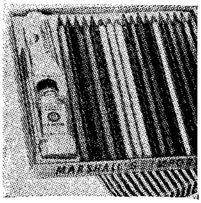
GIANT CHRISTMAS STOCKING

FOR THE PERSON WHO WANTS Everything

. . . for the "person who wants everything." You'll have a barrel of fun when friends see this tremendous Xmas stocking. Hang it on mantel, front door or tree; makes terrific gag gift for friends or may be mailed as novel greeting . . 36" long, 12" wide, made of white percale, red felt trimming. Only $1 ppd. Dept. C-3, Leister Game Co., 9 N. St. Clair St., Toledo, O.

NEW PHOTO PAINTING PENCILS

Unique, made especially to hand paint photos, snap shots, portraits, Polaroid prints. Everyone will find them easy, great fun to use. Simple step by step instructions. Set of 18 pencils complete with accessories $4.98. Send for free instructions or enclose $4.98 to John G. Marshall Co., 171 N. 9th Ave., Bklyn., N. Y. Also obtainable at photo, art and hobby stores.



SAVE COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS

Free Booklet offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-Street Sewers, Toilets, Urinals up to 200 ft. Easy to trigger, new Plumbers Flush Gun uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now, or Phone Kildare 5-1702, Free Details Miller Sewer Tools, Dept. CR-O, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

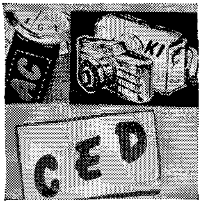
FREE CATALOG—LADIES WIDE SHOES

See many fashionable styles for dress or work—all heel heights, season's newest colors. In widths C to EEE, all sizes 4 to 11. Shown here, new "Norma" pointed-toe pump with beaded bow, 2⅛" slim heels. In black suede; black, brown or red kid. $9.95 ppd., money back guar. Order or get free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-12, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

GENUINE JADE KEY RING—ONLY $3

This genuine jade key ring will please any man or gal who "has everything." For ages, the oriental token of affection, good luck Useful, attractive, also a conversation piece. This key ring solves "difficult" gift choices on your list. Only $3, tax inc. & ppd anywhere. Unconditionally guar. International Gem Corp 17-G Maiden Lane, New York 38.

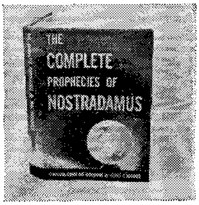
RAISED GOLD SELF-ADHERING INITIALS



Personalize anything permanently yourself, for only 50¢. Beautiful gold monogram (individual letters) you can easily affix anywhere in seconds. Sticks to wood, glass, leather, cloth etc. Any 3 letter monogram 50¢. Any first or last name-$1. Any first, middle & last name-$2.50. All ppd. Moneyback guarantee. C. C. Edes & Co., 114 N. 13 St., Phila. 7, Pa.

NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE

He predicted Atomic War, Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. $5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-129, 380 Canal St., NYC.



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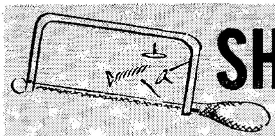
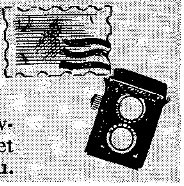


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

$2.00 HOURLY possible, sewing our ready cut aprons at home. Spare or full time. Experience Unnecessary. Free details. Write: A. & B Company, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

FREE catalog of Mexican Imports. Purses, shoes, jewelry, gifts, alligator products, etc. Save—buy direct from importer. Write: Northern Import Co., Reed City 100, Michigan.

FASHION shoes for narrow feet! Latest fall-winter styles in widths to AAAAAA (yes 6A's), sizes to 12 at no extra charge. Write for free style booklet 12R. We guarantee perfect fit or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

PERSONALIZED especially for you, for gifts: stationery, name-address labels, phonograph record labels, decal transfers, gift and greeting seals, etc. Any item only $1. Send for free descriptive brochure. Miles Crafts, 63 Baychester Sta., New York 69, N. Y.

UNWANTED hair? Destroy unsightly hair on face, arms, legs permanently by killing the hair root with famous Mahler Epilator. Send 10¢ pstge. & hndlg. for illus. 16-page booklet "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc. Dept. 329T, Providence 15, R.I.

BARGAIN Christmas gift! 832 page King James Holy Bible. Gilt stamped, fine bible paper, color frontispiece, family register. Gift boxed, only $2.79 postpaid, or ask for free gift catalog. Philmar House, 2008-C Chapman Rd., Hyattsville, Maryland.

BABY stays covered while you sleep! Blankets float up and down, but cannot come off. $1.00 brings "Floaters" and baby cat. of rare personal items. Ppd. money back guar. F. Hill 2101W. 3900S, Roy Utah.

MAKE $25 to $35 weekly addressing envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Glenway, Dept. C. Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

$200. MONTHLY possible, sewing babywear! New, lamb skin leather shoes—soft, comfortable, beautiful colors! Play-time dresses; lacing leather moccasins; New baby sandals. No house selling! Free information. Send name to Cuties, Warsaw 51, Indiana.

NYLONS at direct-from-mill prices. Seams or seamless. New shades. Send 33¢ for ½ price sample "Get-acquainted" pair with seams in Nu-beige shade. Give size, length. All stockings guar. Write for free info. Hall Brothers, Dept. 152, Snow Shoe, Pa.

$3.00 HOURLY possible for man or woman assembling rustic pump lamps at home spare time. Simple. Easy, no house canvassing. Write: Ougor Enterprises, Box 67, Caldwell, Arkansas.

REDUCE! Watch fat melt away, feel alive, enjoy your new figure. 2 capsule daily Slimjane Plan curbs appetite, supplies 21 vitamins-minerals. 15 day supply $3.00, 30 days $5.00. Reduce or money back. Meyers' Prescriptions, Box 6825 Phila. 32, Pa.

FREE! Maternity Apparel Catalog and Free list of Baby names! Hundreds of advanced styles for every occasion. $2.95 to $29.95. Also sportswear; mix match separates; corsets, bras, lingerie. Crawford's, Dept. 62, 1015 Walnut St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. Quality, service and reliability are the backbone of our business. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 40, Louisiana.

MEN and women! You may now have a fine Electric Razor for only $3.95. Ppd. Women's: ivory, pink or blue. One year's guarantee. We specialize in new, hard-to-find items. Write for literature to Petithor Enterprises, 727 S. Coronado, L. A., Calif.

AMAZING! Fabulous color prints that "look and feel like canvas"! Famous artists, all subjects. Suitable for framing, 11"x14" appr. Only $2.00 each, ppd. Illustrated catalog, 10¢ (to cover handling). Print Shop, 812-A No. Highland, Hollywood 38, Calif.

FOR THE PARENTS

"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 13512, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

YOUR child will find arithmetic easy and fun with exciting card games that teach them to add, subtract, divide, multiply. All ages. School Board approved. Send child's birth date for free folder. Betrick, Inc., Dept. 101, 1603 Orrington, Evanston, Ill.

$100,000 extra lifetime earnings + success can be your child's reward through a college degree. U can save $1000's in tuition costs if U know how. Send $2 for list of 100 tuition-free colleges & trade schools. Demco 2332 Wyoming NE Albuq., N. Mex.

FOR THE CHILDREN

DANCING Shoes-Costumes, Tap, Ballet, Toe and Acrobatic, Leotards, Tu Tus, Opera Hose, Tights, Fabrics, Skating Skirts, Baton Twirling Supplies, Boots, Plumes, Flame Batons, Uniform Supplies. Catalog 25¢. Quincon, Box 422T, Quincy, Mass.

DANCEWEAR, the perfect gift. Order from America's largest professional Dancewear house. Tights, leotards, etc. in children's thru adults' sizes. Free Dance-Play catalog. Dept. C-12. Advance Theatrical Co., 32 W. Randolph St., Chicago 1, Ill.

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

"THE Florida Digest." $2. Obtain this booklet about Florida industry, employment, real estate, small business opportunities, taxes, over 100 cities described. Contains information very seldom revealed. Louis Mlecka, Box 918, Brooksville, Florida.

FOR THE GARDEN

AUTO HOE. Sensational new garden tractor hoes between plants and rows, including strawberries. Eliminates hand hoeing. Nothing else like it. Patent 2742840. Also tills. Fantastic offer to first few inquiries; Auto Hoe, De Pere 9, Wis.

FOR THE MEN

FREE: new Arrow Shirt catalog showing 24 different collar styles. Shirt sizes 13 to 18. Sleeves 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37. Mail orders filled at once. Send for free catalog. Yorktown Haberdashers, Dept. C12, 126 West 50 St., NY 19, NY.

GAME Warden, Government hunter, Forestry. Park & Wildlife Services announce job openings. All states. Enjoy outdoor work, good pay, real security. Compl. information. Free! Write School of Conservation, Dept. CC-90C, 1038 S. LaBrea, Los Angeles, Calif.

YOUR free copy of world's biggest sales magazine tells you how and where to make more money on your own in selling. Write Specialty Salesman Magazine, Desk 3C, 307 North Michigan, Chicago 1.

FOR THE HOME

PICTURES & prints: World's largest collection of the finest full-color reproductions—Old Masters, Moderns, Contemp., Religious Subjects, Marines, Sporting Prints. Catalogue illus. over 500 masterpieces—lists over 4700. $1.00 ppd. Mail orders our spec. Oestreicher's, Dept. C, 1208 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y.

FOR HEALTH & HYGIENE

MIAMI Battle Creek's special facilities can make your vacation one of health & happiness! Reducing's a pleasure here in an atmosphere of sunny tropical charm. Founded by Dr. Harvey Kellogg, this internationally known resort offers physical conditioning vacations with a beautiful swimming pool, outdoor solaria for sunbathing, and mechanotherapy equipment. 18-hole championship golf course nearby. Baths, packs, massage included. Taste-satisfying, low-caloric menus prepared for special dietary programs. Staffed by exp. medical personnel, equipped with laboratory and X-ray facilities. Miami Battle Creek gives competent care for chronic health problems, post operative treatment. Free illustrated brochure write: Miami Battle Creek, Dept. CR-1, Miami Springs, Fla.

NO more dirty dentures. Extain removes stains, deposits. Trial size 25¢. Denture cup, squeeze bottle and 90 day supply $1.00. Free details. Arlo Industries. Write Extain, Box 3073, San Antonio, Texas.

UNIQUE new formula provides instant pep and energy. Sorbetite with iron and vitamin C gives quick and lasting results. Druggist's formula. Satisfaction guaranteed. 8 oz. $3.98 postpaid. Free booklet. Richard Pharmaceuticals, 31 Park Ave., Suffern, N.Y.

FOR HORSEMEN

"HOW to train Horses"—A book everyone who likes horses or ponies should have. Free. No obligation. Simply address Beery School of Horsemanship, Dept. 14512, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR THE FAMILY

GENUINE Feather Bird Picture with carved frame, will be treasured by you and admired by friends. Beautiful gift for all occasions. Send $1 for each picture or $2 for pair, postpaid, to Neusch Imports, 5592 Old Cheney Hwy., Orlando, Florida.

FREE discount catalog! Toys, Christmas Gifts, Appliances, Vitamins, Health Aids, etc. Big savings! Housewares Distributors, 1216-D West 79th Street, Chicago 20, Illinois.

ORIGINAL oil portrait makes ideal gift. Painted on fine canvas from any photo. 9" x 13" only $24; other sizes. Send check with photo; color of features, clothes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Leonardo, Box 201, Great Neck, N. Y.

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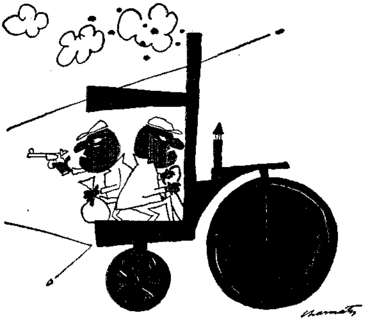
Crooked smiles

by Will Bernard



IN NEW JERSEY, a boy stole a skeleton from an exhibition hall and hid it in the family closet.

IN CALIFORNIA, a pedestrian stole a $3,000 diamond ring from the finger of a woman driver as she held out her hand for a left turn.

IN FLORIDA, police sought a golfer who, when his ball stopped behind a small tree, chopped the tree down and set it on fire.

IN NEW YORK, a subway passenger was arrested for tossing eggs at the electric fan.

IN NORTH CAROLINA, a man was arrested for habitually disturbing church services by hanging onto the last note of the hymns after everyone else had stopped singing.

IN INDIANA, a man used a stolen car to tour the county as one of the candidates for sheriff.

IN PENNSYLVANIA, a relaxed burglar, after looting a house, stretched out in a cozy lounge chair and fell asleep. He was still asleep when the owner came home, and was still asleep when the police arrived.

IN WISCONSIN, a robber wore a mask made out of a diaper when he held up a tavern called "Bottoms Up."

IN VIRGINIA, two holdup men startled witnesses by making their getaway in a ten-ton steam roller.

IN A NEW ENGLAND JAIL, two prisoners pried bricks out of the prison wall, walked a few blocks, broke into a store, stole $400 and cigarettes, reentered the prison and tidily replaced the bricks.

IN INDIANA, a 130-pound man startled police by confessing that he entered a house and made off with an 800-pound piano.

IN OHIO, artful thieves, finding a man asleep in his car, relieved him of his wrist watch, two wallets, three wheels and a spare tire without waking him up.

IN MICHIGAN, two boys did a thriving business stealing cases of empty beer bottles from the storeroom of a grocery, lugging them around to the front door, and selling them back to the grocer.

IN AUSTRALIA, a man was fined for mistreating a Bantam rooster by using it as a hat.

IN ILLINOIS, a man was arrested for the third time for stealing the same portable radio. He explained: "I just love that radio."

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A KNACK THAT'S WORTH A MILLION!

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After examining this package, I will let you know within ten days if I do not wish to continue with the Personal Success Program. If I do continue, you will send me a new Progress Kit each month and bill me only $1 each plus a few cents shipping. I am not obligated to take any minimum number of kits, and I am free to stop at any time.

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There has never been anything like these "Progress Kits" available—for completeness, authority and detailed step-by-step guidance. Nothing has been left out. The expert business leaders, psychologists and educators who planned the Program have included all the know-how *and actual practice* you need. Their simplified new self-instruction method enables you to gain "practical experience" in the odd moments that now go to waste every day.

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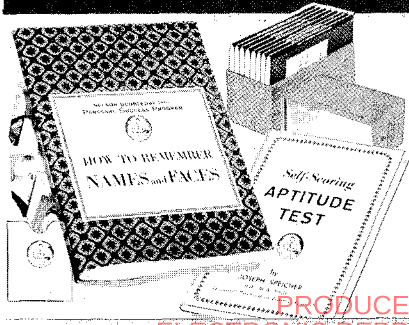
To introduce you to this new kind of personal achievement plan, Nelson Doubleday offers you a valuable "sample kit" almost as a gift. You'll receive a remarkable 10,000 word handbook—*How To Remember Names and Faces*—that gives you the secrets of professional memory experts. In the first five pages you'll learn one easy trick that will double your memory power—*overnight.* Soon your new "automatic memory" for names, faces, facts will win new friends, gain recognition on the job.

As with each Progress Kit in the Program, a set of handy practice and application cards accompanies the memory handbook to help you "learn by doing." Slip them into the pocket holder provided—for use in your spare moments. They've been scientifically planned to

Here's What You Get for only 10¢



1. "HOW TO REMEMBER NAMES AND FACES"—the self-instruction handbook that increases your memory power up to 500% in a few weeks.

2. POCKET-TRAINER MEMORY CARDS — an exclusive feature that allows you to sharpen your memory with inconspicuous "real life" practice anywhere. Handy pocket holder included.

3. HANDSOME DESK FILE—for convenient storing of your Progress Kits.

4. FREE BONUS GIFT:

Self-Scoring

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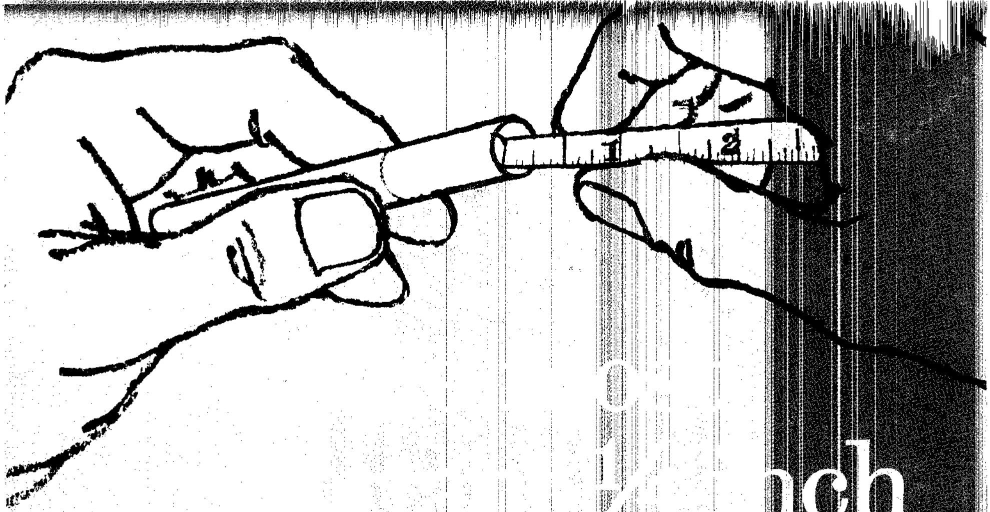
Complete 32-page self-evaluator that scientifically reveals to you — and you alone —your present aptitudes, vocational interests, and "hidden potential."



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